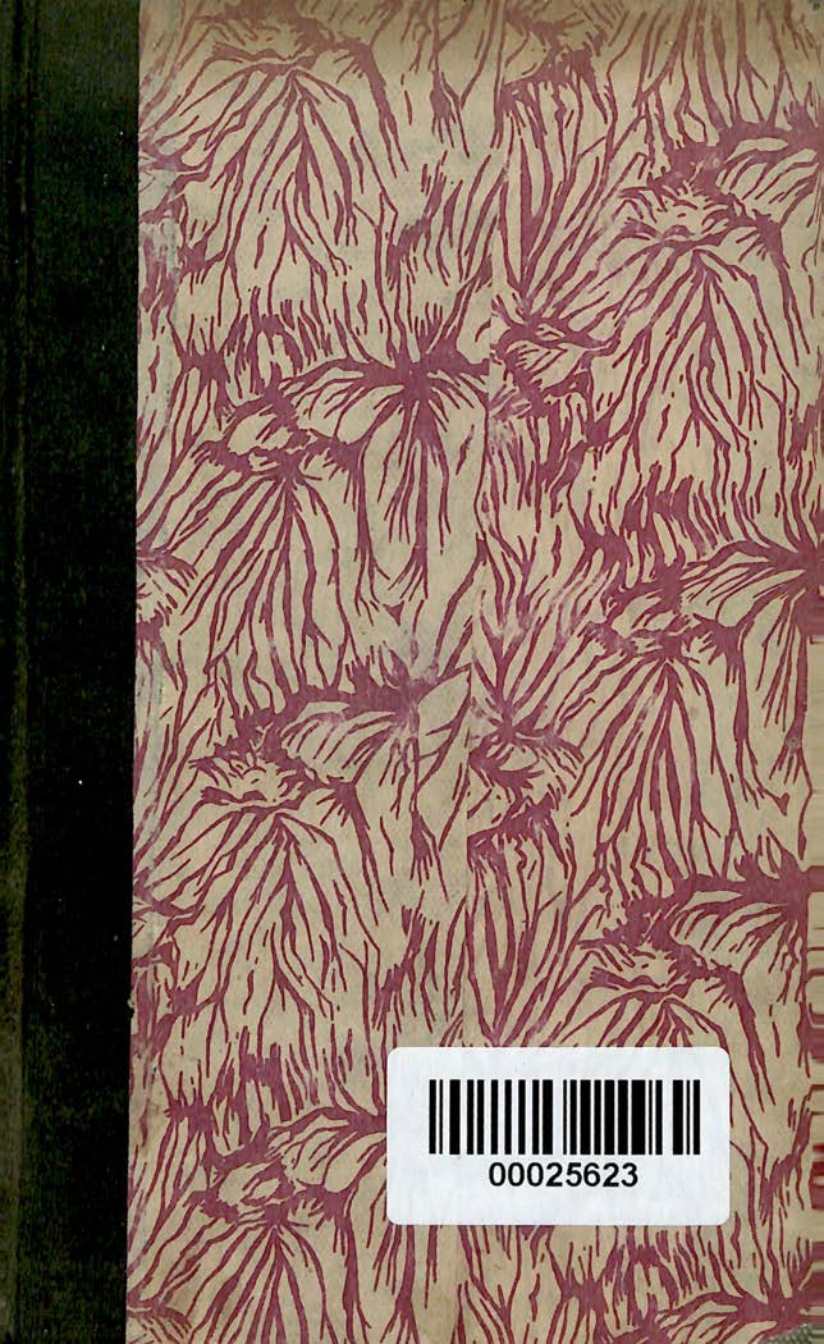
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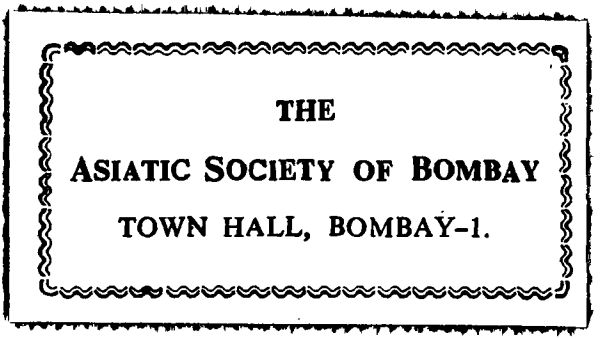

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HAMMERSMITH.

HAMMERSMITH:

HIS HARVARD DAYS.

CHRONICLED BY

MARK SIBLEY SEVERANCE.

25623

"Without a model, and without an ideal model, no one can do well."
JOUBERT, *translation of* CALVERT.

"For as the steele is imprinted in the soft waxe, so learning is engraven in ye minde an young Impe." — JOHN LYLY, *Euphues.*

"Namque habitat modico multa Minerva loco."
Divina Revelatio Erythreæ Sibyllæ, 1508.

"Toil, with rare triumph, ease, with safe disgrace,—
The problem still for us and all of human race."
LOWELL, *Under the Great Elm.*

BOSTON:
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1879.

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Boston.

To HARVARD MEN

AND

ALL OTHER GOOD FELLOWS,

This Chronicle,

UNDERTAKEN TO BEGUILE A LONG SEMI-TROPICAL SUMMER,

Is Dedicated.

⁂ It is well for readers to know that these pages were written many thousands of miles from the scenes which they attempt to describe, — a fact that must be the excuse for anachronisms, or other errors, which may have become so imbedded in the body of the book as not easily to be removed by the reviser's skill. ⁂

Los Angeles, Cal., 10 Jan., 1877.

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HAMMERSMITH.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH THE CURTAIN GOES UP WITH CHEERS.

"Quid turbæ est apud forum?"— TERENCE.

MANY magnificent youth were gathered about the steps and through the corridors of Parker's, — a famous Boston hostelry of less than a hundred years ago. There was pushing, jostling, loud talking, and excited grouping. Coaches and hacks, drags and tilburies, and every manner of turnout, continually arriving, set down other gorgeous young fellows, who quickly merged and were lost in the crowd of their compatriots. Now and then, as a coach drew up, a rush was made for it with much friendly ambition: its inmates were fairly pulled from their seats, and carried off on the shoulders of their captors; while a voice cried out, "Three cheers for Perkins!" or, "Three cheers for Varnum!" or, "Now, fellows, three times three for Witherspoon!" as various favorites appeared; and sharp, ringing cheers, with an explosive snap as of pistols, went up again and again, echoing loudly from the stone walls of King's Chapel opposite.

It is midsummer; and the few passers-by are rather amused than annoyed by the jolly demonstrations, — the

sombre merchants making their way to their families summering at Nahant and Cohasset, Swampscott and Newport; the smart clerks scurrying from the hot and depleted city for a brief season of salt sea-air or mountain-climbing; the fair young beauties returned from their bronzing summer-pleasures for a day's tour among shops and bazaars; and the rest. To the eclectic eye of authority, however, shining above an elaborate tin breastplate, and looking on from the corner, the noisy hubbub is becoming a breach of the city's peace; and, after a friendly warning or two, — "Softly, young gentlemen; not quite so much noise, if you please," — the shouting and cheering are at an end, and the crowd moves in upon the interior of the hotel, leaving the street deserted, in the hands of the police.

To a middle-aged gentleman dining with his nephew in a far corner of the *salle-à-manger*, the cause of all this street-noise, gradually taking possession of the hotel, and storming, as it were, its very citadel, was quite a mystery. His pepper-and-salt travelling-suit, of a decidedly English cut, covered a well-knit frame somewhat inclining to heaviness; and his gray-black hair and closely-clipped gray mustache told him to be a man of between forty and fifty. A beamish blush on each cheek rendered a closer estimate of his age difficult: and, by the same token, the brisk waiters under whose hands he found himself so often in his roving life were led to forage for the choicest bits, the most delicate dishes, for his table; and they were not mistaken in their man.

All that we care to know further of him at this point in his history is, that he is taking his first dinner in Boston for a space of twenty years, most of which he has spent in China; and that, at this latter stage of his meal, — after he has disposed of the more substantial courses, with the aid of a bottle of claret and a half-bottle of sauterne,

—a straight cut over the right eye, scarcely visible at other times, comes out as a blood-red line across the forehead, and, like the Mussulman character-signs, seems to point to some early escapade, or encounter of a dubious nature. What or when this may have been no man ever learned; and a way which he had of turning somewhat fiercely upon you in conversation, with an interrogative "Eh?" was a sufficient bar to curiosity and impertinence on all subjects. And, in the case of the scar, there was also the natural instinct which everybody had, — that its origin was essentially a private matter, and not the world's concern. Young Buddicombe, indeed, had blandly inquired about it at the English legation in Canton, while proffering a cigar; but the indignant "Eh?" and the combing-down that he received, were the talk of the colony for months afterwards. Capt. Bungalow too, H. B. M. Royal Fourth Artillery, and Periwinkle of the American legation, and various too inquisitive friends of both sexes at home and abroad, had attacked the subject in vain. But that is neither here nor there.

The healthy appetite which he of the blush and the scar carried with him around the world (and what philosopher shall say that it hath not its value above learning and riches?) was none the less rugged to-day after a dusty ride from New York in a much-delayed train. The young gentleman opposite, in blue flannel suit and simple black scarf, though far from a pygmy himself, was satisfied long before his robust and rubicund uncle, at whose red-lined forehead he looked with a sort of inquiring wonder; for, to say truth, he had seen it but seldom in their brief acquaintance.

"Uncle," said he at last, pushing his chair slightly away from the table, and choosing a cigar from the tray which Charles, the pet of the university *bons-vivans*, had brought with the black coffee, "was this house in vogue when you were in college?"

"Eh?" said that worthy, setting down his cup. "'In vogue'? God bless my soul, youngster! it was almost a howling wilderness about these parts thirty years ago. Far from being 'in vogue,' it was not even built or thought of. Why — Lord, how it comes back to me! On this very spot where we sit — it must have been about here — there was a musty old bookstore, Maggliabeck's, where the 'digs' used to come and poke their learned noses into old black-letters and folios, and Heaven knows what rubbish. Next door, towards the alley, was a little milliner, Madame Grimaldi, with her roomful of sewing-girls: your grandmother has had many a fine head-rig from that shop, you may depend, sir. On the corner was an old coffee-house, Harry — Harry — I forget his name; a round little roly-poly of a chap, with a perennial 'He, he!' and shaking of his jolly sides. Gad, sir, what larks those three shops had to witness sooner or later! Madame Grimaldi! — why, I've seen her chasing a dozen students out of her front-door, while as many more were passing in by the little wicket that gave upon the coffee-room in the rear. It was surprising what a rage for old vellum and *editio princeps*, *Elzevirs*, *incunabula*, and antiquarian lore generally, took hold of the university all at once; and how of a sudden, just about contemporaneous with the opening of Madame Grimaldi's shop, a coffee-drinking mania broke out such as could only be quieted by a cosey little supper at Harry Teabun's: that's his name, — Harry Teabun. Well, sir, one night," said the rosy old boy, leaning forward on the table, and holding his cigar on a level with his eye, as though he were talking to it, instead of his nephew, — "one night, Jim Minturn and I (I admit we had been dining at Harry's, and ought, perhaps, to have gone straight to Cambridge), passing through the wicket at the rear of the shop — Good gad, Charles! what may all this row be?" he exclaimed sud-

denly, turning to the waiter who stood near, as the crowd outside, routed by the policemen, rushed pell-mell through the corridors, carrying Witherspoon, hero of many a hotly-contested boat-race, on their shoulders, and shouting as they went. Nor did they stop until they had surged into the dining-room, where, seating themselves at different tables, and depositing Witherspoon not far from our friends, they broke up into quieter groups; while the waiters, who stood grinning, were saluted with such remarks as, "Halloo, Charlie!" "How do, John?" "Trot out your grub now, old boys!" and other salutations equally familiar.

"'Row,' sir? Harvard class-races to-day, sir. Fellows just coming up for a little jollifying, sir," returned Charles, twisting his napkin.

"Indeed! And who may the young fellow be who was brought in on their shoulders?"

"That, sir? — that fellow with the shaved head and the mustache? Why, that's the great Witherspoon, stroke of sophomore crew: just won the race, I believe, sir." And the uncle and Tom squared themselves to have a good view of this young demigod of the hour and his friends.

It is a striking group, a motley collection of all classes and types of students. What marvellous combinations of colors! What ferocious cravats and collars, striking terror into the beholder! What a museum of canes! — the light, the herculean, the smooth, the knobby, the plaything of the festive sophomore, the dignified symbol of the senior. What checks and plaids, diagonals and stripes, careless shooting-jacket, English walking-coat, trig "reefer," and all the varied shapes and styles of garment known to Van Nason and Randidge, and the other favorite university tailors!

Here is little Fennex, temporarily removed from the hilarious air of Cambridge by order of the college authori-

ties for nailing Tutor Lummus into his room one fine night, whence that agile instructor of dead languages was seen to issue by the window for next morning's prayers. Behold him now, on the eve of returning to the kind mother that had spurned him, resplendent in white flannel suit, with a flaming wonder of crimson neckerchief, a pin of death's head, sleeve-buttons to match, a striped horror of a shirt, and, oh! such a jocund, devil-may-care air, as of one that had done great deeds, and deserved well of his country forsooth.

Here are the members of the crews, fine, stalwart fellows, not over-mindful if their collars flare a bit in front, and disclose their well-tanned, muscular throats, — Heaven bless them! they have pulled a glorious race to-day, — Walton and Kinloch and Miles, a promising freshman oar, and Tallman, the celebrated single-scull, with a host of others; and, topping them all, Witherspoon, stroke of the sophomores, and head of the river to-day, whose fame as a boating-man, *mutato nomine*, will live long among those who have hung up their dripping oars in the vestibule of the university.

Pale scholars, flourishing a feeble hilarity by force of example, are scattered here and there, hail-fellows to-day with their more athletic comrades, — Dwight and Dana and Percy, mighty on the rank-list; and Latimer, paler than the rest, head scholar, and probable orator of the juniors.

Luxurious young aristocrats, patrons of sports, athletic graduates, gentlemen from the schools, all classes of the young and middle-aged interested in the boating rivalries of Alma Mater, are on hand to-day, joining in the demonstration.

On hand also, and joining in the festivities in a certain way peculiar to themselves, but not appreciated by the timid in those days of the nearing dog-star, are a number

of dogs, forbidden property at the university, but clandestinely nourished in coal-closets and other hidden retreats, crouching now among table-legs and chairs, or coming out to add their notes in the recognized terrier-like cheers which their masters and their friends are giving, — tailless ratters, a pointer, a setter, a truculent bull-dog black of one eye, which snaps trap-like at flies in dangerous proximity to trouser-legs, preserving, however, a decent canine regard for the immaculate belongings of his master Fennex, at whose feet he lies.

"May I trouble you?" asked our middle-aged friend, — he of the scar and the gray mustache, — leaning toward a brawny young lad at an adjacent table. "Has there been a race to-day? and who has won, if I may be so bold?"

"Certainly," replied the youth, turning upon him a frank, fresh face, such as we like to fancy typical of college men, — "certainly. Our annual Harvard class-races have just closed to-day. Presume you're a stranger, sir? Great rejoicing to-day, as Witherspoon yonder, — fellow next the window, — who pulled stroke of the winning crew, is looked upon as the only man to take the place of Wayland in the 'varsity next year. 'Twas a great race to-day, sir," continued he, seeing that more information would be acceptable. "The juniors were supposed to be the strongest crew by all odds: betting was very much in their favor. But old Witherspoon there rowed a waiting race for 'em; and just after turning the stake (it was a mile and a half, and return) — Lord, what a spurt he put on! Came in five lengths ahead; and Robbins, bow of the juniors, as game a fellow as ever pulled an oar, fainted immediately after crossing the line. Sorry for him: particular pal of mine. But we won the cup, if we did have to work for it." And the glowing young fellow wagged his head, and looked at his open palms, which were a mass of blisters and torn flesh. At such cost is the head of the river gained.

"So you were in the winning crew, eh?" asked our uncle, beaming upon the ardent oarsman with a sort of fatherly interest.

"I should say so," returned he. "My name is Tweedy, sir. Allow me to show you the schedule of the race?" And, fumbling in his pocket, he produced a card, which the uncle and the nephew fell to examining eagerly. It ran as follows: —.

HARVARD CLASS-RACES.

CHARLES-RIVER COURSE.

Saturday, July 13, 185–.

Distance a mile and a half, and return.

	Crew.	Weight. Pounds.	Colors.
Junior. Pine shell, 40 feet long, 150 pounds.	E. H. Walton (stroke)	158	Crimson handkerchiefs; bare backs.
	R. M. Latham	152	
	T. Smith	154	
	J. L. Perkins	149	
	C. T. Abbott	140	
	R. Robbins (bow)	142	
Sophomore. Cedar shell, 44 feet long, 162 pounds.	C. I. Witherspoon (stroke)	162	Blue handkerchiefs; blue-and-white shirts.
	H. E. Kinloch	154	
	M. Varnum	150	
	E. T. Curtis	145	
	G. Willard	147	
	A. Tweedy (bow)	139	
Freshman. Pine shell, 38 feet long, 141 pounds.	I. Miles (stroke)	148	Corn-colored handkerchiefs; white shirts.
	G. A. Loring	141	
	R. L. Quincy	136	
	H. Appleton	130	
	T. B. McGregor	133	
	V. Green (bow)	131	

"Eh? Bow of the winning crew? Gad, sir, I congratulate you! And will you do me the honor of presenting me to some of your friends? Allow me," and he handed him a small but heavy card, with "Mr. Gayton Hammersmith" in small script on it, saying at the same time, "This is my nephew, Tom Hammersmith; and we are very much obliged to you for your politeness, sir. —I say,

Charles," and between the champagne which was ordered, and the introduction to Witherspoon, Walton, Varnum, Dana, and others, Mr. Gayton Hammersmith felt the time slipping away merrily, and himself slipping back ten, twenty, thirty years into the past, when he, too, was a jolly young student, draining the cup of enjoyment just as eagerly as these gay boating-men, with just as happy an oblivion of the morrow.

And Tom? He felt that he had entered into a new world, with his uncle as *fidus Achates;* and as he sat modestly listening to the general talk of the day's sports, the explanations of defeat, the gratulation for victory, the happy banter of the different crews, and his uncle's none the less entertaining side-remarks and footnotes, it was only by an effort of the will that he could identify himself as the same Tom who had imagined himself such a genius, such a sufficiency, such a knowing one, on the banks of the Hudson so short a while ago. His dusty tutor, and his saddle-horse, and his lame setter, and the humdrum life that his widowed mother's family led,—bah! Here was the life, here were the dashing fellows, for him! Who shall blame him if his past life seemed, in the face of the present, a mighty stale and commonplace affair, as old Pepys might say, and these cheerful youth the only fit companions for one of his mettle?

Mr. Hammersmith has risen at last, shaking hands with Tweedy (who regrets that he has no "pasteboard" about him,—"A. Tweedy, sir: anybody can tell you where I am in Cambridge; glad to see you and your nephew at any time"), and, bowing in his most magnificent Oriental fashion to Witherspoon and the rest, walks off with his nephew to their rooms.

"Regular old brick," says Witherspoon; "and young 'un a promising fellow for the crews, eh? Walton, Tweedy, I say, three cheers for Mr. Gayton Hammersmith!"

"And his nephew," interposes Tweedy.

"No, sub-freshman, hang him!" says little Fennex, universal hater of his race, because of his recent unpleasantness at Cambridge.

And Mr. Hammersmith turned again to bow his acknowledgments; while Tom, who had caught just enough of the above colloquy to make him a bit unhappy, marched stiffly out of the dining-hall.

"Well, Tom, my boy, what do you think of your new compatriots, if they are to be compatriots, eh? Rather a sudden introduction to the '*Vita Nuova*,' don't you think?"

"Jolly set of fellows, I should say, sir. Some of them are regular toppers; but there are others that I know I should hate. What's the name of the little fellow in white flannel?"

"I don't remember. Don't think I was introduced. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," said Tom, who felt that only a mortal combat with this particular young student, author of the obnoxious epithet "sub-freshman," would satisfy him in his present frame of mind; and his uncle smiled slyly.

They went to their rooms, and passed the small fraction of the evening that was left in discussing the men with whom they had been thrown, — Tom dissecting them in rather an off-hand, provincial way; the uncle according them that liberality of construction which he wished granted to himself, and which the man of the world knows so well how to bestow.

As Tom passed into the connecting room to retire, the songs of the men below, now gathered in smoking-room and billiard-hall, came pulsing up through the house, scattering what slight clouds might have arisen in his sky; and he closed his eyes, with his mind filled with roseate pictures and happy auguries.

A half-hour later, as his uncle rang to despatch a message to Mr. Tom's mother, announcing their safe arrival, he looked into Tom's room, and saw him lying asleep, breathing quietly. The fond old gentleman looked at him earnestly for a moment, and, with a hearty "God bless his young heart!" turned to his table, and sat for a long time, with his head resting on his hand, in thought.

The window was open; and, as he sat thus in marked contrast to his gayer self at dinner, the swelling strains of "Fair Harvard," echoing up from the street below, where the "student-men" were setting off for Cambridge, floated in upon the night-air to this gray-haired cosmopolitan, busy with the memories of his youth.

He arose, and leaned a while from the window, whence, with a "heigh-ho!" and a yawn, he turned before long to his couch, — happy refuge alike of the man of the world and the ardent schoolboy, the sorrowing mother and the "too, too happy" belle fresh from her "too, too lovely" ball; anodyne alike for the griefs and the joys, the hopes, fears, hates, and loves, of men.

CHAPTER II.

SOME OF THE BRANCHES OF THE STOUT HAMMERSMITH TREE.

"Your family! — I don't believe you ever had a grandfather." — FOOTE.
"Ovis sequitur ovem et filius sequitur opera patri sui."
PAULUS FAGIUS, *Epistola Nuncupatoria*, 1542.

THERE had been a Hammersmith in the university from time immemorial. I doubt if the chapel-bell could have rung, or the Cambridge town-clock have marked the hours of day and night for burgher and student life alike, if they had not known that they were serving some youthful member of this flourishing New-England family, calling him reluctantly to morning and evening prayers in the olden time, and scoring off the hours, which were so many milestones on his way from downy youth to confident young manhood.

Certainly the various Hammersmiths of the last two centuries had done their full share in harassing these two monitors of duty, from that colonial night, long past, when the nomadic guardian of the peace, patrolling the thin village, and calling the hours of the night in ancient fashion, captured a Hammersmith in act of draping the respectable parish clock-dial in a sheet, showing the maternal initials "M. E. H." stitched in red in its corner, down to these latter days, when his not unworthy descendants and kin wage war with paint-brush and tar-pot, hammer and chisel, against "the chiding of the sharp-tongued bell," and return from Astolfian voyages to the steeple, laden with clock-hands and fractions of

gilded numerals, to the no slight disturbance of the town's business on the morrow.

No wonder, that, when in stout condition, they clang and whir with an almost sentient malice at the thought that they are sending some scion of this vexatious stock unwillingly about his duty; as though they said, "There, bang! Your grandfather choked my inverted throat with coal-tar, thermometer at zero; and your uncle appropriated my clapper one cloudy night. Bang, bang! — out of your snug bed there, and away to dim prayers, bang!" Or the clock, "By Chronos, I'm even with you, Sir Hammersmith, for all your insults to my face, and all your inherited trophies from my tower! Plump eleven o'clock I mark. Your Latin recitation, too many times evaded, calls you in. And, by the way, here goes my pretty Edith Summerdale, as blooming as the morning, fresh as are my own new hands; and she walks without an escort. Away to your classroom!"

The university printer, too, and he who concocts the immortal roll of enigmatic honors for the sons of Alma Mater, the *M.M.S.S.*, *in Congr. Amer. Deleg. et Rerumpub. Fœd. Repr. et Senator*, *S.T.D. Neo-Cœs.* and such, — what would they have thought if at least one new Hammersmith were not under their hands for each triennial catalogue? Indeed, I have heard the latter gentleman declare, — and the curious may satisfy themselves by an easy computation, — that, if all the honors and titles and name-handles of all the Hammersmith graduates were brought together, they would make so formidable a list, that the university would feel prouder than ever of the family, and would straightway proceed to mark its appreciation of their concentrated worth by adding fresh honors and grander titles.

Everybody in the service of the university, from the president down through spectacled professors, important

tutors, nimble proctors, punctual janitor, even to the ancient "goodies," and the itinerant "old clo'" man, who may almost be said to be in the service of the university, so faithful are his visits and his ministrations, — all were accustomed to the sturdy name of Hammersmith, and acquainted, if only through dim tradition, with the fame of the perennial family, its prowess in all manner of sports and pranks, its sporadic saintliness, its generous open-heartedness, the intermittent flame of scholarship which shone along the line, and above all with its high sense of honor, reaching almost to a dangerous sensitiveness.

So regular, as I have said, was the succession of the bearers of this name, that the university would have felt a certain incompleteness without one or more of them in its catalogue and on its sacrificial benches. What may have been the origin of the family name, whether it pointed back to a hardier Norseman era, when the smiths of the hammer, the workers in iron and brass, were guilds by themselves, and held in higher repute than in the more refined civilization of to-day, is not our purpose to inquire. Certainly the robust traits which that origin might imply were not lacking in "their joyous genealogy," as Sterne would call it; for they were a hardy, eupeptic race, with a Norseman's love of exposure and adventure, and an occasional inspired singer among them to illumine their rather dreary sameness of virtues and vices.

In the small days of the university, when the grim life of the colonies was vexed by "French Papists on the one hand, Indian Pagans on the other, and the ambushments of Satan to fill up any gaps of their leaving," to adopt the phrase of a lovingly-remembered professor; when more than half of the graduates became clergymen, and went forth to fight the barbarous world, the flesh, and the devil

(with a wide generalization sufficient to include Quakers and Anabaptists, as well as the more obvious heathen),— there was a goodly crop of Reverends Hammersmith annually produced, hard-smiting, stern-visaged gentry, who could do a day's farming, lay a stone wall, carry their matchlocks against the Indians, or do the Lord's work, with equal earnestness and success.

On an ancient commencement, when these reverend gentlemen had come on horseback, carefully attended, from their distant parishes in the wilderness, you might have seen them walking sedately in small-clothes, ruffs, and steeple-crowned hats, about the open plain, skirted on the east by marshes and ox-pastures, whortleberry-patches and nascent orchards, where is now the *campus*, with its arching elms and well-ranged quadrangle, flanked with halls. A brother Hammersmith from his Medford farm, or the far-off Thule of Plymouth, or a cousin of different cloth, from the Indian war in Connecticut, draws near; and these ancient worthies exchange the lusty gossip of the period with a gusto born of family pride, and a sense of their rare meetings. What stalwart figures! Of what a larger life they seem, as seen through the distorting mists of intervening years!

And so down through the history of the university, the names and exploits, the professions and the glories, of the Hammersmiths might be gathered, far too numerous for the scope of this chronicle. It was a Hammersmith, in 1665, when the only Indian graduate, Cheeshahteaumuck, was about taking his degree, who stepped up and defended him from the insults of the Seldens and Vassals, Bolingbrokes and Cokes, and other young aristocrats of the time, who were taunting him with his doubtful parentage. And, as if following out this kindly trait, it was the Rev. Jabez Hammersmith who aided the apostle Eliot and the interpreting Indian in the translation of the Bible into

the native tongue, and followed the apostle among the Naticks and other tribes in his efforts at Christianity.

There were strong-limbed, martial Hammersmiths in the Pequot, King Philip's, and French and Indian wars, undoing the works of the Rev. Jabez; and, by a still more curious inversion, it was a madcap of a Hammersmith, who, many years later, fired, perhaps, by the traditions of his ancestors, was brought before the college government by an indignant Cambridge citizen for appropriating a pair of Indian images from off his manorial gate-posts one cloudy November night.

There was always a pushing vitality about them, which must find its vent in some way; if not by the hoarse channel of war, and the thunders of anathema from the pulpit, then by the tamer outlet of mere wantonness. If all the superfluous animal spirits of a race like the Hammersmiths could only be utilized from youth to old age, what an era of improvement might dawn for the world!

When that "wicked book," "The Wonders of the Invisible World," by Robert Calef, arrived in the colony from London, and was burned in the college-yard by order of President Mather, the records of the family set forth that there was a young sophomore Hammersmith present at the bonfire, dancing about it in great glee, in company with his fellows, and seeing in it a precedent, and a high one, for the later fires and explosions and effigy-burnings which successive generations of students have maintained in almost unbroken illumination, like the sacred fire of the ancient Roman colonies.

To advance to later days, you may be sure, that, in the hot times of the Revolution, the Hammersmiths were on hand, and acted their parts with spirit and dignity.

When the General Court, complaining of the British troops and cannon in Boston, was transferred by the governor's orders to Cambridge, and held its sessions

for a period in the college chapel, the student-life was brought into vitalizing nearness to the stirring events of the day; and when James Otis, himself a graduate of 1743, before the opening of the court one morning, delivered one of his most impassioned orations, and, turning to the large body of students present, besought them to remember the example of the classic ages which they were then studying, and, reminding them that their time to do and suffer for their country might come, closed with the watchword, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*," there were at least two Hammersmiths in the throng who were fired to a high pitch of patriotism, and rendered good account of themselves in the war which began soon after. They were even then in martial training Major and Orderly Sergeant Hammersmith of the Marti Mercurian Band, a company of the most imposing students, with frequent parades, and a banner with the motto "*Tam Marti quam Mercurio*." Of all that dazzling squad of young students in blue coats faced with white, nankeen breeches, top-boots, and cocked hats, the major and the orderly sergeant were conspicuous for not only their stalwart figures and soldierly bearing, but a certain seeming scorn of their trappings, which became them well.

The major, Jacob Hammersmith, accompanied Washington through most of his varying campaigns, and was present at the surrender of Yorktown with Rochambeau. The orderly sergeant, Benjamin, lost his life in that gallant charge at Stony Point in 1779, under "Mad Anthony," where the troops advanced up a steep hill in double column, officers at the head, with fixed bayonets, without firing a shot. It was a grandson of the latter, Col. Rupert Hammersmith, that led the famous charge at Buena Vista, seventy years later, which routed the Mexican Lancers, and turned the tide of battle in our favor. I

have it from fellow-officers of his on the battle-field, that when he lifted his hat, and shouted, "Charge, gentlemen, charge!" as though he were leading the company of De Champernoun into France, the troops seemed inspired by his noble command, and swept down the hill, and over the Mexicans as though they were field-mice.

When the President of the United States, Monroe, visited the university in 1817; when Lafayette, in his triumphal tour of 1824, came to receive the plaudits and the honors of college government and students alike; and later, in 1833, when President Jackson was welcomed to Cambridge, — you may be sure, that, among the officers and privates of the smart Harvard Washington Corps which did escort-duty on those occasions, the distinguished visitors' eyes were attracted by the soldierly figures of the Hammersmith family, and that at least the hard-featured hero of New Orleans made favorable comment on their martial bearing. It was a Hammersmith, indeed, who was called up and complimented by President Monroe, together with the commander of the corps, who was offered a position at West Point if he would choose to accept it.

The records of the family do not show it, but I have it from a trustworthy source (the son of the college janitor of the day), that the student-marshal who stepped from the ranks of the procession to offer an umbrella to the venerable Lafayette, as a protection against the August sun, was a Hammersmith, — father or uncle of that Rupert who distinguished himself at Buena Vista. We all know that the genial old marquis turned to him, and said, "Thank you, young gentleman; but I love the sun in all its warmth and all its brightness."

If we were to give a list, however, of all the exploits of the undergraduate Hammersmith family, all the college societies to which they belonged, and sports which they

patronized, as well as the literary honors which from time to time were hung upon the family-tree, we should be not only overstepping our limits, but taking the wind out of the sails of our hero, whose career is to follow. Suffice it, that in all the forrays and larks of student-life, the hazings, the rebellions, the sign-filchings, the paintings of obnoxious tutors' doors, the stealing of college Bibles from the chapel, attacks on recognized institutions like the clock and the bell, burning of effigies, and blowing up of buildings, (innocent sports these!) the daring Hammersmiths could always be counted on to lend a hand, and generally, if it must be confessed, to bear the brunt of the affair. In all the societies, — be they sporting, convivial, dramatic, nautical, musical, military, purely literary, or purely religious, Marti-Mercurian, Med. Fac., Lazy Club, Navy, Washington Corps, Hermetick, *Ἀκριβολογούμενοι*, Patriotic Association, *Δειπνόφαγοι*, Pierian Sodality, Glee Club, Pudding, Porcellian, Institute of 1770, and the swarm of Greek-letter societies of later days, — members of the family were generally found among the most active and ardent of their supporters; and in the prizes, exhibitions, and commencements, as well as in that no less important catalogue of the honors bestowed by the votes of the class, the spoils that fell to the Hammersmiths were by no means inconsiderable.

The dire truth must be stated, however, that of late their literary achievements were yearly growing less and less. Whether the superabundant vitality which had worked itself off in more vigorous ways in early colonial days was restive under modern restraints, or that the family was returning to a wild state, — like those neglected apple-trees which one sometimes sees in pastures and by-lanes, — certain it is that latterly the honor-list of the university held fewer and fewer of the time-hallowed names, and that oftener and oftener a Hammersmith was

called before the dread faculty, charged with some continued neglect of duty, or with complicity in some wild midnight escapade.

It was especially in the second year that this correction was apt to be applied; and I regret to say that many a Hammersmith had in that year been either temporarily suspended from the university for a certain period, or remanded utterly to the limbo of ordinary citizen-life. So it came about that sophomore year was at length regarded as a sort of Rubicon for the family. Paternal Hammersmiths gave their sons sage advice on entering its dangerous terms, while related Hammersmiths inquired anxiously if Tom or Rupert or Nat had been suspended yet.

It was looked upon rather as the fulfilment of prophecy than as a novelty, therefore, that, some time before the middle of the present century, the rumor rushed through the far and near branches of the stock, that Mr. Gayton Hammersmith, sophomore, — the youngest son of Mr. Nathaniel Hammersmith of Quincy, — the favorite of his class, and first man in their sports, but, alas! not in their class-rooms, had been expelled from the university. "For continued neglect of the college *curriculum*, and late disorderly conduct too marked to be passed over in silence," the note of the president put it; the said disorderly conduct having been the heading of a crowd which had collected all the barber-poles and available signs of the town, and burned them *en masse* in front of the chapel, where, the following morning, the rushing throng of worshippers had to pass through their charred remains. This rumor was confirmed a few days later by the appearance at home of the young man in question, who, for obvious reasons, by the way, had been passing by the significant name of Gay Hammersmith, at Cambridge, for many months past. He invaded placid Quincy with the airs of a conqueror, in most gorgeous raiment, and carried himself as bravely

as a prince, receiving as so much homage to his powers the silent stares of his neighbors and townsmen, and the timid wonder of his fair young friends, who thought him "awfully wicked," but still "so fascinating!"

The humiliation and disgrace which Mr. Gayton carried off so bravely, and which nobody seemed to hold important, seeing the young gentleman's happy manner and his father's ready forgiveness (he had been a young Hammersmith once himself), came with especial heaviness to his elder brother Richard, a senior at the time of the expulsion, and rightly looked upon as the most promising of the family for several generations. As the same stock will produce, now a mighty scholar and now a mighty brawler, now a saint and now one in whom Lavater's "devil-moments" preponderate, there were at the same time in college these two brothers of essentially different temperaments and tastes, — Richard, the scholarly, the reserved, the sensitive even to shrinking; and Gayton, the hilarious, the athletic, the hail-fellow of his class. It was a bitter experience for Richard, this seeing his brother go on from bad to worse in spite of his repeated protests, and finally end his university career so ingloriously: it seemed a blow to his own *amour propre*, or at least to his family pride; and he said afterwards that he felt it had affected his whole after-life, — so sensitive he was!

Did space allow, we might follow these brothers in their subsequent variant fortunes, and observe how differently the Fates parcelled out their lots. We might follow the younger as he sailed away to China, and chronicle his golden progress in that land of the almond-eyed, — a golden progress which soon procured him the name of "The Duke" among his friends, from a certain lordly and imperious manner natural to him. We might follow the elder till we found him living in a mild, ecclesiastical way, as the Rev. Richard Hammersmith, in his little par-

sonage "Ivy Hill," on the banks of the Hudson, with his wife, his sons Tom and Dick, and his sweet young daughter Mabel.

If we could linger on this portion of our story, we might, too, dwell for a brief space upon that sad, sad day when Mr. Gayton arrived from China just in time to have his brother die in his arms, — the same arms which had brought him such fame in his athletic college-days, and which now caught up the tall, wasted preacher as if he had been a babe, and bore him about the house from one sunny spot to another, until his eyes were closed forever, and his soul was bound on its last brightening journey. We might follow the jovial, sunny-hearted "Duke," as he strove to comfort the forlorn widow, and bring order out of the business chaos in which her affairs had been left by her husband. We might follow him as he argued and protested, and argued again, in favor of Mr. Tom's being forthwith prepared for the university.

"It will break my heart to have him go," she had said, shaking her head. But the dear old Gayton had painted Mr. Tom as a hero, returning every half-year to gladden her eyes and soul with his load of honors; and she smiled feebly.

"I shall, at any rate, go and live in Cambridge, and look after him," she continued, yielding a point. But he laughed at the idea of coddling a Hammersmith.

"Might as well bring up a young eagle on a bottle, you dear, little anxious mamma! No, no, God bless me! let him flop about for himself a while. What if he does have a fall or two? I've watched him: he's the right stuff, madam; and, on the word of a Hammersmith, he'll go through it all, and come out a man to make your poor broken heart dance, ma'am."

And then, if we were telling the story of young Hammersmith's "coaching" days, we might follow him for

the two and a half years that he was under the hands of Mr. Andrew Pipon (H. U. 185–), a learned young tutor with the self-importance of recent graduation still dewy upon him; showing how he advanced in amazingly quick fashion through his classics and mathematics and history; how he rode and swam, and pulled an oar better and better as his strength developed, — a fact which pleased his uncle's stout heart even more than his commendable progress in his studies, as the cheery "Duke" rushed on from his Boston club now and then, and beamed upon the still life at "Ivy Hill;" how his young soul was fired with the marvellous, and, I must own, rather apocryphal stories poured into his ear by his neighbor Bob Ruddiman, a student at Yale, in recounting the wonderful deeds of himself and his class; how he thrashed to the bellowing point the hulking son of Mangul Wurzel, the corner grocer, who had called him a "mammy-dear," or some such obnoxious name, returning with bloody face and torn jacket to burst in upon the sewing-society in full cackle in his mother's drawing-room; and how his mother alternated between solicitude and a flickering ambition for her boy, whose rapid progress she almost begrudged, as it brought him nearer and nearer the day of separation, — the day when he would leave her mild ways, and take his place among those noisy, important, conceited, "horrid" college-men.

But that day at last came. Mr. Andrew Pipon, having exhausted his power of "tutoral glazing," and declaring his pupil amply prepared to pass the severest examination, if only he would have confidence, was dismissed by Mr. Gayton Hammersmith, who had arrived a few days before. The worthy tutor, not quite so all-knowing as on his arrival, but with fuller purse and figure, left for his mother and sisters in Massachusetts (whom he was largely supporting from his earnings), with the best of feelings between himself and Tom.

"Come and see me in Cambridge, won't you, old fellow?" Tom had said, pressing his hand warmly at parting. Then, suddenly recollecting himself, he had added, "that is, if I pass the confounded old examinations, which I very much doubt."

And then, with a mixed feeling of confidence and dismay, and with a large part of his technical acquirements, such as the irregular Greek verbs and mathematical formulæ, confided in a small hand to numerous little cards (which he carried about with him, and studied at odd intervals), young Tom soon after left for Boston, with his uncle, in a rain of mingled tears and blessings from his mother.

He had turned on leaving. With his arm around her, he said, —

"Don't carry on so, my little mother! I'm not in yet: perhaps I may never be. But, whatever happens, I shall always love you just the same. And you can depend that I will never do any thing unworthy of you or father: can't you?"

"That I can, my dear boy," she answered, smiling tearfully; and, with a kiss and a last wave of the hand, he was gone, — the boy going forth full of hope to meet the shadowy future; the mother remaining to live, and brood over the more real past, and to pray for her dear boy in the new life to which he was rushing so gleefully.

CHAPTER III.

THE INQUISITION OF THE BIG-WIGS.

"Academic meads trembling with the earthquake of Athenian peripatetics pacing up and down." — RICHARD OF BURY.

"Il più bel fior ne coglie." — DELLA CRUSCAN MOTTO.

IF the merry scene at Parker's had seemed to young Tom a very startling novelty, before which all his previous life sank into the commonplace, his first sight of the noble halls and elm-shadowed vistas of the university was something never to be quite forgotten.

Mr. Tom had paid but little attention to the uninviting surroundings through which they had been passing — he and the "Duke" — in a hack, one morning not long after the going-up of the curtain at Parker's; the uncle, indeed, beginning to think that the youngster was taking it all "deusedly as a matter of course, begad!" Tom's heart began to beat quickly, however, and he leaned eagerly out of the carriage-window when they came in sight of the solid halls and picturesque grounds of the old university, — the Gothic Library; the massive, granite Boylston Hall, cutting off a view of the quadrangle; the vistas of arching elms and distant halls, whose names even Tom did not yet know; and scurrying students and slow-pacing professors scattered here and there. The "Duke," lying comfortably in one corner of the hack, was amused at the young fellow's sudden interest, and smiled to think that he had ever felt the same quickening of blood in himself,

not many decades ago, at sight of this same brick and mortar and stone.

If he had scoured both hemispheres since then; had made his bow in palaces, and been pilloried at great dinners, with a dowager countess on either hand; had hob-nobbed with the great and the *blasé* from China to Peru, and had begun to feel that every thing was a bit stale, — he was not displeased to watch the zest of ardent young fellows like Tom, rushing headlong to the great show of life. What confiding young fools they are!

A half-hour later they stood in the study of Professor Rayland Darby, on a retired Cambridge street, presenting a letter of introduction from the late tutor, Mr. Andrew Pipon, which, by the way, as a specimen of pedantic phraseology, might well bear transcript into these pages.

They were a striking couple, — the slim, broad-shouldered nephew, with a straight-in-the-eye look which caught you at once, and, for one so young, a large share of that shadowy somewhat called a presence, which was sure to announce itself the moment that he entered a room with others; the uncle, larger of girth than when he climbed the barber-poles some thirty years ago, broad-chested like Tom, and with the rather distinguishing marks of the scar, the close gray mustache and slightly-waving grayish hair, before mentioned.

"Ah! Mr. Hammersmith and Mr. Hammersmith. I am very happy to meet you. May I not ask? — yes, it must be! Mr. Hammersmith, if I am not greatly mistaken, you left Cambridge just before I entered. Your fame lingered after you, sir," said the professor; at which the two elders smiled a broad smile, to Tom's wonder.

"Yes: the air of Cambridge did not agree with me. — It has grown much more healthy since then, Tom," said the "Duke," turning to his nephew; and the "Duke" and the professor went off into a fit of explosive laughter,

which Tom made his uncle explain the moment they were outside the door, — the young innocent!

"And so you are coming up to live among us, Mr. Hammersmith?" said the professor, addressing Tom.

"I can hardly say that as yet, sir: I wish I might! But I am going to try pretty hard," answered Tom.

"Try, man!" interposed the "Duke." "It's the same thing, or you're no Hammersmith, sir! Try! God bless me!"

"I'm very glad to welcome you, very glad indeed," continued the professor. "You will be pleased to learn that the class this year promises to be exceedingly large. The schools are sending up very large numbers, and, as far as I can hear, of very good material. But it is drawing near to nine o'clock. Shall I accompany you to the university, and introduce you to some of the examiners? My duties do not carry me there to-day; but I shall be most happy to do what I can to make the plunge easier to you. Have you been in Cambridge before? No? Well, I hope, Mr. Hammersmith, that you and your nephew will make my house your headquarters while here, and do me the honor of dining with me to-day."

And the "Duke" accepted with a courtly bow, and a "Thanks, very much;" while Tom, as they walked to the college, found himself talking with unusual open-heartedness to the professor, to whom he had warmed at once, as he saw the genuine interest with which he had welcomed them, and the sympathy with which he entered into his own rather anxious feelings. The appointments of his study, too, — a collection of fragrant pipes on the mantel, a gun in a corner, a pair of horns over the door, a mysterious black sign with "R. Darby" in white letters on the lintel of the door, and many other cheering, unprofessional marks which caught his eye, — told him that here was a man not of the stamp of Mr. Andrew Pipon and the typi-

cal professor, but one in whom he could look for hearty fellow-feeling and an appreciation of the young-man world.

Would you follow Mr. Tom through the details of his two-days' martyrdom? If the familiars of the rack and thumb-screw had your brother in charge, gentle reader; or your son, my dear madam, were doomed to sit for a period with his precious feet in the stocks (which may the Fates forefend!) — would you be present to watch his torture? Well, perhaps you would, with that tender compassion which is one of your sweetest possessions, or perhaps from a spirit of inquisition in another sense, for which man-moralists give you credit. But I like to think that you would prefer to keep out of the way while the screws were turning, and the boards were pressing, and be on hand to receive the poor fellow after it was all over, and cover him with the mantle of your sympathy and love.

Who that has been through it does not remember, as though of yesterday, the restless commingling of candidates, like a band of wild horses as yet without a leader? The clannish body from the great schools, — Exeter, Andover, Dixwell's, Boston and Roxbury Latin, — each with petty chiefs of its own, and each destined to strive, in a measure, for the mastery of the class? the irregulars from distant cities, and private tutors, and from country hamlets, where the departure for Cambridge of the solitary candidate — hero of the village Debating Society — was the event of the summer, hamlet-shaking? and Harvard Hall, with its portraits of placid benefactors of the university smiling down upon many a lad floundering in an ebbing flood of classics, and consuming his pencil in despair; its long rows of tables and benches of symbolic greenness; an awful knot of professors and big-wigs gathered in the middle, opposite the door; with soft-footed tutors and proctors, quick of eye, and suspicious,

from recent personal knowledge, patrolling the lines, — suave of speech, but, oh! so negative in answer? the various smaller rooms in Harvard and University repeating this scene on the second day, the day of the *viva voce* examinations? and, giving the throb to all this machinery, the fervent youth, working as for life at the benches, rushing from one examination to another, or powwowing, Indian fashion, on the small grass-plats by University steps (a favorite rallying-point in Hammersmith's day), discussing their papers, their success, their professors, whom they already begin to call "Old Darby," or "Old Brimblecom," or "Old Bone," and beginning even now to crystallize, like all new bodies of men, around certain leaders and oracles? — ah! how it all comes up before me again these thousands of miles away!

They were in the midst of an unusually stiff mathematical paper, on the first day, when Professor Darby walked quietly to Tom, whom he had seen squirming, and consulting his hair for some minutes, and asked, —

"Well, sir, how are you getting on?"

"Making a pretty bad mess of it, I'm afraid. I'd give a year's growth to know the answer to No. 8!"

"Yes? Let me see." And glancing at the paper and Tom's manuscript, which was in a bold, large hand, he added, "Well, it is rather a tough one; but you're coming on all right; don't despair," and walked off towards a sturdy young fellow in the corner, whom Tom had noticed as a man of some importance among his fellows. They whispered together; and the young man looked towards Tom.

After this paper was over, and as the young men were separating for dinner, Professor Darby appeared at the outer door, and, taking Tom by the arm, approached the young fellow with whom he had whispered, saying, "George, I want to introduce you to Mr. Hammersmith,

— Mr. Tom Hammersmith. My nephew, George Goldie, Mr. Hammersmith. He's a stranger, George, and I would like you to introduce him among your friends." And the two young fellows, eying each other as though they were selecting members for a crew, shook hands powerfully (after the manner of boating-men), and walked into each other's acquaintance and tastes, hopes and fears, at once, meanwhile taking their way to the professor's to dinner.

And the "Duke"? Well, he walked about the old familiar neighborhood during these two days of trial; he smoked the professor's study full of smoke a dozen times or more; he waited anxiously for his nephew at the college-doors now and then, and asked Professor Darby again and again, "Gad, I hope the young fellow's going to pass muster, eh?" In fact, old cosmopolitan as he was, and cool philosopher, he was most uncommonly interested on Tom's account, and betrayed his solicitude to an extent for which he severely reprimanded himself when looking in the glass next morning. But the beaming young fellow came up with such a smiling face after every encounter, — as the Hammersmith fashion was, after success and defeat alike, — that the anxious old boy was confident it would all come out right, and was proud, at any rate, to have such a handsome and resolute young candidate in his charge.

I suppose that the man waiting to be hung, or the soldier blindfolded standing to be shot, or Miss Arabella waiting to be taken out in the "German," and only a half-hour left, or the lawyer expecting his first brief, or any other anxious person in any expectant mood that you may picture to yourself, is in a rather unenviable state of suspended animation, or of animation so intense as almost to seem breathless. But I doubt if the position of any of them can be compared with that of the young candidate who waited in old University Chapel in Hammer-

smith's time (it is bisected in two directions now, I hear, and devoted to other use), and waited and waited till his name was called by Fate, and he left his friends — as others had left him, one by one — to meet the dread presence in the faculty room, — the arsenal of so much direful enginery. Why the names of the freshman candidates were not posted, as abroad, or the papers handed about in a more wholesale way, the aspirant of earlier days wondered in vain, but concluded with imagining that the faculty had prescribed the solitary method as a sort of civilized barbarism, or running of the gauntlet, for the more stoical training of its neophytes.

"Goldie!" had been called, "Penhallow!" and "Freemantle!" and many others whom Tom did not know personally had been called. Shouts were heard outside, below stairs, as the successful men rushed into the arms of their classmates. And at last, when Tom had nearly twiddled a button off the cushion on which he sat, "Hammersmith!" was shouted by the proctor at the door; and Tom scuttled into the faculty room, where the president, Ægidius Dummer,[1] stood holding a paper towards him,

[1] It cannot be too emphatically stated, that the rather nebulous characters of Dummer and other members of the college faculty introduced in these pages are purely imaginary. So true is this, that the biographer of Hammersmith did not even know the name of the honored occupant of the presidential chair at Cambridge when Ægidius Dummer was first selected for service in Hammersmith's day. A brother *alumnus* who was captured on his travels by the present chronicler, and made to wade through a sea of manuscript, whether he would or not, has kindly suggested that a suspicion of caricature might be raised by the rather grotesque name chosen for the head of the university. This note is appended to lay that suspicion. The brazen bull of Phalaris, excommunication by Alma Mater, or any other dire punishment, would be too good a fate for one who could dare to attempt caricature, or direct portraiture from real life, in a place like this. The present writer, at any rate, who retains nothing but the most respectful regard for the gentlemen under whom his youthful days were passed in Cambridge, would prefer that these pages should remain forever unread, rather than that he should be accused of indulging in burlesque of their high offices, than which none can be higher. Why a semi-humorous name was chosen for the head of the university, and why Professor Darby, Dr. Grimblecom, and others were drawn as they have been in the pages which follow, will be evident to any one who considers the needs of a book like this, and who will

and bowing in silence, like the dummy which he was called in nickname.

Tom took the paper, and waited for the president to say something on his case. As he said nothing, except "Mr. Hammersmith," and continued to bow as before, and as another man was coming up for his papers at the moment, Tom bowed in return, and went out by a side-door, rushing down the stone steps, with papers in hand, but having not the least idea whether he had been admitted or ignominiously rejected.

"How is it, Hammersmith?" called Goldie and a dozen others, rushing at him.

"Haven't the least idea. He never said a word," answered Tom innocently; but Goldie tore open his papers and shouted, —

"Hurrah! Admitted without conditions! Congratulate you, old boy!" And he hugged him with the hug which Tom soon learned was the sign of exceeding great joy at the university, — the acme of congratulation. But Tom hardly stopped to receive the hands and the plaudits of his friends, nor to regard more than in passing several woful figures on the outside of the crowd, — Brand and Mountfort and Cleland and others, who had come up confidently to examination year after year, and were every time rejected by discriminating Alma Mater.

He was rushing headlong to Professor Darby's, to carry the good news to his uncle, when a voice at the college-gate arrested him: "Tom, Tom, where are you going?" and he turned to find the anxious old "Duke" in a hack drawn up outside the college-gate, where he had driven to get tidings as soon as possible. "All right, all right, uncle! Admitted without conditions! — H-i-g-h!" shouted Tom, and jumping into the hack, and

be good enough to follow the course of Dummer and the rest as it coincides with the path of Hammersmith, or runs counter to it, as the case may be.

ordering the driver to make haste to Professor Darby's, he handed his uncle the papers, and sank on the seat, looking back at the buildings as they whirled away, with a sort of possessory interest vastly different from the feeling with which he had first approached them.

How the old gentleman hugged him, and congratulated him, and looked fondly at the young fellow's radiance! And how the professor's family repeated the operation, with modifications! for, though we have not mentioned it, there were members of the professor's household from whom to receive the uncle's congratulations in exact kind would hardly have been proper. What a dinner they had that evening, with Goldie, Penhallow, Freemantle, and Arthur Tweedy, the last of whom had shown many polite attentions to Tom during his examinations ("I'm a junior now, traditional friend of freshmen, you know," he had remarked to the "Duke," who was thanking him for his kindness), it does not concern us to describe.

We may pass over, also, the proud young fellow's triumphal reception at "Ivy Hill;" his fond mother's tears, and Mabel's and young Dick's delight; and how he strutted about the stables and dog-kennels; patronized his mare and Trim, the lame setter; looked deprecatingly at his lapstreak in the boathouse; and altogether bore himself as many a happy, high-spirited lad has carried himself before and since, and will carry himself, let us hope, to the end of time, so long as health and spirits and youthful pride shall be held the good things that they are.

As his own thoughts and yearnings are carrying him now continually away from his quiet home to idealized Cambridge, and the stirring life awaiting him, we will follow their direction, and, passing over the few weeks spent at "Ivy Hill," — Tom's restless impatience, the notes of preparation, the boxing of choice books and pictures and room-ornaments culled from the widow's none too abun-

dant store, and the final blessings at parting, — meet him returned to the university, and preparing to find his niche in the little world of four-years' whirling into which he had been introduced.

CHAPTER IV.

A SCRIMMAGE AND A SUDDEN ALLY.

"Unus homo nobis currendo restituit rem."—ENNIUS.
"Contending with twith and nail."
NINIANI WINZET, *Booke of four scoir thre questions.*

"I SAY, Goldie, are you going into the football match to-morrow?"

"Of course I am! So are you, or you're not the fellow I take you for."

The first speaker, Hammersmith, who had come over from his quarters' in Brattle House, was seated in the luxurious window-seat of Goldie's Holworthy room, on the first Sunday of fall term. Goldie himself was lying prone on his sofa, with knees crossed high in air, blowing rings from his pipe towards the ceiling, and trying to prod them with his right foot as they rose. His chum, Pinckney, an open-hearted, somewhat combustible Southerner, was out visiting his new classmates, or promenading the town, or, perhaps, already running his neck into danger from tyrannical sophomores even thus early in his university life,—impetuous fellow as he was.

It was a peaceful Sunday afternoon. A breeze was just rustling the drooping foliage of the elms, which were casting flickering shadows on the close-cut turf, where the merry *al fresco* dances of Class Day (not yet become obsolete or unpopular) had so recently been held, radiant with youths and maidens,

"Dancing 'neath the checkered shade."

The chimes on Christ Church were ringing for afternoon service, and their pensive music floated harmoniously into the current of the young men's thoughts and revery. How many a lad, fresh from a far home, his boyhood behind him, the big future looming before, has sat thus, and listened to the chimes which were sounding this afternoon for the new freshmen for the first time! What are their thoughts? Are they brave? Are they despondent? Do they think of the mothers and sisters that they have left behind? Do they long for fame, and a great name among men? Or are they content with the present, and resolved, for these happy four years at least, to live and be merry, and let the future take care of itself, as the past has done?

"Why, all the fellows are going in," continued Goldie. "Freemantle says it's often the making of a man's university fame; and he's seen a good many games since he's been at Dixwell's."

"Freemantle! Can he kick? He looks too delicate, and weak on his pins," said Tom.

"Kick! Why, my dear fellow, guess you haven't seen the game, eh? or heard of it? See that picture?" blowing a cloud of smoke towards a colored print next his bedroom-door, — "The Chicken" and "Yankee Boy" in attitude of defence. Tom nodded. "Are those birds kicking? Kicking has no more to do with this football game than with the sparring of those bullet-headed fellows yonder! Do you box?" and Tom was about to answer, wondering what strange rules could govern the football games of the university, when Pinckney entered with a number of freshmen. They were introduced, shook hands warmly, and subsided into easy-chairs and window-seats.

"Well, George, I've seen lots of the fellows this afternoon," said Pinckney, — "they're coming over in crowds from Boston and Brookline and Roxbury; lucky dogs to

be able to spend Sunday at home! — and I think we shall make a pretty good stand to-morrow evening."

"Are they all going in?" asked Goldie, turning on his elbow towards the new-comers.

The freshmen present made impressive vows of loyalty, such as "You bet we are!" "Well, I rather think so!" and so on; and Pinckney continued, —

"Yes, haven't seen a fellow that was chicken-hearted; and a mighty good-sized lot they are! Oh, yes! there's one chap — What's his name? — He rooms in your entry, Brinton, right across from you."

"A — Breese, you mean?"

"Yes, Breese. Rural chap, I should say; strong smell of turnips in the room. A tall, raw-boned fellow, with a fist like a bargeman's. Jove, I thought he'd break every bone in my fingers when I shook his ugly flipper just now!" And Pinckney looked at his own white tapering hands sympathetically, and, passing them through his black forelock, added, "Guess he's one of your strait-laced coves, — Sunday school, and that sort of thing. He said he had heard that it wasn't a square game, but a fight; and he should decline to join — on principle. Hang his principles! What we want is muscle. He'd make a rattler for a rush!"

"Can't we secure him?" asked Goldie, with the air of a general about to lose a valuable adjutant.

"'Fraid not; firm as a rock, I imagine, when he's made up his mind. They say he walked all the way from Ohio here. Pity to waste such leg-muscle, eh?"

"I know a fellow that knows him," interposed a small man, perhaps not sorry that such a muscleman should be on hand as a possible buckler for himself in the contest. "I'll ask him to speak to him."

"Of course you're going in," said Pinckney, turning to Hammersmith.

"When you're in Rome, and so forth," said Tom. "I've never seen the game, and I don't box; but I think I can do some pretty tall knocking about." And the men present looked admiringly, and at the same time pityingly, at him.

Provident fellows! Every one of them had been posturing, and hitting from the shoulder, and learning the rudiments of the manly art, for months now, from various square-visaged gentry in different places, but mostly from "The Chicken," — a notorious Boston light-weight, at present a great favorite with university men. In fact, Henchman and some of the fast set had been in the habit of inviting him to Cambridge to little suppers and wines, at which his cropped head and flattened nose made a startling contrast to the modish young students; and his quick sparring and nimble "fives," when the tables were moved and the gloves put on, were rather too much for the amateurs who stood up against him.

This practice had come to a sudden end, however, after a peculiarly uproarious supper at Porter's, — a neighboring tavern, — whence, after a night of carousal and considerable fist-practice, the company, none too steady in the night-air, descended upon Cambridge, pounded successive remonstrant watchmen in turn, and at last, after a desperate struggle with the united police-force, left "The Chicken," weary with much fighting, but still game, safely jugged, with several of their number, in the town jail. Three of them were suspended next day; and "The Chicken" was a hero in college-circles from that day on. Though shy of Cambridge suppers, proctors, and police, he remained the pet of the fast and the muscular sets, and received full pay from his pupils for the sudden stars that he showed them at his dingy little office adjoining Milo's gymnasium in Boston, — an office stale with bad tobacco, and hung with flaring pictures of the P. R.,

—grandiose bullies with bulging biceps, standing ever ready to strike, but never striking.

As all proscribed men, like forbidden fruit, have a peculiar piquancy, "The Chicken" found himself surfeited with popularity; and not only undergraduates, but men from the schools, and young lads not coming up for years, buttoned on his gloves, and stood up in his little office to be pounded, and have their eyes opened and shut to the beauties of the manly art.

So Tom sat now and listened to the talk of "The Chicken's" pupils, their descriptions of other games, their several plans and devices for this one in particular; and, before he left, he had received a fair though quite new idea of the nature of this first inter-class contest.

Freemantle came in from his room at Morgan's, —a fast man of the better sort, if such an expression may be used, —rich, handsome, thin, but wiry and muscular, a capital boxer, runner, and fencer, but hardly up to the more sturdy sports. He was received with the homage which is generally paid such men by young hero-worshippers; and sitting down, half on the sofa, half on Goldie's feet, he entered at once into their conversation.

He had not said five words before Tom recognized his mistake in thinking him ignorant or incapable of the game; and the skilful way in which he turned their rambling talk into a business-like discussion of ways and means of organizing their men, and working together for victory, showed the younger fellows that here was a man to whom they might look as a leader, and one likely to deserve well of his party.

More men, freshly arriving, dropped in. The strength and abilities of most of the prominent members of the class were already pretty thoroughly canvassed; and, when the bell for afternoon chapel rang, the make-up of their party for the great football match was as complete

as could be expected from the raw recruits under their command.

Freemantle and Hammersmith went off arm in arm to chapel, which was not yet become the importunate temple of worship that four years' compulsory attendance on prayers and services contrive to render it in the minds of most undergraduates. And as the reverend preacher rose in his place, and began to read, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," more men than Hammersmith and Freemantle smiled, and looked mischief at each other, and wondered if that grave face and devout manner could shelter a *double entendre*.

There was a new choir that day, and several dainty bonnets in the pews, to which Freemantle had called attention when they entered; so that between all these, and the crowding memories of home, which the place, and the hour, and the parental associations with the preacher's office, called up, I doubt if Mr. Tom could have given so fair a synopsis of the sermon as he had been used to giving of his dear father's at home, just before the lamps were brought in, as they sat together in the dusk. His mind was busy with all the teeming thoughts natural to his new departure in life, and especially with the anticipation of the great struggle which he had just heard discussed, and which was so soon to come off.

. . . . . .

When Miss Darby, and her cousins the Barlows, from Jamaica Plain, drove up in their carriage to the Delta, the following evening, about an hour before sunset, they found that ancient playground — scene of so many sports and struggles — surrounded on every hand with several rows of carriages and horsemen and pedestrians, gathered to witness the struggle and scrimmage which went under the name of the football match.

Cambridge and the neighboring towns and country were

out in full force to see a brother, or a cousin, or a son, rush into somebody's else brother, or cousin, or son, or fall over the ball now and then, or stand up to be knocked down, or perform other brave deeds, for the honor of his class. Small boys, grinning with foreknowledge of the sport, were perched on the posts, or maintained a dubious equilibrium on the upturned angle of the fence-rails. Tutors and proctors, and here and there an old professor with a young heart, mingled in the crowd, and prepared to watch the questionable sport, — a sport which was not forbidden by the faculty, to be sure, but regarded rather as the inevitable though degenerate relic of ancient usage, and a not undesirable safety-valve for the semi-hostile feelings of sophomores and freshmen, better worked off in these earlier and less occupied days of the term than later.

"Why, Ellen, are we late? Oh, dear! we shall have no view at all. What a crowd there is!" said Miss Barlow, addressing her cousin Miss Darby; and the young ladies stood up a moment in the open carriage to have a better view.

"Sit down, won't you!" said the peremptory Ned. "Game hasn't begun. What do you want to stand up for? Girls are always so curious!" and the young ladies subsided.

At this juncture the dowager Mrs. Malachite, whose old-fashioned barouche was just inside the Barlows', next the fence, spoke sharply to her coachman; and the ancient vehicle, with much cramping, and backing, and disturbance of neighbors, lumbered out, and rolled towards Boston. The patient dowager had waited an hour now to see her darling Sam march out to do battle with the freshmen, and she was due at the Minturns', Beacon Street, at eight o'clock, for a quiet rubber of whist, — the Minturns having returned early from Nahant, on account of the raw

weather which had set in prematurely on the seashore; and, "if there was any thing in all the world" that Mrs. Minturn and the dear girls "hated," it was "those awful east winds," which went through their poor pampered bodies like knife-blades.

So old Mrs. Malachite bowled off to her whist and her dish of tea with the dear Minturns (Mr. Minturn and the late Malachite had been partners in the East-India trade; and they do say, that, if Malachite had not been so expeditious in marrying Mrs. Malachite out-of hand, Mr. Minturn — but that is mere gossip, and does not concern us), — Mrs. Malachite, I say, was trundled away to her rubber of whist; and the Barlows' carriage slid quietly up into the vacant place.

They were so near now, that they could see the freshmen lying in groups under the trees towards the apex of the Delta. Several of their leaders were moving among them, apparently giving advice. If the young ladies had been still nearer, they would have seen several small freshmen sheepishly extracting cotton-wool and old handkerchiefs, and other such padding, from their boot-legs, and might have heard them chaffing each other on their ignorance of the game and the precise point of attack. But they were not near enough for that, or to see the blanched lips of many of the young fellows, for the first time in their lives brought into such an arena, and feeling that the coming struggle was big with Fate for them.

They could only pity the raw young fellows in a general way, and look about them at the faces that they knew, in carriages and elsewhere.

"Why, there's Miss Fayerweather! I thought she was in Newport," said Miss Barlow. "Who's that on horseback talking to her?"

"One of the Abbotts, I think," said her sister Madelon. "But, Ellen, as sure as you live, isn't that your father

leaning against the post? In a line with that horrid red shawl — don't you see?"

"Red shawl? It certainly is. I thought he had some Latin papers to look over. But what's that noise?" asked Miss Darby.

"There they come!" shouted young Barlow, forgetting his awful self in the excitement. "Aren't they a jolly set of coves?"

As he speaks, a long procession comes in view. Can they be students, these tatterdemalions in old coats and older hats, in winged raggedness both, marching two by two past Holworthy, and singing at the top of their voices some popular college-song, — "We won't go home till morning," I think it was! They file out of the quadrangle, cross the street, and, entering the enclosure by an old gate long since vanished, take up their places by the two spreading trees which formerly stood guard near the broad end of the Delta.

It is all changed now: the noble Memorial Hall has been flung down into the middle of the Delta; and the noise of knives and forks in commons, the rounded periods of orators, and the festive music of commencements, have chased away the echoes of the games and contests of Hammersmith's day. Whether these two trees, the rendezvous in so many different sports of the early times, have given way before the eastern façade of Memorial Hall, I know not, in my exile; but they spread a welcome shade for the young cricketers and athletes of the days of which I write. And under them now our sophomores have collected, depositing their coats at their bases, and looking across at the band of freshmen.

The latter have risen, and are bunched near the middle of the Delta.

"Do you know many of the men?" said Miss Madelon, addressing Miss Darby. "What frights those sophs are!"

"Only my cousin George Goldie, a classmate of his named Hammersmith, and one or two others."

"Hammersmith! One of *the* Hammersmiths? Is he nice?"

"M — m — I hardly — There he is now, looking this way;" and, as Mr. Tom raised his cap to her, she said, "How do you do, Mr. Hammersmith?" in that bated whisper with which one addresses people rods away, feeling inexpressibly silly for it afterwards.

"Yes; and there's George going over towards the sophomores; and that big fellow has the ball. They're going to begin," she added.

Miles advances with the ball, Goldie meeting him half way.

"Heads, or tails?" says Miles, holding a coin in his hand.

"I'll wait till you flip it up. Heads!" says Goldie, as the coin is in air.

"Heads it is," answers Miles, picking up the piece, and delivering the ball to Goldie, who returns to his party, now considerably elated at their winning the toss and the send-off.

Goldie calls about him the Pretorian Band, made up of the largest freshmen and the boxers.

"Now, fellows, keep close together. Don't strike a man, unless necessary (keep all your strength for rushing the ball through); but, if you're struck, give as good as you receive. — And you fellows," addressing the crowd in the rear, "don't get excited! Trip up any fellow rushing towards goal with the ball; and, if we here are making headway, press in after us hot and heavy. But leave a dozen men always in the rear. — Hammersmith, keep close to us, but don't get into a fight if you can help it." And, turning to the sophomores, he cries out, —

"Warners!"

"Take 'em!" returns Miles; and Goldie gives a rapid run for the ball, lying fifty feet ahead of him on the ground, his band following by his side. He makes a magnificent drive; and the ball rises over the heads of the advanced sophomores, falling in the midst of the crowd behind. Goldie and his men forge ahead, and, before a return-kick can be given, are well among the sophomores, keeping a sharp lookout on every side.

The ball comes bounding toward them. Pinckney jumps high for it, catches it, and starts to run toward the enemy's goal. A dozen blows are aimed at him, several of them telling severely; but he holds on to the ball, Miles and other sophomores closing round him. The pupils of "The Chicken" are working bravely now: but they are on both sides; and the question is the old Waterloo problem, which can "pound the longer, gentlemen." Pinckney catches a stinging blow under his left ear, and turns involuntarily to see his assailant. A small sophomore immediately trips him, seizes the ball, and darts obliquely for the front.

"After him!" shouts Goldie; and as many as can evade the press start in pursuit. Tom happens to be in his path, and throws himself wildly on the runner. They both fall heavily, in a cloud of dust; but the little man rights himself, and tosses the ball to his friends.

Several of the freshmen are limping and bloody by this time. Tom has lost half a coat-lapel; Pinckney's left hand is disabled; Freemantle keeps one eye knowingly closed; Goldie and the rest of the chiefs are panting hard with the exertion, but rallying boldly after the ball as it goes here and there.

It is hopeless to expect the rabble of inexperienced lads to stand against the organized sophomores, who have been through the mill before, know each other's strong and weak points, and are to-day "regulars" fighting against "raw recruits."

The freshmen hold out pluckily, however. Stand after stand is made; roosting urchins on the fence cry out, "Well done, Freshy!" and bright eyes flash with admiration, or melt in pity, as Tom's classmates make a good sally, or some unhappy fellow finds himself ploughing through the ground on his nose.

Tom has a bout with the small sophomore again on the edge of the game, and discovers him to be the same little wretch that had insulted him at Parker's, when a subfreshman. But they are both novices at pounding; and after a good deal of squaring about, and truculent regarding of each other, they are not sorry to see the crowd swaying in their direction, and sweeping over their battlefield.

So the ball and the surging crowds go back and forth; men are rolled over, and come up the color of mother-earth; and players on both sides, who have won their local glory at Exeter or Dixwell's, or the other schools, perform prodigies of valor, striving for still wider fame. But slowly and surely the freshmen are driven back towards their goal, contesting every foot. A rush by Miles and his crew, a lively scrimmage under the trees by Professor's Row, and the ball is sent flying over the freshmen's goal, while Miles shouts, "Game!"

There are cheers and shouts from the spectators, and many cries of admiration for the freshmen's pluck, — "Bravo, freshmen! better luck next time!" "Oh, well led, Goldie!" and so on. The parties change sides, resting a while under the trees at either end. The sophomores scatter more or less, some of them going out to chat with their friends in the carriages, their chests still heaving a little, but conscious, let us suspect, that their muscles, and their torn clothing, and the "drops of onset," lend a peculiar interest in certain eyes.

"How *could* you trip up that poor little freshman,

though?" says Miss Fayerweather, beaming from her carriage upon Appleton, one of the waist oars of the sophomore crew. And Appleton shoots a return-beam, and begins something about "What's a freshman?" when Miles calls, "Warners!" again; and he lifts his hat, and runs off.

Goldie had spoken a few words to his fellows as they lay under the two trees before mentioned, had complimented them on their pluck, and made some changes in organization.

"We are not strong enough in front. Don't you see, we want more driving force? Penhallow, Hammersmith, and some of you fellows, keep closer with us, and go in for the rushes. If I shout 'Go it!' let every man lay to, and do the best boxing that he's capable of. We shall have the wind this time, and we'll give 'em a closer rub, or my name's not Goldie. What do you say?" And they wagged their heads, and tightened belts, making up their minds to do or die this very afternoon.

Miles kicks; and the ball goes skimming over the heads of the freshmen, even farther than at the first kick-off. The very rear-guard — made up of the laggards, the timid, and the delicate — pick it up, and rush it forward to the van, who have turned to meet it. But the sophomores are upon them, charging with the idea of making short work of this inning, and overturning freshmen right and left as they plunge in. Goldie looks serious. He sees that they are to have rough work, if they would win. He shouts, "Go it!" to his band; and at the signal they square off, and begin to use their fists in earnest, each selecting a foeman worthy of his steel.

Yes, madam, they begin using their fists, — *experto crede*, — on your darling of a Sam, my dear Mrs. Malachite, and on other devoted offspring by his side. I can only hope that your Sammy was in the front rank, taking his pound-

ing like a man. It would be somewhat of a consolation for this chronicler of a bygone savage custom to know, that, if the custom must be sustained, every man was on hand and doing his share of the hard work. This is a chronicle, and not a sermon; and if your Sam came home with a very ensanguined eye that week, my dear madam, and if Hammersmith was its colorist, you must blame neither me nor Hammersmith. I am but the biographer of a brief period of his life: he is merely a follower of your own cherub in his adherence to a time-honored institution, — "time-hon'rd inchtooshon, very long time-hon'red inchtooshon," as your son and heir proclaimed it this very evening after the game at a festive little meeting in McGregor's rooms.

The game goes whirling on. The ball is almost lost sight of for a while, as the leaders of both parties are engaged in single combat, and the rest await the issue.

Tom had met more than his match this time. When Goldie's signal came, he found himself near the fence, towards the quadrangle; and, turning to select his man, he ran plump into McGregor, a smallish but long-armed boating-man, who immediately made for him, and put him on his defence. Poor Tom put in practice the few hints on counter and defence that Goldie had given him; but the science and long arms of the boating-man were too much for him. He received a shivering blow under the chin, staggered a moment, but came up with a good defence and clinched teeth. An old gentleman on the sidewalk leaned over the fence, and shook his cane deprecatingly, "Why, young men, you're fighting, you're fighting!" and young ladies looking on held their breath to see the way that Tom stood up under the blows, which were coming faster and more effectively as he began to lose his head more and more. He remembered afterward hearing the old gentleman's call, and vowing that he'd die game for the old man's edification, at any rate.

McGregor was not to be stopped longer by this stubborn freshman, however, and made a furious rush at him. Tom caught the blow on his right eye, and fell backward heavily just a second too soon; for Goldie, who had had a drawn battle with Miles not far away, spying Tom's plight, dashed towards him, and sent McGregor reeling in the opposite direction. The crowd now came tearing this way with the ball, and, before Tom and McGregor could rise, had rushed completely over them, leaving freshmen and sophomores piled about them and above them.

"All right?" asked Goldie, as he pulled Tom from under a wreck of freshmen.

"Y–e–s, I think so," said Tom, trying his jaw, and blinking with one eye, while he grinned through a dusty stratum.

"Follow me, then," returned Goldie, plunging like an old war-horse into the thickest of the fight; and, followed by Tom, he made his way as best he could towards the ball.

Heavens! Miles has it! He has passed the van of the freshmen, and is making with long strides for their goal. Will nobody stop him? But what is this?

From the freshmen's very rear a tall figure, in long, flapping coat, suddenly darts towards the rushing Miles as he is preparing to kick the ball over the goal. He falls upon the very kick, as it were, plucks the ball from him, and dashes forward, Miles striking at him in vain. He dodges men and blows alike; his men gather in his wake, but he presses on ahead of them all.

"Who is he?" "Is he a freshman?" "He's the devil!"

"By Jove, it's Breese," gasps Pinckney,—"the fellow that nearly broke my fist. Follow him — hurrah!" And the gallant Pinckney, almost gone with fatigue from his

rapid work, — for he has been everywhere, — makes after him with the rest of the freshmen.

And Breese strides and rolls on through the crowd, as though he were himself india-rubber. Men dart out, and deal him blows; but he brushes them off with his long, sinewy arms. They trip him up; but he rolls over and over, and comes up hugging the ball as if it were a pet "principle," or he a kangaroo in flight. The fleetest runners make after him; but he only shows them his long coat-tails floating horizontally on the breeze.

"He's down!"

He surely is; and a mass of struggling men — Miles, Appleton, McGregor, Goldie, and many others — are fighting and falling about him. Nobody can see for the dust, and the crowd outside the Delta is filled with excitement; for it is the turning-point of the game, as everybody can see, and the apparition of the long-skirted one is a novelty in the learned neighborhood.

Nobody can see and nobody can tell who will emerge with the ball; but as the struggling and pushing go on, and a dozen men are rolling in the dust about Breese, he suddenly extracts himself from the mass, holding the ball, and rushes, with a solitary coat-tail now following him like an exclamation-point, for the sophomore goal. A few men are standing guard, expecting a rush; but, just before reaching them, he takes a drop-kick, and sends the ball flying far up into the apex of the Delta.

The freshmen cry, "Game, game!" and run up to congratulate Breese, who does not wait for them; but, vaulting the fence in an easy manner, makes his way through the carriages, and quietly walks towards the halls.

"Breese, Breese, come back!" his classmates shout; and Goldie, Pinckney, and others rush after him.

"For Heaven's sake, come back, man! Where are

you going? You've saved our side, my dear fellow. Aren't you well?" asked Goldie.

"Perfectly so. I've had enough, that's all." And no amount of beseeching and complimenting could bring him back. He went off slowly to his rooms, as though returning from an afternoon constitutional: and the freshmen felt much like the Romans after the battle of the Lake Regillus and the disappearance of the two horsemen; or as the people of Hadley after the Indian fight, and their deliverance by the mysterious old man in white hair, supposed to be a regicide, who fought, and saved them, and vanished into the night.

The evening light is going fast, however; and Goldie is calling "Warners!" again; for the rubber comes now; and the freshmen will have ample time after this to discuss their curious victory.

We need hardly follow them through this last struggle. The game wavered and varied much as before, except that the freshmen had not the endurance of their opponents, and worked with less vim now. The encouragement of their victory, however, was almost a counterpoise for their fatigue; and they girded themselves for their work with grim determination.

Only those who have struggled in an up-hill, stubborn game like this for hours, who have felt that they had a furnace for lungs, and a scorching lime-kiln for a throat, but who have yet put all their remaining strength into the last desperate charges, can appreciate the condition in which both sides, and more especially the freshman, are playing this decisive rubber. It is a terrible strain on the heart and the lungs, and a test of the stoutest pluck.

Only one episode marks the grim monotony of the game now, which is played in almost complete silence.

The ball flies over the fence, and falls in the street, among a number of carriages drawn up near the Delta.

Horses snort and prance; and a half-dozen men of both sides, who have gone over the fence like deer, dash in among them. McGregor has the ball; but a pair of high-stepping grays, from under whose feet he had pulled it, plunge and rear; and there is a cry of horror, as Pinckney, trying to avoid them, is knocked over, and lies motionless under the forward-wheels of the carriage. There is a rush for him; and while men of both sides swarm over the fence, and many too inquisitive strangers press around him, Goldie, the glorious, comes vaulting over the rails, and diving through the crowd.

"For God's sake, give him air, gentlemen!" he shouts, as he pushes them away, and lifts the flaccid form of his chum. "Pinck, Pinck! are you hurt? Where is it? — Some water, quick, some of you!" And somebody runs for the quadrangle.

Pinckney opens his eyes at length, draws a long breath, with wide-opened mouth, and puts his hand to his side. It was a cruel kick in the side, which had knocked the breath out of him for the moment, but has worked no permanent injury.

"Shall we stop the game?" asked Miles.

"No, no! — You can go on, can't you, Pinck?" said Goldie.

"I think so," answered Pinckney; and, straightening himself with an effort, he climbed the fence, and took his position; while the united classes and the crowds about the Delta joined in a mighty shout, and clapping of hands.

"Take your kick," called Goldie; and the sophomore kicked off. Pinckney started, as of old, in the direction of the ball, but doubled over as a sharp stitch in his muscles caught him. He walked to the side of the Delta, leaned wearily against a stone post, and saw, with a bitter, sickly feeling, in less than five minutes, the victorious sophomores driving the ball over the freshman goal.

Victory had settled with the sophomores, to be sure. But as the conquerors and their not unworthy opponents mingled, and walked towards the quadrangle, and the mass of spectators broke up and melted away, if you had been among them, you would have heard them declaring that such a well-fought game had never been, in the memory of the oldest graduate. Miles and Goldie, leaders and followers, were complimented on their brilliant play; and Tom felt that his cup was full when McGregor, who had knocked him down, caught him up as they were nearing the halls, and extended his hand frankly, saying, —

"How's the eye, Hammersmith? You're the toughest customer, for a novice, that I ever got hold of." And Tom opened a rather unhappy eye for proof, and became a fast friend of his generous antagonist, from that day on.

So the first rough initiation into his university life had come and gone; and Tom (who could call this his first initiation without tautology, for he was to have many more), in spite of pounding and bruises, weeping eye, and somewhat of disgust at the rather barbarous pastime, was glad that he had been through it, and felt more of a man than ever in his life before, as he walked to his room in the midst of these fellows, who could give and take such severe punishment without wincing.

Philosophers, and you, gentle readers, may smile; but such was the fact. I find in Tom's diary, under date of Monday, Sept. 19, 185–, the following entry: —

"Weather fine all day. Recitations not yet under way, except in Latin. Darby is a brick. Took little lesson in boxing in Goldie's room. Football match in evening; great crowd. Bowed to Miss Darby; had pretty girls with her. We won only one innings, — the second. Breese, queer fellow, ran clear through with ball. Fight with McGregor; knocked down; bad eye. Pinckney kicked by horse. 'Bloody Monday' night; lots of hazing. [Here occurs a star, referring to a blank page at the end of his book, where he went for space to describe the hazing of that evening.

We need not follow him now.] Feel more of a man to-night than ever in my life. Began a letter home."

. . . . . .

Of all the ring of spectators that day, who cheered and shouted, held their breath, and laughed at the horizontal coat-tail, there was no one who followed the game in general, and Mr. Tom in particular, with more interest than our friend the "Duke," sitting in a drag with his old classmate Shaw, who was just home from a two-years' absence, hunting in South Africa.

He had settled himself in his club — dreary and deserted enough at this time of year — for an afternoon of letter-writing, where Shaw had caught him, and whence he had whisked him out to Cambridge to renew his youth (if the young old boy could be said to need such a renovation) by a look at the match. They were late, and drew up near the corner of Quincy and Cambridge Streets, just in time to see Tom squaring off in his fatal bout with McGregor.

"Good gad! there's my youngster at it, like a pile-driver! Whew! he's down! Can't you drive a little nearer, Shaw?" And the anxious uncle stood up in his place, and almost lost his balance, as the tandem wound about to a nearer point of view. "Ah! he's up again, grinning like a Cheshire cat. There he goes!" And he rattled on thus about his beloved charge, while Shaw kept his restless horses in control.

He had followed the fluctuating game with the most absorbed interest, giving a long, old-fashioned cheer when the freshmen had won, and following Tom with his eyes everywhere. He saw Tom rendering a good account of himself in the rushes and struggles and set-tos: and he smiled as he thought that he was bringing no disgrace on the stout old Hammersmith name by skulking, or hanging back, or avoiding his share of the fight. He had

laughed till the scar on his forehead grew red as fire, when he saw the widowed coat-skirt of Breese floating behind him in his flight. He had stood up again with many "Good gad, sirs!" when Pinckney was knocked over, and the crowd had gathered about him.

But when the game was over, and the men were scattering, he had lost sight of Tom, and, not finding him at his rooms, had driven back to a late dinner with Shaw; after which, they dressed, and dropped in, at the end of the evening, at Mrs. Minturn's, disturbing Mrs. Malachite's quiet *tête-à-tête* with the host, by delivering to that indefatigable whist-player and indulgent mother the news of her Sam's victory at Cambridge. History does not relate what especial prowess the descendant of a hundred Malachites displayed that day. I fear me, however, that he was dancing wildly in the rear of his party, and shouting, "At 'em! At 'em!" But he was small.

CHAPTER V.

WHICH DISCLOSES A MODERN FORUM.

"Sapientiam sibi adimunt qui sine ullo judicio inventa majorum probant et ab aliis pecudum more ducuntur."—LACTANTIUS.

"Tonto, sin saber Latin, nunca es gran tonto."—SPANISH PROVERB.

HOW simple and artless seem those early weeks of freshman life in retrospect! and yet how grand and world-shaking they were in the minds of the young neophytes! I doubt if any of the chiefs whom we follow in later life, in church, or state, or social ways (if so be we follow any), have the satisfying proportions of those earlier captains of our class-room, our sports, and our social world,—so roseate is the imagination, so facile the admiration, of youth! How we looked up to the tremendous senior walking slowly in deep thought, like the ancient Greek, whose learned men, according to Winckelmann, were always slow of gait! How the *insouciance* and easy manners of the middle classes, freed from hobbledehoyhood, but not yet feeling the weight of ultimate dignity, filled us with wonder and admiration!—would *we* ever leave our simple ways behind us, and make so dazzling a picture to others? And the heroes around whom we began to cluster in our own class, were there ever greater?—Brown, who had carried off the honors at Exeter, and was making faultless recitations, passing perfect examinations in the larger fields of Cambridge letters; Jones the athlete, who could whirl the hundred-pound clubs as easily as you or I the fifty, and had been known

to pull himself up with one hand in the rings three times running, — the *summa cum laude* of biceps exercise; Robinson, champion-walker of the class, who had done the distance from the Revere House to Harvard Square in thirty-six minutes by a stop-watch, — good square heel-and-toe walking; and all the other head men, whose brain, muscle, or personal magnetism were carrying them to the front, and enrolling an army of worshippers behind. Ah, how many of them have exchanged sceptres since then!

Our modest Tom, even, had had a brief lease of immortality, and been revered for a season as the coming Greek scholar of his class. His "fit" in that "ancient mummy-bandage" had been quite perfect, thanks to Mr. Andrew Pipon. He had passed a very fair examination in it at entrance; and when, some three weeks after the beginning of fall term, it was learned that he had received maximum in his first Greek examination, his fame was immediate and vast. Less successful men pointed him out to each other as he walked past their rooms, and wished that they had that fellow's brain; (the young cannibals!) the most scholarly men of the class received him among them, thinking that they had at least secured a Mæcenas, if not an eminent genius; the Greek professor, even, so it was rumored, had called Tom up, and congratulated him on his success, hoping to hear the "same good report" of him always; while Mr. Tom carried his chin a little higher, to be sure, but otherwise behaved as though it were a matter of course, the most natural thing in the world, — Greek examinations, what were they! He would stroll in and do his paper as easily as he would write a letter home, — and so out again, perennial victor!

. . . . . .

The instructors under whom Mr. Tom was placed in this first year of his college-career, as they made more impression on his tender life than those of later years, demand a few words.

Chief among them, in Tom's mind, was the Professor Darby at whom we have hastily glanced once or twice already. As we shall meet him many times again, please God, we need add little to his sketchy outline in this place, except to say that he was a man in the prime of life, a scholar by instinct and inheritance, and filled with a hearty zest and enthusiasm, which especially endeared him to his young pupils. They sat through his longest lectures on Roman literature, and his most tortuous mediæval genealogies, because he made every fact a breathing reality to them. And had they not seen him this very afternoon watching their cricket-game from over the fence, smoking his cigar in contemplative after-dinner content? Hadn't he complimented Clifford on his brilliant bowling, when he passed by the professor in pursuit of the ball? — "Beautifully bowled, Mr. Clifford! Pretty little corner of the game you make; you as bowler, and Thorpe at mid-wicket." And weren't they aware that he was present at every regatta and match, if possible, with his wife and daughter, Miss Ellen, applauding with the most enthusiastic! Ah! and how they wished they had him for president, in place of "old Dummer," Ægidius Dummer, faugh! In fact, he was the most popular, because the most natural and hearty, of the professors of Tom's day; and "the fellows" would as soon have thought of blowing up their grandmothers as of making a disturbance in his class-room. The "Old Darby" which they called him was a sign of the most devoted affection, far different from the feeling covered by "Old Dummer," or "Old Wizzen," or "Old Bone." Easy popularity, if all instructors were only gentlemen, and could treat their charges as though they were flesh and blood, and not anatomist's specimens.

Tutor Bone, — Philander Bone, — head scholar of his class, now several years graduated, at present instructor

in physics, and lecturer on chemical analysis, was at the antipodes from Professor Darby in point of personal popularity. If he had applied at the State Department for a passport to foreign parts, — a thing which his ardent patriotism, and his hatred of the "effete civilizations of Europe," would never allow, — his description therein would have read somewhat as follows: "Philander Bone, tutor of youth, age twenty-seven, height five feet ten inches, weight one hundred and thirty-two pounds, eyes blue, hair yellow, figure very spare, no visible hair on the face, uses glasses, has a slight lisp." His head was enormously developed, his ears standing almost at right angles with it; and when he donned his soft black hat, of a style that he always affected, with all this expansive head-gear he gave one the impression of a porter approaching, with a mass of baggage on his shoulders. He was a most exemplary man, I doubt not, but quite out of his place as a "tutor of youth." He was like Thoreau's heavy-topped men, of ideas instead of legs, — a sort of intellectual centipede, that made you crawl all over. Certain am I, that, if Sydney Smith had met him in the streets of Cambridge, he would have buttonholed him, and said in a tragic whisper, "My dear unknown friend, your intellect is indecently exposed. Run as fast as your legs will carry you. Here's a policeman."

Ranged between these antipodes — Darby and Bone — were several other instructors of more or less negative characteristics, under whose ministrations Tom and his classmates came.

Dr. Brimblecom alone stood out among them as an especial friend of the students, — a mild-mannered man, whose quiet gaze seemed hardly to comprehend his surroundings, but whose ample heart had room for the troubles and trials of any or all of the undergraduates who chose to come to him. How many who knew it

went to him for advice and consolation as a kindly reposi tory for their student griefs!

Let me, in this place, distinctly state, however, before proceeding farther, that I do not hope or endeavor, in these pages, to do justice to the great kindness, the self-sacrificing, scholarly lives, of the various members of the faculty of Hammersmith's day. This chronicle can do little more than follow the history of Mr. Tom and his immediate friends, as I find it set down in his journals, and gather it from the young gentleman's lips; and into it can be introduced only the two or three instructors who had more or less influence on the history in question.

Let the indulgent reader continue to imagine, therefore, this more sober background of persevering, kind-hearted, often distinguished body of gentlemen, against which the light movements of the young undergraduates stand out in relief; and let me not seem insensible to their larger, more scholarly life, because the limits of this biography do not allow of the introduction of many of their number into its pages.

There was an ancient superstition, — I know not from what dim source, — that societies of all kinds were prohibited in freshman year. Whether it was really derived from the "College Bible," — as the rules and regulations are called, — or had as ghostly an origin as the leap of McKean from Hollis to Harvard Hall, or as those fabulous legends which are retailed for the purpose of making each particular freshman hair to stand on end, is not at this distance known. The veneration usually paid to college superstitions, however, of never so recent growth, was accorded to this, as a general thing.

But there was a clannish spirit, as well as a sprouting genius, in Tom's class, which could not endure the inhibitory maxim. Tom and his friends had not been many weeks in Cambridge, therefore, before a club was formed

"for purposes of mutual improvement, debate, and the learning of parliamentary law," as its preamble set forth rather clumsily; the "mutual improvement" admitting of a wide solution, as Sir Thomas Browne would say, according to the tastes and interpretations of the members, and covering, perhaps, the lessons in manners and customs, the comparative coloring of meerschaums, and the free-and-easy proceedings of their ordinary meetings, as well as matters more purely literary. It was "an awful secret," this club, — "expelled, if we are found out," and all that sort of thing; and after the first meeting in Albemarle's rooms, where the subscribers were heavily sworn to secrecy and loyalty, they went about their college-duties burdened with a sense of the fearful risks they ran, and the tremendous effect they were to have in shaping the thought of the age. It was to be no convivial or wide-ranging society, like many that might be mentioned. Its purpose was plain, its character was to be severe: what other name than "The Forum" could satisfy these classical name-hunters?

Albemarle — a Boston man of the severely-classical type, cold-blooded, if you will, and conservative, but of keen mind and scholarly tastes — was its first president. Goldie, our friend, was secretary. Pinckney, Freemantle, Hammersmith, Penhallow, and several others, some of whom we have mentioned before, were members.

Can any thing exceed the gravity and range of the discussions of these young orators? As nothing but the most substantial of names would satisfy them for the club, so they would endure none but the most ponderous subjects for debate and oration. There were to be none of your ordinary schoolboy themes: "Which is the better place for a university, — city, or country?" and the like, but heavy, solemn queries, which have vexed the tough brains of philosophers and statesmen for centuries, besides others evolved out of their own intellects.

It is curious to follow the careers of these ambitious young debaters among whom Mr. Tom first tried his teeth on the tough nuts of philosophy and politics. Time, alas! has dealt roughly with some. Many of those young forms that stood up so proudly in debate have marched with prouder grandeur to meet the stern argument of war. Many have gone down in nameless struggles. Some have been lost in the great rabble of life, jostling and pushing — towards what? Some have risen to eminence; others are known in both hemispheres. A few pass each other with a cold nod; still fewer retain the fire and zest of those early days.

And their callow arguments and opinions, where are they? Here is Wasson, who was the dainty aristocrat and conservative politician of the day and "The Forum," who made ringing speeches about this being a "white man's government," and advocated sending the negroes back to Liberia ("Yes, sir; every mother's son of them," he had shouted in his peroration, for which he was called to order by the chairman, "Cushing's Manual" under his thumb), — Wasson, I say, who joined the John Brown party in Kansas, and fell by the rifle of a border-ruffian near Ossawattomie. Here is Lytton, who maintained that poetry was the true lever of society, and inveighed for above an hour, at a protracted meeting, against materialism and its encroachments, — Lytton, who presides at the best-laid table in New York, is vice-president of the Four-in-hand Club, and has several material sons, who are diving deep into his money-chest for their quite material luxuries. And Freemantle and Goldie and Hammersmith, and the rest? We shall see more of them before we are through.

Small wonder if "The Forum," with its weekly meetings, and its cudgelling of knotty arguments, came, after a while, to be regarded as rather a sombre institution, and if its members were just a trifle sated with the heavy fare

served up to them every sennight. Like so many institutions, however, which do not know how to die gracefully, it continued to drag on an enfeebled existence, and was in a fair way to adjourn *sine die*, when an event occurred which put a new life into it, or, at least, stirred its dying ashes a bit.

Breese's novel appearance at the football game, his kangaroo race, his victory, and stout refusal to join in the concluding part of the game, had naturally been the subject of much comment among his classmates. Men asked each other who he was, where he was from, what sort of a fellow he was, and where he lived in college, and speculated as to what he could mean by such odd behavior as leaving them in the lurch in that way. The college catalogue gave them answers to some of their questions: "John Breese, Cincinnati, O., Graduates Hall, No. 18." But whatever pique or disgust they might feel at his strange conduct was stilled by the consideration, that but for his charge, strange as it was, and with so strange a sequel, they would have won absolutely no glory in the game in question; so that Breese became, in a sense, master of the field, and kept his own counsel.

He was known to live in Graduates Hall. Men had been to his rooms, and reported their plain furniture and scanty array of books; both furniture and books of rather an heroic type, as the simple iron bed, and the Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Carlyle, Emerson, and other well-thumbed books, showed. He was known to be making brilliant recitations, his attendance at chapel was as regular as the tolling of the bell; but he was seldom seen walking or talking with his classmates. He took long constitutionals by himself, flourishing a stout walking-stick of knotty oak; and it was when returning from one of these that he met Hammersmith near Fresh Pond, coming across from Belmont by the railway. The men were, of

course known to each other by name long before this; and though Breese put on a little more steam, and lengthened his pace for Cambridge, Tom overhauled him with a cheery, "How are you, Breese? Stretching your legs a bit, eh? I'll walk in with you, if you don't mind." And the two came in side by side to Harvard Square, much to the wonder of some of Tom's friends, who were going in to afternoon recitation.

That evening the following conversation took place in Hammersmith's rooms, where Goldie and Pinckney, and several other men, had "dropped up," as they expressed it, to discuss a hamper just received by Tom from the "Duke."

"I say, Goldie, think I've made a find for 'The Forum,'" said Hammersmith. "Whom do you think?"

"Why, Breese, of course! Didn't we see you toddling in with him this afternoon, chummy as could be? He's a fine bird for 'The Forum,' eh, Pinck?"

"I should say so. 'Agriculture, Mr. President and fellow-Romans, potatoes, onions, turnips'—fiddlesticks!"

"Well, now, don't you be in such a hurry, my dear fellow!" said Hammersmith. "Have you ever had five words with him, except when he squeezed your fist so? I have; and I can tell you that he talks like a book, has mighty clean-cut ideas, and isn't afraid to blurt 'em out. He's a topping good walker, too, by Jove! My respect for him has increased a hundred per cent since he spurted in from Fresh Pond at such a pace this afternoon."

"Thought you looked a little blown," chimed in Pinckney, leaning forward to prod a pickle.

There was no especial enthusiasm on the subject of Breese manifested; but, as the host of the evening had made the proposition, it was decided that Tom should be appointed ambassador to negotiate with Breese, and "produce either him or his dead body," as somebody proposed by way of codicil.

The result was, that at the next meeting of "The Forum," which occurred in Tom's own rooms, — for the club was nomadic by necessity, — Breese appeared, was duly sworn, and continued from that day an active Roman citizen. He had pooh-poohed the idea at first, and even stoutly refused.

"No, no, can't think of it, Hammersmith! You're very kind; but really I fear it will do me more harm than good."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Tom, with a tinge of honest Roman indignation.

Breese waited for a moment, looking at Tom the while steadily, from his boots up. Tom felt a bit nervous. Then he said, —

"I'll tell you. I came up here to Cambridge with a definite purpose, and, I flatter myself, with a little enthusiasm and some few ideas of my own. What I fear is that your club will take the enthusiasm clean out of me, and that you fellows will interfere with my settled purpose in coming here."

Tom didn't understand him at all, but looked out the window for relief; while Breese continued, —

"What do you fellows do in the club? And what is the curse of this college? The curse of this place is the laziness of many of the best minds in every class; or, perhaps, I should say their lack of interest in the *curriculum*, which everybody knows is narrow and old-fashioned enough! As to what you fellows in the club do, of course I can only judge from what you tell me; but I should imagine that most of you don't know what you are talking about, and the rest don't even know what they came up for."

Tom took this for almost a personal insult. He was not used to plain, unvarnished truths. He rose, bowed slightly and stiffly, and said, —

"I'm sure, Mr. Breese, I beg pardon for inviting you to

join such a worthless set of fellows. I thought we knew pretty well what we were after, and were aiming for it. But as you say we don't, why, I suppose" —

"Sit down, sit down, Hammersmith! I shall not allow you to leave me in this way. And I really, on second thought, shall be glad to join you, if you will take such an out-and-out truth-teller as I am, and on the condition that you will try to give up the grandiose style of debate and oration, in which I should infer that you must have been indulging, and descend to things that we all know and can talk about. If there's any one thing settled in this age, it is, that, when a man has any thing to say, he can say it plainly, effectively, without need of flourish. But all the genius in the world can't put a soul under the ribs of borrowed thinking, or make of parrot-speaking any thing but a travesty."

They talked a while longer on this theme, Breese warming to his work, and striding up and down the room as he spoke. And Tom, thinking him at first a most deusedly-conceited fellow (to put his own thoughts into words), came gradually to see a good deal of sense, and what struck Tom as originality, in Breese's way of looking at things. That he was earnest, and had ideas, there could be no doubt.

The first meeting that he attended was rendered a trifle constrained by the knowledge of Breese's peculiar estimate of the Roman citizens, which Hammersmith, as faithful envoy-extraordinary, had reported. Breese sat in the corner, with eyes half closed, the entire evening, never speaking; never changing a muscle. The aroused intellect of "The Forum" was struggling with the question: "Did the climate of Greece have an appreciable influence on its art and literature?"

You would have supposed that Breese was drinking in every word of the inspired orators as a draught of

the spiciest originality, so absorbed he appeared while the young fellows laid down their axioms, or set up their men of straw to knock them over. They asked him at the end of the debate if he would not say something; but he shook his head sadly, as though he were the most ignorant man in the world, saying, "No, thank you: I know very little of the subject under discussion." And Hammersmith, at least, felt that "The Forum" was snubbed. Breese, too, seemed to feel that his words might imply more of a snub than he intended; for he presently added, —

"If you've nothing appointed for next meeting, I shall be very happy to give you a little talk, or oration as you perhaps call it;" and he smiled very pleasantly.

The offer was accepted; and a week later the fullest "Forum" of the term convened to listen to Breese, who electrified the astonished assembly by the downright earnestness and almost savage bluntness of his speech, — probably the plainest, most practical speech to which their scholarly ears had ever been treated in their ambitious club. Its length prevents its introduction in this place; but its tenor may be gathered from the concluding portion, given below. And, in reading even this small extract, it should be remembered that Breese's youthful harangue was delivered fully twenty years ago, when the university was slumbering peacefully, dreaming of the fair groves of Academe, and not yet roused by the strong hand that guides her to-day. Its rather severe philippic character would be quite out of place under the new *régime* and the present liberal university *curriculum*. It is presented as showing the effect that the old order of things in Cambridge had upon a mind of Breese's order.

"Do you know what I would do," continued Breese, by way of peroration, "if I could hold the reins of power here for a day?"

"I would appoint a professor, and he should be called

the Professor of Vim. He should have mixed literary and social duties; but, above all, he should have that kindling enthusiasm and sympathy with us fellows, which should enable him to galvanize and fire all the dry life of this place into a blaze. He should be like Richter's imaginary tutor from Hesperus, of 'irrevocable strictness and order, sincere friendship, good fellowship, and persuasiveness.' We may think involuntarily of one or two such among our professors, as I quote. He should be able to receive the ardor and emulation and scholarly zeal of the young men, as they come crowding up here from the schools, and lead them to still more glowing heights, kindling them with fires of his own which would outlive himself. He should persuade us that sports are good (an easy persuasion), that studies are good, that culture is good, but that the perfect citizen, with nerves and muscles of steel, a mind equipped and trained for every emergency, and a spirit informed with the past, and alive to the present and the future, is the highest product which the republic asks of the university in these degenerate days.

"Why shouldn't this professor appear, even if he have not the new Vim Professorship? Why should the chiefest college rivalry be among boating and sporting men? Why — except that their training and contests are present, vital matters, stirring to the blood, while our classrooms seem set up as a sort of exhauster, to drain the sap and life and soul from the nineteenth-century lad, and turn him out a colorless imitation of a Greek or a Roman, whose great men would have shrivelled, like him, under like treatment?

"If he should come, this ideal professor or president, I believe we should see a new era in the life of the university: it would be the age of vim. I believe we should see an end of the paralysis of young graduates,

opening their eyes on their own country and times for the first time, the day they are graduated. I believe we should see a new set of leaders spreading among the people of the republic; or rather, for I will not be extravagant, I believe we should see the habit of England appearing among us, — of England, where the highest glory of young men is to be able to serve their country understandingly. And, finally, I believe we should see all of our idle fellows up here spurred into some sort of enthusiasm, upon however trivial a subject, and this dry-rot of indifference and *blasé* lounging, this century's curse, come to an end.

"I thank you for your attention."

CHAPTER VI.

A BUNDLE OF LETTERS.

"Feelings come and go like light troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed, and stand fast."

RICHTER.

Mrs. Hammersmith to her Son Tom.

"IVY HILL," Sunday Afternoon,
Jan. 14, 185–.

MY DARLING BOY,—Your letter from Milton, dated the 4th of January, came a few days ago. I was very glad to hear that you passed the holidays pleasantly; but you do not know how we all missed you here at Christmas,—the first Christmas that you have ever spent away from me, my dear boy. I do not think I can forgive your friend Penhallow for keeping you away from us. Is he a very nice young man, that you like him so much?

. . . I suppose your studies do not let you go into Boston very often: I remember your father used to say that it was only a fast kind of men who were always going over to Boston, running away from their recitations, and often spending a large part of their nights there. But I will not put such thoughts into your head. I have no doubt there are bad men in your class, like all others; but I trust and believe that you have nothing to do with them, but cleave only to the good young men who will keep your feet in the right way.

. . . . . .

Now, I have been "lecturing" you, haven't I? Your next letter will tell me so, and that you are "all right," as you always do, and will beg me not to "worry." I try not to; but what else have I to do but live for you and the children? And how can I help being anxious about my great generous Tom, so far away, and in the midst of so many temptations? But I will try not to "worry" any more. I trust you, Tom.

There is very little news to send you. We live on in the same

quiet way, and the neighborhood is entirely without incident. The Ruddimans were here till Christmas, but are in the city now. The young ladies are very gay, I hear; and Mr. Ruddiman is a good deal worried about Bob, who is living pretty fast at Yale, I fear. So I heard yesterday from Mrs. Schuyler, who was calling: you used to call her the "Grampus," you bad boy! because she blows so, going up stairs.

I am packing a few things for you, which I shall send very soon, and hope you may enjoy. Mabel promises to write to you before long. She is growing so pretty, and has improved so in her singing! Mrs. Schuyler was quite surprised.

Now good-by for a while, my dear Tom. Write as soon as you can find the time, without neglecting your studies, which I would *never* have you neglect, except in case of absolute necessity. And never forget that you are followed, wherever you go, by the prayers and love of

Your affectionate

MOTHER.

P.S. — Mabel and Dick send their love, and thank you ever so much for their lovely presents.

Mr. Tom Hammersmith to his Mother.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 3, 185–.

DEAR MOTHER, — Your letter of inquiry about uncle Gayton came to me a week ago, and I should have answered it *instanter;* but, fact is, I've had a little accident. Don't go and worry, now, for I'm all right again; or how could I be sitting here writing to you? I had a pretty narrow squeak of it, though, as you'll see when I tell you how it happened.

It was last Saturday afternoon, and I had been dining at Mrs. Fayerweather's. She's a mighty nice old lady, — a little older than you are, — and lives out near Mount Auburn. Jack Fayerweather is in my class. Well, you see we had finished dinner, and were playing a game of billiards (Jack and I), when Jack proposed that we should go up to Fresh Pond for some skating. So I borrowed a pair of his brother's skates, — rockers they were, and mighty nice, — and we started to go. His sister Miss Edith wanted to go, though: so we waited for her, and were driven over in their double sleigh in fine style. She's a mighty pretty girl, no end of accomplishments, and goes out to all the parties in Boston and Cambridge. I'm almost scared to talk to her, she is such a friend of the seniors and juniors. But I shall never get on at this rate.

We found a lot of fellows that we knew, — Penhallow and Goldie and Freemantle, and lots of others; and Miss Darby and a pretty Miss Summerdale were with Tweedy, and a young Barlow, some relation to Miss Darby. Jack knew them all, and introduced me; and I found myself sailing round with them, pretty soon, as chipper as if we had been friends all our lives. The girls about here skate mighty well, most of them; and Mabel would be rather surprised to see them doing the outward roll, cross-cut backwards and forwards, and many things I can hardly do myself. And they have such a nice way of joining hands inside their muffs with a fellow they're skating with: it's mighty nice.

Well, we'd been skating about a good deal, changing our sets now and then, getting very jolly; and as Goldie and most of the college-men were playing a game of hockey, rushing about like mad, and knocking the ball in our way, we went over towards the Belmont side; that's the west — but then you don't know it: so it doesn't matter. It was quieter here; only some juniors cutting fancy figures on the ice, — figure-eights, circles, initials, and so on: so we had a nice time. We were skating the outward roll backwards and forwards in a quartet, — Miss Darby and I backwards, Tweedy and Miss Fayerweather forwards. They're stunning skaters, these two girls (young ladies, I suppose I ought to begin to say); and we were gliding along beautifully, with such a wide swing! when a small mucker sang out, "Hullo, Mister! ain't safe there!" I can remember just how it sounded, and shall to my dying-day. It was "Mishter" as he said it. And he had no more than got the words out of his mouth, when I felt the ice giving under me.

I stopped as short as I could. Tweedy pulled back with all his might, and he and Miss Fayerweather didn't go in. But Miss Darby and I had too much momentum; and, before I knew where I was, I found myself over my head in the coldest water I ever felt in my life, Miss Darby holding on to me, and looking so white and scared. She behaved like a brick, though, or it would have been all over with us in a jiffy. I told her to put her hands on my shoulders, and she did it without a second's hesitation, dropping her muff in the water; and I went on treading water as well as I could.

I won't keep you in suspense, though, dear mother, or try to tell you all that I thought of in those few minutes. You may be sure that I thought of you and father, and Mabel and Dick, and about everybody in the world; but I believe I thought most of

saving Miss Darby, and what the fellows would say if I let her drown, and how the dear old professor would be cut up. So I shut my teeth, and settled to it, keeping one arm under Miss Darby's shoulder, which was trembling and shaking awfully, and striking out with the other for the ice. But it was fearfully brittle; and I no sooner clutched it than it broke off, and I found myself afloat again. It seemed an age before help came, and I was about used up; but Freemantle and Goldie, and all the rest, came sweeping down from the ice-houses; and Tweedy, who had been trying to reach me by lying flat on the ice, and extending his hand, seized one of their boards, ran it out towards me as quick as a flash, and crawled out to help me on.

"For Heaven's sake hold her up a moment longer, Hammersmith!" he shouted; and, as he spoke, her dear little head came plumping down on my shoulder, eyes closed, and I thought it was all up with her. How we managed to get her out, and how I got out myself, I never knew till afterwards. I heard Tweedy's shout, and after that was only aware of several men jumping into the water by my side, catching us both in their strong arms, and struggling with us, while a great shouting and hubbub filled my ears.

The next thing I knew, I opened my eyes on the shore, found several men rubbing me and kneading me like mad, and heard them whispering anxiously, "How is he?" "Is he breathing well?" "Jove, how cold his feet are!" "Pass that towel, Breese;" and so on.

"Where is she?" I asked; and, the *next* thing I knew, I was in my own room in the Brattle House, which was whirling round like a top, a solemn old party holding on to my pulse, and Penhallow turning up the gas to throw some light on the doctor's chronometer-hands.

But I shall be exciting you, my dear mother, and I shall see you popping in at my door some fine day, if I do not hurry to tell you that I am really all right now, and as sound as a trevet. I had a pretty hard time for three days, however; out of my head now and then, the fellows say, and calling out all night, "Where is she? where is she?" The fellows have been regular trumps, sitting by me, and watching with me, day and night, so I hear. And some of the tutors and professors have called to see how I was getting on,—Professor Darby, Dr. Brimblecom, and, what cut me up worse, old Philander Bone, the curious duck of whom I've written to you, and whom I've done nothing but laugh at in his lecture-room.

You ask after uncle Gayton. I have seen nothing of him for weeks. He has sent me several nice things during the winter, and used to run out here occasionally. I heard of him in Milton on Christmas, dining at the Cliffords': he was sent for right after dinner, however, and so I didn't see him at the children's party. But I had a note from him, written the very day of my accident, which the fellows kept for me till yesterday, with the rest of my letters; and the dear old fellow is in a peck of trouble. He says, "I'm in a terrible boggle, my dear Tom; afraid I've got to run over to China. Long, Shewshong, & Co., who have my name on their paper to a fearful extent, are reported in a very bad way. They write me that the river-war has interfered a great deal with their trade; but they hope to pull through. You can't trust anybody in this world, my dear Tom, and I must go and look into this matter. Come and dine with me Tuesday evening, if you can get away; if not, send me any commission you may have for your mother. I shall try to see her before I leave New York. I leave this Wednesday morning.

"Your matters and your mother's are safe, I am happy to say; and I have asked my lawyers, Brooks and Bates, both Harvard men and good fellows, to honor your drafts to the extent agreed upon between us last year. Try not to overstep that limit; for I don't know just where I shall bring up. God bless you, dear Tom!" and so on, and so on. Isn't it a wild, sad kind of letter? And now he's gone, and I never saw him, or even sent him a single word. I trust he has called on you; and yet I can see how anxious he would make you, bringing no report of me.

The box came safely, and I have been luxuriating in its contents. Haven't had time to hang the pictures yet, which the fellows admire very much, especially the pheasants and the stag. Since you ask me, I will say that I might have preferred a red border to my dressing-gown; but the gray and blue go very well together. Imagine your beloved invalid, arrayed in all its gorgeousness now, sitting in the gilded ruins of his hospital!

By-by, now, my dear mother. You have promised not to worry, so you must not, but remember how many kind friends I have about me, and that I am

Always your loving

TOM.

In the long and effusive letter which Tom received in answer to the above, filled with solicitude and advice, and

fond, motherly imagining, and which he read hastily one evening after returning from a lark in Boston, — none too beneficial to him in his present state of health, — was enclosed a girlish note from Mabel, from which we quote.

HOME, Feb. 17, 185–
In my room.

MY DEAR, DEAR TOM, — . . . Such an *awful* thing has happened! I must tell you of it. Bob Ruddiman has been expelled from college. Just think of it! And how mortified his mother and father and sisters must be! He does not seem to care much himself, but came out to his house the other day, with a couple of servants, and opened the house (it has been closed all winter, you know; only old Watson the gardener left in charge of it); and he has several noisy boys staying with him. I don't believe his father knows it; for they say he was sent here to study. And they ride all over the country all the time, and frighten poor old ladies and little boys by pretending to ride over them; and I think he is a horrid boy.

We have not heard just how he came to be expelled; but it was something about a donkey, — a poor little innocent donkey! — which these bad boys bought somewhere in New Haven. And they took him into the chapel some way, and tied him by the pulpit, back of some high seats, and they left him there till morning; and when the boys all came in, and the minister came in, and he saw him, he began to bray (the donkey, I mean); and the boys all laughed; and the minister rebuked them, and told them to go to their rooms; and they found out that Bob and some other boys had brought the donkey there, and they were all expelled. Wasn't it awful? But I am more sorry for the poor little donkey. What do you suppose he thought of, all night long, tied up in the dark chapel, with nothing to eat? I'm sure, if *I* had been in his place, I should have brayed and kicked, and then somebody would come and let me out; wouldn't you, Tom? I haven't heard what became of the donkey. Do you suppose the president killed him, Tom? He must have been awfully mad at him. I do not care half so much about the other boys; but the donkey, I think, had the hardest time of them all. They say he is white: so Bob told Dick.

I don't ride much now, of course: it's too cold, and there is too much mud and snow: I get my habit all draggled. But last fall I rode almost every afternoon; for I wanted to ride well by

Christmas, so as to surprise you: but you never came. But I find I like it a great deal better without the third pommel now, as you said I would; but I did not feel so secure at first. I keep telling Dick that he turns his toes out too much when he rides. But he always says, "Oh, bother! What do I care for style as long as I can stick on." Isn't he a rude boy?

Haven't I told you how I am getting on in my singing? You do not deserve to know; for you never write to me now, and I believe you are forgetting all about us. But I am improving very much, — so mother says, — and I like the Mendelssohn songs so much (oh, dear! is his name spelled right? I always forget), only they are very, very hard to learn; but they are easy when you have learned them. Isn't that funny? I have to get mother to play the accompaniment in these songs, though I play all the rest of my own accompaniments. Mother likes the Scotch songs the best; but I don't, only that lovely one, "And ye shall walk in silk attire." I like that ever so much; but the minor passage is pretty hard for me.

Now I have come to the end of my paper nearly, and I must go down and practise before supper. It is snowing very hard, and I hope we shall have some good sleighing at last. Dick uses your sled all the time now: he says his is getting too small for him. Mother has told you, probably, that uncle Gayton left for China last week. He staid here only two days; and he's lovely. I like him ever so much. He gave me the sweetest little writing-desk I ever saw, all filled with every thing. I am writing on it; but I shall *never* write you again unless you answer this.

Now good-by, my dear Tom, and write soon to

Your loving sister,

MABEL.

P.S. — I have been reading this over. I forgot to say that Bob Ruddiman wears a tall black hat now, and carries a little cane, as if he was the biggest man in the world. He talks about the "men of his class" too: so Dick says. Dick is quite disgusted with his airs, and I am too. I hope you do not wear such a horrid big shiny hat, or have such noisy friends as he has. The way they strut into church is something fearful. Trim is well, and sends his love to you. We keep him tied up a good deal now, and he barks whenever I speak to him of you. I think he knows your name.

Mr. Tom Hammersmith to his Sister.

CAMBRIDGE, March 2, 185-.

MY DEAR LITTLE SISTER, —. . . I am sorry for Ruddiman; but, to tell you the truth, I never expected much better things of him. He was always a harum-scarum sort of chap; and old Parallax, his tutor two years ago, told Pipon that Bob led him a dog's life at "Grasmere," and he would be glad to be through his engagement there. Of course there are such kind of fellows in every college, and we have our share; but do not imagine that I have much to do with them, or make friends of them. Of course a man has to meet them in class and elsewhere, and must be civil to them; and, if they come to your room and make you a call, what can a man do but trot out a little something, and do the polite? My particular friends are, for the most part, I may say, a very steady-going set, and I find many fellows that I cotton to immensely.

I laughed heartily over your tirade against beavers and canes in general, and Ruddiman's in particular. Why, bless your dear little heart! we've all mounted beavers for nearly two months now, your humble servant among the rest. And as for canes, hardly a man but has a half-dozen or more of all styles, colors, and weights. *Cave canem* is the chronic joke; but you won't understand it, of course: ask Dick to translate. I don't go much on canes, however; too much bother; and a man can't get his hands in his pockets so well.

The Darbys and Fayerweathers, of whom I have written so much, are very kind to me all the time, and it seems as if they could not do enough for me. I go to see them now and then; but it isn't much fun: there are always several upper-classmen there, and we fellows stand no show yet: next year it may be different; *then* we'll see!

Miss Darby is about again, as usual, but I hardly think is looking as strong as before the accident. You should have seen her the first day that I was allowed to see her after her illness! I had sent her flowers now and then, as a sort of pleasant duty, and inquired often at the door about her progress. But this day, when I was ushered into the parlor, and saw her propped up on a glorious great sofa, looking very thin and pale, but "too pretty for any thing," as you young creatures say, I was almost frightened at the change and at the brilliance of her eyes. I stood like a fool, holding my hat, and bowing, afraid to speak. But she said quietly, "How do you do, Mr. Hammersmith?" putting out her hand;

and I walked across, and took it, and felt like crying, to feel how wasted and crumply it was. But I sat down near her, where I could be in the shadow (the room was quite dark), and found my tongue to say something or other.

"They say that you have been very good and kind, Mr. Hammersmith;" and I mumbled, "Oh! it's nothing," or something equally idiotic, with my eyes on the *cretonne* of the sofa, noticing the blending of the blue and gray with the gown she wore, and thinking, I remember, how well my new dressing-gown would match the same coloring — but I'm a fool!

"I'm sorry," she said, "to have been such a great trouble to you and Mr. Goldie, and the rest of your kind friends. They say that you were kindness itself: I can believe it, and I thank you most sincerely. I'm sure, that, without you, I should have been drowned." And she looked at me, and I felt as if I had been drowned. And she thanked me for my flowers, and I thanked her for hers; and she said, "Oh, no! they were from mamma." And so we got on to the details of the accident (though I did not tell her every thing), and we were quite merry before I left. And she made me change my seat to where she could see me; and just then the door-bell rang, and the maid announced, "Mr. Varnum, Miss Ellen." But she said, "Tell him to excuse me to-day: I'm not feeling strong enough." And I could have kissed the maid, or anybody; for Varnum is a swell junior; and here he was, turned out into the cold, and your humble servant snugly ensconced with the princess, — for, as I looked at her at the moment, she reminded me of that Peruvian princess called Runtu, "the white of an egg," from the whiteness of her complexion; and I often think of her now as the princess, in consequence.

But, as I was saying, I don't go there very often, because I'm pretty busy in college, and there are generally a good many fellows coming and going: in fact, the very next time I was calling, I could hardly get a word in edgewise. Tweedy and Freemantle, and that odious little Fennex, were there, with some others; and, instead of talking with the princess, I was put through a chapter of genealogy with an old Mrs. Malafright, or Malachite, or something, who had driven out from Boston to call. She's a powerful wagger, and seems to know more of me and my ancestors than I do myself.

. . . . . .

Whatever you do with your singing, my dear Mabel, don't screech! There's a young woman opposite my windows here, that

almost drives me wild with her high notes every night. I shall set the police on her soon. It was "Hear me, Norma," for an hour last night, and then a half-hour's practice on the trill, — I can hear it yet! Ever your affectionate brother,

TOM.

I am afraid that I am always forgetting mother's injunction about using slang words. I have been looking over this letter, and find, that, as usual, a great many have slipped off my pen; but it is a very difficult thing to avoid, the men all talk slang so much, and a man hears it about him continually, from morning till night. Some men affect it more than others; and I have heard a couple of fellows talking for an hour together in such a jargon that *you* could not have the least idea what they were talking about, my dear little sweet-singing Mabel. I think you can make out most of my slang in this letter, though. Many men argue that it is so expressive, this slang, that it ought to be generally introduced in society; but I can hardly believe it: it must make a man very poor in speech, by confining him always to a few phrases and words. It's mighty jolly, though. Love to mother and Dick.

Yours, TOM.

CHAPTER VII.

EXHIBITING A LION-HUNTER AND HIS DEN.

"Hold the cuppe, good felow, here is thyne and myne."—ANDREW BORDE *The Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge*, 1500.

"Il faut que tous les sujets soient persuadés que vous ne doutez de rien et que rien ne peut vous étonner."—FREDERIC THE GREAT.

SUCH letters passed between the anxious, doting mother and the fond sister on one hand, and Mr. Tom, the young *débutant*, on the other.

Simple, pathetically simple, loving letters! There was the mother, following the boy continually with her prayers and hopes, as she had written, and wishing all good things of him; and little Mabel, who was growing into a fine young maiden, looking upon her brother's life in Cambridge, and among grand people, as a bit of romance rather than sober reality,—a view of his career which that imaginative young gentleman did not fail to increase by adding a certain rosy halo to his account of the men and exploits and new wonders about him. And Mr. Tom? Well, he was not unmindful of the tender solicitude and anxious pleading of his mother, or insensible to the quiet influence of his fond sister's girlish home-letters.

If he often read these domestic outpourings somewhat hurriedly, just before running down to see the 'Varsity come swinging up to the boat-house of an evening, or in the intervals of dressing, or at any odd moments which he could find, he often sat a long while brooding over their affectionate contents alone in his room, with so many

reminders of the dear home about him, calling him back to his early boyish days. And he made many of the best of resolutions, and vowed that he would "cut" this acquaintance, and cultivate that, attend more systematically to his study-hours (a list of which he had mapped out, and hung conspicuous on his bedroom-door), try not to smoke too much, and in every way be worthy of himself and the tender souls who expected so much of him, and so confidently.

He had not much to reproach himself with, to be sure. Many a young man who had come up as innocent and ingenuous as he had fallen into evil courses long before this, and was drifting where we hope Mr. Tom may never be found. Many who were vastly better prepared, and had eclipsed him earlier in the year, were dropping behind; and Mr. Tom had discovered that his natural talents were such, that he hardly needed to exert himself to maintain a good average position in the class. But was a merely average place all that was expected of him? And would the fond soul on the banks of the Hudson, or his sainted father if he could return to the scenes of his youthful triumphs, be satisfied with this?

A truthful biographer is obliged to own that Mr. Tom's maximum examination in Greek in the first term was something not soon repeated in his academical career. It was but a brief lease of fame which that had brought him. The scholarly fraternity which had received him as a new light among them gradually began to shake their heads over him as a doubtful problem. "The Forum," which had been the rallying-point for Mr. Tom and others in their more ardent days, was no longer frequented as before. The Roman people had fled, or returned fewer and fewer as the days went by, shouting the louder as their numbers grew less, like their namesakes of the shabby *toga* on the modern stage. Breese's philippic had

called forth several spirited speeches at the next meeting, chief among which was a defence by Pinckney of the world in general as it is, and the maintenance of existing institutions. But we can hardly expect to spread the minutes of all their meetings upon these pages, or do more than record its gradual decline, until it expired before "the tremendous coming" (as Leigh Hunt says of De Staël) of "The Institute of 1770," and other societies of succeeding years.

. . . . . .

The last letter from Tom to Mabel, which we have seen, and which put that young girl in quite a "twitter of excitement," with its graphic account of Tom's experience in Cambridge, was lying, scarcely dry, on Tom's table. Mabel's ingenuous little letter, with its sprawling, schoolgirl hand, and laborious flourishing of capitals, lay open beside it. The mother's long letter, in which Miss Mabel's had come enclosed, Mr. Tom held in his hand, as he lay stretched on his sofa, winking at the gaslight, and listening to the wind, which went roaring about the Brattle House, tossing a whirl of snow against his window, and then moaning off across the square. He expected no visitors: it was too wild a night. So he had devoted the evening, as we have seen, to his affectionate little sister, and was lying now in the attitude of meditative Dumas on his Mediterranean yacht, allowing himself to be borne along by white-winged thoughts of his mother and sister, and his boyish ideals, pondering, in a troubled lad's way, on the mixed good and evil of every-day life, as many a youngster has pondered before and since. Is the problem ever quite solved?

A soft footstep in the passage, a double knock at his door, with a furious stamping of snowy feet, Tom's "Come in!" and a young man enters whom Tom has several times met in Cambridge, but who had never before entered his rooms.

"Ah, Mr. Tufton, how do you do? You're very courageous to-night!"

"How do, how do, Hammersmith? I confess I'd no idea it was snowing and blowing so furiously. My rooms face south, you know. Jove, I was nearly blown off my legs, crossing the square! Gimlet collided with me, and I thought I had run into the meeting-house. But the old buffer put me on my pins, and strode off to toast his toes in the police-station. You're very snug here, by Jove!"

"Yes, rather. Throw off your overcoat, won't you? Put your shoes in here." And Tom unwound from him an immense coat, which reached to his heels, and helped him off with his overshoes, opening to view, when he was thus peeled, a most gorgeous young man in velvet shooting-jacket, with curious linen unconscious of snow-storms, and a waistcoat sporting a marvellous cable watch-chain and bunch of charms, which made music as he stepped across to a lounging-chair, and filled himself a pipe.

There was a quiet accommodation in his manner which put them both at their ease at once, and might have been prophesied, if one had but known Mr. Tufton's long practice in the graceful art of lounging.

The young men's conversation, as they sat smoking, and toasting their feet before a glowing fire, is not especially worthy of transcript in this place. It was rambling and leisurely, gossipy and merry, turning on Tom's accident and convalescence, the chances of the new 'Varsity crew, with Wayland gone, the glories of the French opera, then performing to crowded houses in Boston, and the thousand and one things that were current about them The object of Mr. Tufton's visit was not made known for a while: he was too skilful a diplomate not to conceal his real intention under a pretence of mere sociability, and anxiety for Tom's state of health, — a state of health which all Cambridge knew, and for which they sympathized,

while admiring his pluck and enviable glory in the Fresh Pond mishap.

It was only as Tufton was laying aside his pipe, many times refilled during the evening, and was concluding an account of his escapade with some friends behind the scenes at the Boston Theatre, that he said rather casually, —

"Oh! by the way, I'm going to have a little supper in my rooms Friday night. Friend of mine from New York is on, and I want to introduce him to some of the men. Shall hope to see you, Hammersmith. I've asked some of your friends, and I think you'll enjoy meeting my friend Crosby. Eight o'clock, punc.; some of the men may want to go off to Boston afterwards. I can depend on you?"

Tom accepted the invitation with thanks, feeling no little pride at being singled out by Tufton, whose fame as a "gold-bug," and a giver of select little entertainments, was widespread in Cambridge halls. Men had been known, indeed, to resort to many devices and much wily intrigue to get a footing in his comfortable good graces, and a seat at his table. But our friend Tom was spared this devious method. Mr. Tufton was a lion-hunter, and with the profound instinct of that entire social species, which detects the coming roar from afar, he had divined, from various dim prognostics known to the fraternity, and especially from his late heroism with "the ladies," — as Mr. Tufton always called the sex, — that Mr. Tom was a young lion-cub in leading-strings as yet, whom he would do well to capture for his collection.

Mr. Tufton was not a member of the university, a graduate, a man of business, nor yet a candidate from the schools, up studying in Cambridge. He was of that mysterious order of men, who come from nowhere, do nothing, and appear to be going nowhere, — a fungus-growth which

every university town develops. His money seemed abundant; his rooms were gorgeous in a young man's eye; he gave the most select of suppers; he dressed faultlessly.

Legends ran that he had tried several times to enter one class after another; but, not even his golden key sufficing to open the college oak to him, he was now living on in a princely independence, enjoying the droppings from the sanctuary in the sense of much vicarious education absorbed from his student-guests, and surrounded with the halo of vast success in knowing the world. He was liberal with his money too; and whether it was a struggling cricket-club, or an impecunious boat-club (both proverbial for being without the sinews of war), a class subscription, or the lesser demand of a hack for a student-journey into some doubtful limbo, Tufton's name was sure to be found on the list, often heading it with a good round sum.

He distributed invitations to his feasts; and Sam Malachite and men of his bibulous kind were captured. He presented a set of oars, the newly invented "spoons," to the 'Varsity; and even the great Wayland was brought over. He contributed largely to the assemblies; and the dancing set, Glidewell, and the rest of the nimble-footed, were his friends, as well as the fair partners with whom he was made acquainted, and whom he whirled rather unsteadily over the waxed floor. "Thank you, Mr. Tufton, that was a *very* nice turn," says a breathless young dancer, subsiding into her seat in a cloud of tulle, but confiding to her neighbor, as he moves away complacently, that he's a "frightful dancer," trod on her feet ever so many times, "and he guides *so* poorly!"

With such judicious application of coin of the realm, with a careful eye to signs of the social weather, and an instinctive selection of the coming man and the rounds of his ladder, Tufton succeeded in surrounding himself

with much of the gayest and most conspicuous life of the university and the neighborhood, if not the most desirable or refined. But when Boston, — where Mr. Tufton spent a large part of his leisure in various ways needless to mention, latterly under the able leadership of Mr. Sam Malachite, — when Boston asked its usual questions, "Who is he? Who was his mother?" questioned humanity was obliged to shake its head, dubious. Unless, to be sure, some pampered champion of his were present, like Mr. Sam, to declare that he didn't care, Tufton gave mighty nice suppers, any way, and had lots of money, — "rocks," I am afraid Sam would say; when, of course, the city resigned itself with a sigh.

Thus mysterious were Tufton's origin, his belongings, his ways of life, except to the happy few; and so was even the preparation of the marvellous little suppers to which these happy few sat down, and which could hardly have been concocted in the modest *cuisine* of his boarding-house, — that would have been as great a marvel as the celebrated moon-gun of Bergerac's, which shot, killed, plucked, roasted, and seasoned its birds, all at once. Outsiders gradually settled into the belief that his suppers were prepared in a neighboring restaurant by a deputation of cooks from Parker's, detailed at enormous expense. Certain it was that various well-known waiters from that popular house were on hand on these occasions, opening iced champagne in the passage-way, coming and going with dishes, ultimately removing the *débris*, together with the last sleepy reveller, and preparing the rooms for Mr. Tufton's morrow of lounging.

To come to more personal matters, Mr. Tufton, in manners and dress, was almost faultless, if we may excuse an occasional splendor of raiment not very common with him, and a certain restrained care in his conversation and mien, which would pass with the more observant

as diplomacy. He had the smooth, broadcloth manners of a practised gambler, never giving away to excitement, and coolly watchful where others have lost their heads. No one had ever heard him laugh a hearty laugh; and his ordinary talk was of that subdued, appropriative kind, which so flatters him to whom it is addressed, as though he were hearing things too private for common ears.

Dominique Busnot, historian of Muley Ismael, records of that monarch, that his prevailing temper might be learned from the color of the garments which he wore, as well as from his complexion. "Green is his darling color, which is a good omen for those that come to him; but, when he wears yellow, all men quake, and avoid his presence; for that is the color he puts on when he designs some bloody execution." Tufton was not the fool to show his hand in this autocrat's way: he was not yet monarch, and no man should know what was passing in that cool brain, underneath that carefully-tended blonde hair. So that, although he certainly paid incessant homage to the "clothes-devil," as the old theologians called the toilet, and postured long of a morning before a mirror, swinging above a vast collection of preparative bottles, — *eau de cologne*, Macassar, bear's grease, and the like, — the result was quite satisfying. He issued from his dressing-room, radiant, scrupulously neat, never indicating the last night's carouse by the slightest sign, and dressed in colors so subdued and neutral, that men wondered, when they knew his ample wardrobe, and his long semi-annual bill at Van Nason's. They wondered, also, at his modest scarfs and pins, when they had been permitted a sight of the marvellous array of neck adornments and curious pins which garnished his toilet-table.

"Oh! I bought all those when I was young and green. A gentleman oughtn't to wear flashy things, or too much jewelry," he would say, smiling one of his inexplicable

smiles; and the young men felt, what a deal of life that man must have seen!

It was such a host as this who came forward to welcome Hammersmith on the Friday night set for the supper, as Mr. Tom was admitted by an elaborate flunky into the brilliantly-lighted rooms.

"How do, how do, Mr. Hammersmith? You are quite fashionably late."

"Ah! I'm sorry, I"—

"Don't speak of it, don't speak of it! others to come yet." And, whispering in Tom's ear, he walked with him to the other end of the room, and introduced him to a rakish young man, with the whitest of complexions and the blackest of mustaches.

"Crosby, this is my friend Hammersmith. Mr. Hammersmith, Mr. Crosby. I've been telling Crosby of your adventure with the ladies, you sly dog!" and, whispering the last sentence in Tom's ear, Tufton moved off to receive Varnum and Glidewell, who came in together, leaving Tom and Crosby to skirmish on over the few topics that they had in common.

The rooms were tolerably full by this time; and Tom, looking around him, found that he was in the company of many of the fashionable set, a few of the boating set, several of the very fast set, with but three of his own class, —Freemantle, Pinckney, and Penhallow,—to whom he nodded with a sense of relief, as they sat or stood here and there, in conversation with upper-classmen, and showing their new dignity in a certain stiffness of manner unusual to them. For it was the first of Tufton's suppers to which freshmen of this year had been invited; and the four present knew it, and felt important in consequence.

There were easy-chairs and sofas on every side, on which resplendent youth were lounging, several of them smoking huge meerschaum pipes absorbedly: they were

sophomores, perennial smokers, — before, during, after, meals! And if the racing prints and flashy pictures of ballet-dancers on the walls, and the meagre bookcase next the fireplace, showed Mr. Tufton to be far from a student of high art and profound letters, the general air of richness, the cosey window-seats, the pretty *jardinières* filled with flowers, and the profusion of red curtains, through a pair of which the lights on the supper-table were just visible, proclaimed him a man of luxurious habits and a graceful knack at arrangement.

Tom was looking about him, and admiring the rich appointments, the absorbed sophomores pulling at their pipes, and the quaint ornaments of the mantel, when Tufton returned to him, and, taking his arm, introduced him to the men with whom he was unacquainted. Mr. Tom felt queerly when he grasped the hand of Fennex, he of the biggest pipe, who rose, bowed, and shook hands, without a smile; and was proud when Varnum and Glidewell asked after his health; and was merry almost, when his own classmates gave him hearty grips, and beamed upon him.

A waiter enters, and whispers to Tufton, who nods; and the next instant the red curtains are drawn. Tufton says, —

"Gentlemen, will you walk in? We're all here, I believe. Varnum, will you be so kind as to take the other end of the table? — Crosby, here at my right. — Hammersmith, will you sit here?" and he touched the chair on his left. "Sit down anywhere, gentlemen, and make yourselves at home;" and the men, fourteen in number, of all classes, settled into their seats, and squared themselves for the feast.

It is not my purpose to follow the young gentlemen through the various courses and the increasing merriment of the supper. Anybody who has sat down at a

supper like Mr, Tufton's, with a dozen healthy youngsters in the growing time of life, knows what it means.

You, gentle readers, who do not know it, may better rest in your ignorance, and continue to imagine these feasts a miniature copy of the formal banquets at which you have been sandwiched between these young gentlemen in their later years, when their appetites are less, and their cares are more, and they are thinking of that note due to-morrow, and whether Smith will foreclose his mortgage, and how their girls shall be put to school if he does. Alas! these cares are a woful curtailer of the zests of boyhood; and the gentleman in white tie by your side, nibbling at a bit of salmon, is not quite the same young party who made such havoc about him at Tufton's on that night and many other nights,—more's the pity!

Cigars had been brought in; stories and songs were going about; Fennex and Malachite were becoming a bit uproarious; and you could scarcely see across the room for the smoke. Tufton, who smoked but little, though of the best, pushed his chair back, and finally left the table, with a few others, Tom among the number, telling the rest to follow or not as they chose. The old *habitués* knew his custom, and that he only left because he could not stand the cigar-smoke; it was quite in rule to remain. But the freshmen, all except Penhallow, who was at the far end of the table, followed their host into the front-room. He dropped the curtains, and, relighting his cigar, sank into an easy-chair near the fire, while the others made themselves at home where they chose.

"This is liberty hall, Hammersmith: do just as you hang please. I keep my door always open, and some pretty fair cigars and wine; and I tell my friends, that, if they don't enjoy themselves, it isn't my fault.—Eh, Glidewell?—You're not smoking, Hammersmith. Pipe, or cigar?"

"Think I'll try a pipe," said the young fool, who had never had a stem in his mouth in his life.

"There's a favorite briarwood of mine next the clock. No, the other. Sorry my tobacco's so dry: you'll find the best in that jar."

Mr. Tom made several attempts, and finally got his pipe to go, and then wished he had taken a cigar instead, but held on pluckily, and felt the room go round, till coffee was brought in, and he changed his pipe for a cigar, and felt better.

"How's the crew practising, Perkins?" asked the host, after some rambling talk.

"Oh, fairly! Dumb-bells and clubs mighty slow work, though, after the river. Robbins is a perfect bulldog for a bow, too. Jove! how he keeps us at it!"

"Think Witherspoon will make as good a stroke as Wayland?" asked Freemantle.

"It's hard to say till we see how we can work with him. He has a quick recover, a very quick recover. We only pulled behind him three or four times last fall, and had pretty hard work to recover with him. Robbins thinks we can pick it up, though. By the way, weren't you in the crew that we nearly swamped that windy day last fall, Hammersmith?"

"Yes: I was pulling bow for the second crew, and got the tiller-ropes twisted. Robbins steered you away from me beautifully, or our old lap would have had a bump."

"Are you going into rowing?" asked Tufton. "You pull a very good stroke, Hammersmith."

"I don't know: I haven't thought much about it," said Tom. "They want me in my class crew; but I don't know if I can spare the time."

"What are you going to do? study?" asked Tufton, turning on his elbow, and smiling curiously at Tom.

"Oh! I don't know: perhaps so, a little," answered

he, feeling the force of Tufton's sardonic smile, but despising himself the next minute for speaking as he did.

"Well, that'll do for a while. You'll soon get over it, eh, fellows? They're all taken the same way at first. But I used to see you very often last fall on the river. Where did you learn your stroke?"

"I picked it up about home,—the North River. I used to see the Pinto brothers practising quite often; and one of 'em gave me a little coaching last spring."

"Ah, ha! I thought so. I said to Curtis and several other fellows last fall,—the day you came in with Goldie as stroke,—that yours was no freshman's stroke," said Tufton, looking admiringly at Tom.

Tom reddened, and felt the rest looking at him; and Glidewell said he didn't see how men could go on wearing themselves out in boats, and submitting to be bullied by a beastly little bow, and going through the tortures of—well, of training, just to win a beastly little pewter cup; and Perkins asked him if it wasn't about as manly as sweltering in a ball-room, and dancing yourself black and blue in the face, all for the sake of a beastly little ribbon, or a two-cent star on your coat; and Glidewell said, "Oh, that's different!" in which nobody denied him; and Crosby was asked what was the news from New York, and answered that "every thing was lovely," which was received as conclusive: and so these learned young men prattled on, from one light subject to another; and the party in the supper-room grew more hilarious as their songs grew more numerous and confused.

A tremendous crash was heard on a sudden; and Tufton walked quietly to the curtains, and drew them apart. If there was one thing at which he rebelled, it was a sudden noise. An enemy might say that he was afraid of something, say, a sudden grasp of a policeman on the shoulder; but Tufton said he hated noises worse than the devil, and always had.

Tom was near the curtains, and, with reprehensible though quite natural curiosity, stood up by Tufton as he looked in.

It will not be well for us to look in over Mr. Tom's shoulder at the disgraceful orgy which met his gaze. It will be better to drop the red curtains again, and shut out the scene from your bright eyes, my dear Bulbul, who would be quite horrified at some of the practices of these "sweet" young men that you have met in the gay routs of the neighborhood.

The declamatory sophomore, standing unsteadily on a chair, and haranguing the chandelier with a maudlin iteration of *Quousque tandem abutere*, candelabra, *patientia nostra;* the scientific senior dropping lighted matches into a half-bottle of wine, and grinning inanely as they were extinguished; Sam Malachite on his knees with Tufton's dog Scamp at the fireplace, trying to force him to swallow an andiron; the merry junior dancing in a corner, flirting a colored napkin after the manner of a *señorita* in the *bolero*, coquetting the while with a door-knob; the dashing Varnum, prancing about the room with a pair of deer's horns on his head, while Penhallow the deer-slayer, fired with the thought of so much juicy venison escaping him, was bombarding him, through an improvised shooting-iron, with French peas and the more deadly ammunition of spherical confectionery, till he finally brings him down in a wilderness of plates and dishes by the *buffet*, causing the crash which brought Tufton to his feet, — how the sight of it all sickened young Tom, or would have sickened him, if its grossness had not shaded so evidently into the comical!

And when Malachite, spying Tom by Tufton's side, rushed at him, and dragged him into the room, saluting him as "Ham'smith, joll' good fell', Ham'smith," and making many personal allusions to Hammersmith's college

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life, Mr. Tom's lip quivered, and a dangerous look came into his eye. But when the young wine-bibber called for a toast, in incoherent phrases that need not be exhibited on this page, and finally exclaimed, "Oh, here 'tis!—'Ham'smith, awf'l swell! Fresh Pond, awf'l scrape!' Here 'tis, fell's, 'The ladies!'—no, that won't do! Too many ladies. Too many ladies ain't good! Here's Miss—Miss—what's her name, Fennex? Here's Miss Dar"—Tom rushed towards him, shouting, "Hold your tongue, will you, if you're a gentleman!" and looked as if he would strike him.

Tufton and others gathered about Malachite, and succeeded in pacifying him; while Glidewell and several men came in, and begged Tom not to mind him. "He's always going off at half-cock, my dear fellow, and is hardly responsible."

There is enough of this, and more than enough, to show what manner of man is this my Lord Tufton, and how his little suppers served not only to turn his young guests into riotous livers, but to deliver them over, body and soul, into his gilded net, with its carefully-contrived meshes. No man is so much your master as he who has witnessed your excesses, and pulled you out of your scrapes. Tufton knew this; and his whole policy (for his life, like that of so many others, was a network of policy and diplomacy) was arranged accordingly.

You may be sure that so skilful a host as Tufton did not allow any temporary ill-feeling engendered by this little *contretemps* to remain between his two guests, both of whom he thought necessary to his plans; and that, before the party broke up that evening, all concerned had shaken hands amicably, (what gentleman could withstand Tufton's honeyed appeals?) and only Tufton himself chuckled over it as another move on his board. You cannot be so sure what Mr. Tom's private thoughts were

that night, as he shut himself in his room, and looked at his flushed face in the glass. But, if you had been in his study when he entered, you would have seen him throw himself after a while on the sofa, from which Tufton had aroused him several nights before, and lie there a long time, staring at the ceiling, till his cold room made him shiver, and he arose, and went to his bedroom.

How could Hammersmith foresee the result of this first festive evening at Tufton's sumptuous table? How could he prophesy the ultimate effect of Tufton's evident partiality for him? What young gentleman can at once comprehend the various moves of a skilful player like my Lord Tufton?

Ah, what threads are woven into the substance of a man's life by a careless shuttle, that he would gladly have omitted! Is it a careless shuttle? Who shall say?

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH HAMMERSMITH QUITS THE VERDANT FIELDS.

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying."—HERRICK.

"He said he knew what was what."
SKELTON, *Why come ye not to Courte?*

THE early summer days, nowhere more lovely than in New England, were at hand. The sun, that had so many times looked down through scurrying clouds to see if this bleak corner of the world were ready for summer, seemed satisfied at last, and was calling the timid flowers from their hiding-places all over the dear New-England hills, and rocky pastures, and urban garden-fronts. The ice had long ago left the river, bumping its way seaward through the numerous bridges, the curse of boating-men: even the icy circlets about their lower timbers, which hung in stubborn rings long after the river was free, had vanished before the warm winds blowing over the marshes, and opening the doors of the boat-houses for the first adventurous crews. The treacherous roof of Fresh Pond, which had let Mr. Tom and Miss Darby through into its cold quarters several months ago, had long since been cut into glistening cubes, and packed away in the ice-houses which line the shore, whence, in due course of time, it will issue to travel to the Indies, or bring relief in clamorous hospital-wards, or cool the fervors of next winter's ball-rooms, or, perhaps, to tinkle

in many a glass at club, and public-house, and college-supper, where Mr. Tom may take his revenge on its former freezing hospitality.

Boating-men were happy to be released from their monotonous winter practice, and to launch their various craft on the river once more. Crews which had been under watchful eyes all winter, forbidden indulgences of every sort, kept up to their daily work at clubs and dumb-bells and weights, by a merciless captain, now tried their strength and their new stroke in their boats, and were wonderfully mysterious over success and failure alike. Courageous freshmen, who now ventured to embark in cranky shells, with novel outriggers and oars, crawled along the winding stream, and were fished up here and there by passing crews. Palé students, paler from the winter's hard work and confinement, paddled up and down in "constitutionals," often furtively concealing a book between their feet. Less studious men, on pleasure bent, rowed leisurely to Watertown, where the famous Spring Hotel offered abundant cheer; or down stream to Boston, where they tied up at Braman's Baths, and scattered for Ripley's or Parker's, or other haunts well known to the inquisitive student. Still more daring crews and pair-oars ventured as far as Hull and Point Shirley, famous for fish-dinners and jolly-tar revelry. In the very preceding year, indeed, a crew had gone as far as Nahant, and was nearly swamped by a north-west wind in returning.

Of an evening, when the primitive boat-houses of the day were filled with men in all stages of dressing, boats putting off, perhaps, to have a brush with some local watermen or Boston crew, captains giving their orders, oars flashing, and the banks lined with men watching and criticising, it was a pretty sight, — tell me, dear lover of horses, polishing your Mexican bit over yonder, was it not? Many a time have I seen your broad back rising

and falling before me, regular as a trip-hammer, as I pulled behind you, and put my last pound on my oar, to keep up with your slashing stroke. But you stepped out of the boat as cool and fresh as a water-god, while the rest of us fellows were white about the mouth, and trembled just a bit, and could hardly climb up the ropes, which was the only way of reaching the houses in those primeval boating-days.

Cricketers, too, — merry fellows in white flannel suits, — pitched their wickets of an afternoon on the Delta, and bowled away at each other's stumps till the bell rang for afternoon recitation. If you had been near them, you would have heard them forever discussing the nice technicalities of their graceful game, — the comparative merits of underhand and round-arm bowling, the draw and the drive, hit to leg and off, or shouting, "Oh, a beauty, Smith!" "Well cut, Brown!" "Stumped, by Jove! Yes, your foot was out of the crease!" as their practice went on. Or they packed themselves into coaches, with a profusion of bats and gloves and pads; and with a half-dozen rosy-white fellows clinging on the top, cheering and singing, they rattled away to play a match with the "Bostons," or the new "Aristonicans" of Roxbury, or other neighboring club. The gentlemanly "Nonantums" of Newton, who had, later, a brief but brilliant existence, were not yet organized.

What hearty, joyous young fellows they were! You would see a couple of them practising slow twisters at each other for hours together: indeed, the good Oxytone, professor of Greek, hearing a strange hubbub above his head in Holworthy one evening, went up, and found Haliburton and his chum bowling at an improvised wicket in their bedroom, and practising the drop-catch with each other, quite regardless of study-hour regulations. And men often ran down to East Cambridge of a Saturday

morning to the "Bostons'" grounds, and stood up for an hour or two, elaborately padded and gloved, to be bowled at by their professional, — an Englishman from the Marylebone Club, who spoke of Lillywhite and Pilch and "Old Clarke," the great slow bowler, as personal acquaintances, and dropped his h's over many an account of two-day matches with Eton and Harrow, and the All-England Eleven; while various red-faced gentry in cords, with flamboyant neckerchiefs, smoking short clay pipes, leaned on their favorite bats, or lay on the close-cut grass, criticising genially the dapper "college-boys."

Walking-men, sure again of good roads, strode off to Mount Auburn, or Belmont, or the heights in Somerville, or, if anxious for a longer stretch, to West Cambridge and around Fresh Pond, or to Watertown, or Parker's Hill, returning often with wild flowers, and bringing a whiff of the woods, and a spicy gusto into their close scholastic life.

With balmy weather came also the throwing-up of college-windows, and the upward incense of fumacious men, sitting mild-eyed in ample window-seats, and sending their smoke to mingle with the tender green of the elm foliage; came, also, an occasional shout of "Heads out!" from some diligent lounger, — the signal that an unprotected young woman was crossing the college-yard, sweetly unconscious of the ancient custom, but likely to have it impressed on her by the rapid opening of windows, and protruding of student heads.

On still and moonlit nights came the Glee Club, from its rooms on the corner of Holyoke and Harvard Streets, and sang its echoing glees about the college-steps, — the pensive "Lovely Night," and the Marschner "Serenade;" the "Artillerist's Oath," with its strong anvil-notes; Boieldieu's "Praise of the Soldier," with finale of ringing hurrahs; or Vogel's "Waltz," which had set everybody's

feet going at their last concert in Lyceum Hall. And the "Pudding" came down from its mysterious quarters in Stoughton; and young freshmen listened in awe, not untinged with expectation, as the members gathered about the steps of the hall, and sang their booming choruses, ending with the club-song from some favorite singer, and the whirl about the tree near the corner of Holworthy. The "Institute of 1770," too, on Friday evenings emptied itself from the lower story of Massachusetts, and adjourned to the shadow of the church across the way for its own vigorous choruses, — "Rumsti.Ho!" and "MacElroy," "The Irish Jaunting-Car," and so on. And, if you had been especially inquisitive and especially keen-eared, you might have detected other bodies of young men emerging from other mysterious club-rooms, with softer tread and a quie er dispersion, and making their way to their rooms in the quadrangle. But the open and tolerated societies were enough of a wonder and enchantment for the freshman Hammersmith and his friends, to whom the existence of secret societies, with clandestine grips and pass-words, and diabolic paraphernalia, came as yet only as a faint rumor.

All these novel events of student-life were now transpiring about Mr. Tom, bewitching him with their mystery and their heartiness, and, I fear, drawing him still farther from the memory of his dull boyhood on the Hudson. He was taking his share, too, in every thing that interested his classmates, or the rather small set with which he was intimate. He had risen to the proud position of No. 2 in his class-boat, Goldie being the stroke. He had given way to the dancing epidemic which broke out among his friends in early spring, — when the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of friskiness, — and might have been seen, with Freemantle and others, twice a week in the dancing academy of Madam Tocy, in Boston, one-

two-three-ing with that antique sprightliness. He had long ago had his quarter with "The Chicken," and had been pronounced a very fair boxer by that pugilistic A.M. "Lor' bless you, sir, 'e don't know 'is hown strength, 'e don't!" "The Chicken" had remarked to Penhallow, after a couple of lessons, — "'e 'as the most hextraordinary reach, 'e 'as!" And he was already well known as one of the most promising athletes in the class, who had taken kindly to exercise from the very first night of his freshman life, when he had been tossed in a blanket by the sophomores, and complimented by them as "a plucky one."

You may be sure that Mr. Tufton, too, was on hand at these opening summer festivities, as fresh and blooming as the delicate *boutonnière* which he wore, culled with care from his overflowing *jardinière*. Who of those days does not remember him in all his jauntiness, standing at the boat-houses in the dusk, as the crews came in, rolling slender cigarettes the while, and patting big-muscled oarsmen with his dainty fingers? If his knowledge of watercraft was exceedingly rudimentary, and his criticisms on the styles of rowing and the form of crews somewhat at random, there was an undoubted attraction in the frequent "Come up, come up, and take a glass of wine!" with which he greeted many of the oarsmen as they emerged from the dressing-rooms. Where, indeed, was a more promising jungle for his lion-hunting than these same rickety boat-houses, and this wilderness of boats, from which many a hero of the hour was destined to come forth?

And whether it was a cricket-match, or a bout with the gloves in "The Chicken's" rooms in town; a glee-club serenade, or the trial of a new man in the 'Varsity, — Tufton was sure to be there, lynx-eyed, smiling, dressed to suit the occasion, and always contriving to single out

the prominent man, — be he great batter, graceful boxer, tenor of liquid notes, or powerful oarsman, — and to cover him with a few careful compliments.

Goldie was perhaps the only man among Tom's immediate friends who was entirely proof against the well-aimed attacks of the diplomatic Tufton. He was almost the only man who systematically refused his polite invitations, the only man who gave him the cold shoulder at wines and suppers where they unavoidably met, and the only man to dare to say a word of disparagement of the elegant young Macchiavelli.

"Mark my words, Tom," said Goldie one evening, "that fellow will turn out a rogue or a blackleg, or my name's not Goldie. Who is he? Where does he come from? I tell you nobody knows, and nobody dares to inquire. It's a disgrace, that a man of such habits as we know this fellow has should have the *entrée* that he has, and be able to meet your sister and mine in society. Malachite is to blame for that. And that friend of his, — what's his name? — Crosby! I didn't have the distinguished honor of his acquaintance, as I'm not down on my Lord Tufton's books, thank Heaven! But I fancy I can tell a gambler when I see him; and, if ever I clapped eye on one of the nimble-fingered gentry in my life, he's one of 'em! If you want to know about him, just ask your friend Gimlet, the policeman, what he knows about him (he was on duty in New York for several years, you know), or call at any of the lowest gambling-hells in town, and you'll learn what a sweet young *gentleman* you were asked to meet at Tufton's orgy that night!"

Tom was inclined to resent such severity on Goldie's part. He said that he was judging Tufton and his friends harshly; and had Goldie a right to talk thus, when he had never been inside of his rooms, or taken the pains to say

ten words with him in his life? And then he grew a little proud and lofty, to think that he had been so early distinguished by Tufton's flattering recognition; and he spoke rather hotly to Goldie, and intimated, that if Goldie meant to imply there was any danger of Tufton's pulling the wool over his, Hammersmith's, eyes, he was very much mistaken; that he had cut his eye-teeth, by Jove! and fancied he could tell a blackleg from a gentleman as well as the next man; and he'd thank him not to be quite so quick in condemning men who had been very polite to him, and with whom Goldie himself had no sort of acquaintance.

Goldie shrugged his shoulders, and said merely, "As you will;" while Tom got up and left his room rather abruptly, going, by a sort of instinct, straight to the slandered man's rooms, where he found a number of men playing cards and smoking, — "Tufton gone to town."

Tom, who had never spoken harshly to Goldie before in the whole year, refused a hand in the game, in which money was changing hands pretty freely, and sat quietly in a corner, thinking over what his Puritanic friend had said, and questioning how much was truth, and how much mere conjecture.

But one of the lessons which Tom was learning now — a lesson not put down in the text-books, but learned and unlearned from the iron leaves of experience — was that every fellow was his own master, and any fellow that came about peddling advice to another fellow had better be sent packing. That was about the way in which the lesson ran in Tom's mind that evening, and I set it down as his thoughts ran, plainly.

A headstrong young fellow who has made up his mind to have his own way, and fight his own battles, and whose appetite for pleasure, moreover, and what is called "seeing life," is insatiable, is pretty apt to shed advice as a duck

sheds water. I question if Goldie would have thought it well to say even as much as he did, if he had known the Hammersmith character better. But he liked Tom, he hated Tufton (about as much as that worthy hated him in return; for these things are very apt to be mutual), and he had spoken several times now to Tom from the interest he had in him, and the anxiety he felt lest Tom should come too much under Tufton's corrupting influence. So Mr. Tom, as usual, took the matter in his own hands, decided that he knew "what was what," and felt a sort of shame in the very satisfaction which he gave himself in deciding against Goldie. It is pleasant, very pleasant, to have your own way, but not so pleasant to be obliged to run counter to a tried friend like Goldie.

. . . . . .

I doubt if all the *pronunciamentos* and bulls, ukases and messages, of all the powers of Christendom, which are pasted up or tacked up, or proclaimed by trumpeter, or sent to a house of Congress, or scattered broadcast, inflammatory, carry greater awe and consternation to the bodies for which they are issued than those which are proclaimed to the Cambridge student-world from the bulletins and numerous society-boards hung up in front of University Hall — or which were hung there in Hammersmith's time.

Here were the orthodox bulletin-boards of the university authorities, where were posted the lists of successful competitors for prizes, lists of rooms for the classes as they move on from year to year (peripatetic, and changing their abode like the soul of Rama), lists of those passing their examinations, and all manner of announcements of exhibitions, and changes in routine and authorized orders. Here graduating seniors advertised their merchantable property: "An iron bedstead and exceedingly comfortable easy-chair for sale at Holworthy 14." "A hat-tub and pair of clubs, weight forty pounds each,

at Brattle House 57. Boxing-gloves and dumb-bells will be sold if desired, though the owner is not anxious to part with them." "Come to Brown's! An entire establishment to be cleared out! Every thing that a gentleman can desire to make life comfortable, and college-life, in particular, a bed of roses; spring-bed thrown in." Here, too, were put up announcements of cricket-matches and boat-races, and football-matches between Stoughton and Hollis; and the meetings of committees of this, that, and the other club; with tradesmen's cards, and the prices of wood and coal at the college-wharf; and professional notices of this and that Polish exile, or French or German nobleman, in reduced circumstances, who would consent to teach fencing and single-stick, or the noble languages of their country, for a consideration.

And here, more awful and portentous than these, ranged in the windows as their days of meeting came round, were the boards of the various open societies of the period, at which freshmen gazed open-mouthed, — the Hasty Pudding Club, with the placid sphinx and other pictorial ornament by the artist of the club, its corn-colored ribbons ("*seges votis respondet*"), and proud signatures of president and secretary; the Porcellian, equally mysterious and elaborate; the Glee Club and the Pierian Sodality, the Institute of 1770, St. Paul's, the Christian Brethren, and the rest. How many regiments of youth have looked up with wonder at their fateful announcements, or have stolen furtive glances at them as they rushed in to recitation! Oh, no! *they* weren't anxious to know about the societies; *they* didn't care who was president or secretary; *they* didn't care to be "first man." And while fond parents at home are dreaming of the scholastic success of their hopefuls at the fount of knowledge, and anxious mammas are writing that they shall be very careful not to injure their health by too close application to study, their Neds

and their Sams, their Bobs, Joes, and Jims, are looking up to these cabalistic boards on university, listening to such traditions as are allowed to trickle as far down as freshmen's ears, and laying their pipes, as far as possible, to be first man here, or at least in the first ten there, — ardent little hero-worshippers, forever *kotou*-ing before their idols!

I do not proclaim it of all freshmen; but I ask any Harvard man who was an undergraduate at the time of great society activity, if their contemporary Neds and Bobs and Jims were not considerably harassed in mind, about the end of freshman year, by the great question, Who will be the first ten in the Institute? and if the fever produced by this all-important query did not last them through their course, and often take on a very malignant type towards its close, productive of heart-burnings and estrangements and divisions of whole classes.

There was no small excitement in the quadrangle, therefore, one morning towards the end of term, as the Institute board appeared in its usual place, with the usual announcement and well-known signatures, but with the addition of a slip of paper pasted in one corner, which was being eagerly read by a large crowd on the return for prayers. It ran thus: —

"First ten members of the freshman class elected into the Institute: —

FREEMANTLE.	GOLDIE.
PINCKNEY.	FAYERWEATHER.
HAMMERSMITH.	ST. JOHN.
PENHALLOW.	LYTTON.
ALBEMARLE.	WASSON.

"They will be initiated next Friday evening, July 11.".

This awful initiation, with its iterated "thanks for the honor conferred," and Malachite's solemn announcement

in behalf of the vacant-minded freshmen, as they groped in vain for ideas and words, — "H-u-s-h, fellows, he has an idea!" — which caused Mr. Tom, when his turn came, to make some emphatic remark about "punching somebody's head;" the preparation for the final examinations of freshman year, during which Freemantle, Hammersmith, and a host of others, were gathered nightly in Freemantle's rooms, galloping over the year's work, with the aid of ready ponies, while Breese was working like a Trojan, scorning the practices of the Freemantle party, and keeping himself in magnificent form with his daily constitutionals, his plunge in the river, and an occasional terrific header from a diving-board that had been set up; the class-races, in which the freshmen came in an easy second, with Goldie, Hammersmith, and Penhallow at Nos. 1, 2, and 3 respectively, and Freemantle as bow (who had consented to row, after much solicitation, declaring at the same time that it was a "demnition grind"); the final examinations, with Mr. Tom's announcement to his mother, that he had passed, and passed very creditably as he thought, but that Pinckney and Wasson had been suspended ("Pinck is awfully cut up about it, afraid his governor may take him away entirely. I hope he won't, as Pinck's a mighty nice fellow, and we should miss him awfully. Wasson, though, doesn't seem to care a fig, laughs about it with everybody, and invites everybody up to see him at Concord, to which he is sent off for three months"), — all these things might receive more than passing mention from Hammersmith's biographer, if the gathering pages did not warn him to be brief.

Yes; and Mr. Tom's final letter to his mother, declaring that she must give up the idea of his rooming alone any longer (it was too lonely, and he and Penhallow were going to room together, if they could secure a room in the yard), — how the fond mother brooded over it, after

the manner of women, and over her Tom's announcement, in a postscript, that he was going to bring Pen home for a part of the vacation; and wouldn't she please put the north room in order, and "cheer up"? And, shaking her head, she yet set about executing Sultan Tom's commands at once, and preparing to receive the dear wanderer with a fitting welcome.

So about the 20th of July, these two young bucks descended upon the quiet home on the Hudson, gay with knots of crimson ribbon at their buttonholes, and crimson handkerchiefs, which they allowed to appear seductively from their pockets, — none the less bright and cheery themselves; for they came with the airs of conquerors, and brought a different atmosphere, and much foreign movement, into the rather stagnant life at "Ivy Hill."

And their boy was changed to the doting mother, and to young Mabel, who had shot up fair and tall by this time, and who almost blushed, as Tom came bounding up, and kissed her, and was fairly covered with becoming blushes, when Tom presented "My friend Penhallow, Mabel," and Penhallow bowed elaborately, and said, "I am very happy to meet you, Miss Hammersmith," — Miss Hammersmith! she who had been plain "Mabel" till then, or "Miss Mabel" at most. The mother hugged her dear returned boy to her heart, and would not let him go; and yet felt that he was not the same Tom who had gone away from her a ten-month ago, — such a long ten-month! She was very glad to see Mr. Penhallow, and did all that an absorbed parent could do to make the young men's visit pleasant; for she appreciated that it was but a visit, even to Tom: and she had a shadowy notion that she must prepare as attractive as possible a counterpoise to the gay life that the lad must have been leading, lest he grow weary of home, and wish himself away.

Yes, she felt that he was changed. He was no longer the simple Tom, so artless, so devoted, so naturally impetuous, as before! He had an absorbed air. His voice was more manly and decided, as she had expected, of course; but it had a harsher tone. He had lost the half-shrinking manners of boyhood, and had now almost a swagger, as he strutted about the place with Penhallow; and, horror of horrors! he had picked up the filthy habit of smoking. And the poor widow's heart received a more cruel blow than ever when she saw her darling boy giving way to this "horrid, horrid vice." She felt that her influence over him was indeed waning. She remonstrated with him when she had him alone; but he met her anxious pleading with a trifling jest, and quoted hosts of the head men in the upper classes in Cambridge who smoked, and smoked incessantly.

And she remonstrated, with abated force, at his fine clothes, and the money that he must have spent on them. But he said, "You should see some of the fellows! Why, I'm dressed more quietly than almost any man in my class." And she was sorry that he was going to move into the college-yard with a room-mate. "What! don't you like Penhallow?" asked Tom. And, of course, she did; "but, then" — And Tom put his arm around her impulsively, and told her she must not have so many "notions;" that he could take care of himself. She appreciated that only too well, alas! and went on wondering over the maternal problem which has vexed so many fair heads before, — why boys cannot be kept always boys, and girls always girls?

She knew the Hammersmith nature better than Goldie, however, and was aware that too much remonstrance would be worse than none; and she could only pray God that her Tom might not forget her entirely, or fall into evil courses in his succeeding years. She did not thor-

oughly like young Penhallow, gentlemanly and polite as he always was. He had a more hardened, sarcastic manner than her Tom; and she feared his influence. The young men lingered too long in the dining-room after dinner, she thought; and once or twice, when Tom had insisted on having Bob Ruddiman over to dine, they had taken too much wine, as she feared. They sang college-songs, which came floating out to Mabel and her on the piazza; and there was much boisterous laughter and clinking of glasses. The young men, too, had many knowing winks and dumb-shows among themselves, which she could not understand; and, altogether, she wished it was not so, but that she had her boyish old Tom back again, with all his gentle, loving ways, and that there might be no change. Ah, me!

Meanwhile the young men were beguiling the time as pleasantly as such careless youngsters are wont.

If some of the stories that they brought home, as many of their songs, were of a rather questionable character, better suited for Tufton's gay chambers than the widow's dining-room, there were many, also, which they retailed to the mother and Mabel, to their vast entertainment. Penhallow, who could play a few chords on the piano, contrived to make them do heavy duty, by way of accompaniment, to a number of comic songs; and Mabel was intensely amused at their piquancy, and thought she had "never heard any thing half so funny," when Tom and Penhallow, arrayed in solemn black, with open music-books in their hands, which they thumbed vigorously, stood up by the piano, and sang, though without accompaniment, the serio-comic ditty of "Josephus and Bohunca," of abbreviated *finale*. Ruddiman was fired to emulation, too, and essayed a song of Yale. But his voice was not designed for a solo; and, though he grinned feebly when he came to the funny parts, it seemed very

serious work to the rest; and he looked rather sheepish when he had finished. Mabel said, "Oh! that was very funny." But Bob knew she didn't think so; and he felt more uncomfortable still.

Ruddiman, in fact, was never cut out for a parlor ornament, and had a number of fashionable sisters just enough older than himself to make him feel his own *gaucherie*, which the young ladies took care, also, to impress upon him on all important occasions. An early career with governesses and tutors (whose positions were far from sinecures with the lively young animal Bob) had led up to a later intimacy with grooms and gardeners, and men about the place, in whose company he had spent most of his time, and from whom he had learned many things that might better have been omitted in his education.

His stables were full this summer. The family was away at Saratoga, with a single pair of horses; and Bob never tired of driving and riding and roystering with the young Harvard men, who were made free of his horses, and lured over to "Grasmere" almost daily by the lively young gentleman in charge.

The river was as tempting as ever in the cool of midsummer evenings, when Tom had been accustomed to row; but the men had had enough of boats for many a long day, they said, and preferred the diversions on land which Ruddiman and their own devices provided. And they scandalized the neighborhood with their boisterous conduct; and Mrs. Schuyler and Mrs. Bogardus called as often as possible to gather food for gossip and village amplification, that the young gentlemen's reputations might not dwindle in eclipse.

One Sunday, in fact, when the young men came out of church (there had been a very affecting sermon by the Rev. Lawnsleeve of New York), and found Ruddiman waiting for them with his dog-cart, smoking an immense

cigar, and he called them up and drove them off, with a shout to his horses, cutting Mrs. Van Wyck's coach-dog with his whip as he whirled away, there was a great commotion. Mrs. Schuyler prophesied that no good would come of Tom's associating with young Ruddiman, whose father had better come and look after him if he didn't want to see him in the penitentiary some day. The village busybodies caught up the incident with gusto. The report soon spread, that the young reprobates had actually lighted their cigars in the vestibule, in the face and eyes of the congregation coming out; and people wondered how a certain mother could be so blind, and what the father would have thought to see such goings-on.

But the young men were hardly as abandoned, and utterly given over to the Evil One, as the quiet hamlet would like to make them out. What sinister atoms can there be in the human brain that delight in twisting and torturing and magnifying the errors of their kind?

Though these gay young gentlemen strutted and simpered about the town as if they were thinking of buying it for a pasture, and ogled the few buxom beauties of the place with the air of connoisseurs, and stared in at the milliner's with deused knowing airs, and nodded to young Mangul Wurzel and his cronies as if they said, "How are you, old cabbage-seeds and gunny-bags?" they were harmless little idiots, and meant no wrong. Bless me! how this thin varnish, this rather dazzling veneer of manner, will rub off when they enter presently the great rabble, and push and jostle on their way through life!

And so, after three weeks or more of this bucolic merriment, which had set the village teapot boiling and fizzing so spitefully, the party broke up. Ruddiman was summoned to Saratoga to render an account of his stewardship; and his green suit and shiny red face, which had made him such a picturesque addition at "Ivy Hill,"

were seen there no more that summer. Penhallow, who had accepted Ruddiman's hospitality, but by no means approved of his coarse manners, went off to join a walking-party of Boston men in the White Mountains; and Tom remained at home.

They had brought many novel glimpses of life to Miss Mabel among the other effects of their visit; and the young girl felt more than ever that it must be like living in a romance to be amid the whirl and excitement and fine setting of their daily existence. They had not thought fit to cultivate the sweet young singer. She was a mere girl yet; and "Girls are such infernal idiots!" said Bob, speaking from domestic experience perhaps. But she had heard and seen and imagined enough to believe that they were all young princes in disguise (whether princes of darkness or of light she did not ask herself); but, as a matter of course, they were princes of light, pure and chivalric of life.

And when they were separating, and Penhallow, making his adieus, said to Mabel, "I hope we shall see you in Cambridge some day, Miss Hammersmith," she blushed, and said she didn't know; for she had never thought of such a thing as intruding on this enchanted ground, and actually seeing and enjoying all the beautiful things of which she had heard.

Then she turned to Tom, who broke out with, "Oh, yes! we'll have her come up some day. I think she would enjoy it. But she's too young yet." And she felt very small at this, and as if these were very critical princes after all.

At last Tom, too, left, to stop a week in Stockbridge before returning to Cambridge. And Mabel came to her mother, when they were all gone, and the old quiet was resumed, and, leaning her head against her, asked, "Wasn't it all very bright and merry when they were all here together, mother?" And Mrs. Hammersmith said "Yes, my child," and kissed her.

CHAPTER IX.

A FRESH EXCURSION INTO VERDANCY.

"Don't pour water on a drowned mouse."

OLD PROVERB.

"After a little while, lifting his head from the collar of reflection, he removed the talisman of silence from the treasure of speech, and scattered skirtsful of brilliant gems and princely pearls before the company in his mirth-exciting deliveries."—ORIENTAL BAHAR-DANUSH.

OUR duty now is to chronicle a fact about Mr. Tom, which, however discreditable to him as the chief actor in these pages, and however incongruous with the young gentleman's previous resolutions, is yet necessary for those readers who would duly estimate the temptations with which he was surrounded. For certain it is, that after having had all his finer feelings outraged at the beginning of his college-course by the rough scenes and midnight hazing with which he was greeted, after having been himself put to bed, and smoked out, and otherwise made to suffer for the privilege of coming up to Cambridge, and after having resolved that it was all unworthy of gentlemen, and that, for his part, he would have nothing to do with it, we find him, very soon after his return, setting himself up for a tyrant and a hazer, against all his better convictions, and going the very way which he had resolved against.

We do not attempt to defend him, much less to analyze the reasons, if there were any, which led to this result. Alas! the actions of youth of his age and temperament are not always to be explained by reasons, or at least by

reasons that would find favor with maturer critics. If he were an orthodox puppet-hero, whom I might twitch and pull this way or that, perhaps the unities would demand that he rise superior to his surroundings, and we might already behold the sprouting of his young wings for an early translation. But he is no such "goody" young man or premature cherub; and, if timid readers are unwilling to hear of the trials and pitfalls which awaited him, they will do well to skip this chapter, and not only this, but his entire sophomore year: for, by his diary, I see that we are promised fairer sailing in the latter half of his course; though he would be no Hammersmith, if his instincts did not infallibly guide him into whatever of danger or adventure even that period of comparative quiet had to offer.

I have no doubt that Penhallow, his merry chum, was partly to blame. I have no doubt that Freemantle and Tufton, and the rest with whom he prowled, were partly accountable for the change in him. It may be that Goldie's rather hasty words of condemnation of his relations to Tufton spurred him on. Doubtless, too, his early training, which had kept him too carefully at home, and away from the larks and scrapes, and boisterous doings, of boys of his age, was another cause.

But, bless you! do not imagine that Mr. Tom gave these reasons to himself, or gave any reasons. These are merely my conjectures and yours; and that fiery young sophomore would resent with scorn the throwing of blame upon anybody but himself (if blame is to be given), and would maintain simply that he did thus and so because all the fellows did, and it was fun. I make no doubt, that, while delivering this speech, he would look you frankly in the eye, and smile so pleasantly and honestly, that even you would forget to blame the lad, my dear Icicle, and would join in his smile, and say, laughing, "Well, boys will be boys after all."

"Bloody Monday night" had been passed as usual. Tom and his friends had passed the evening in visiting various freshman rooms outside and inside the quadrangle, spending most of it in Goldie's old quarters, No. 1, Holworthy. It was, indeed, with very odd, changed feelings that they lounged into the familiar entry, through the old oak, where they had entered as freshmen so often, and sat now quizzing and dragooning their successors in this ancient fortress.

Men had been ducked under the town-pump; men had been led blindfolded into the river until they were over their heads. One young freshman had been sewed up in a bag, and hung out of his window all night; another, for too early sporting a beaver, had been left similarly confined all night in the marshes, where he contracted a cold with which he left Cambridge — never to return. Brave men had darted forward in the darkness, thrown a stone or two through a freshman's window, and run for their lives, conscious of great prowess. At the traditional hour the time-honored cobble-stone was hurled through the windows of Holworthy 1, carrying half a sash with it. Buckets of water had been lowered from upper windows, and swung with a crash into freshmen's rooms below. A whole regiment of youngsters had been put to bed together, in a Stoughton room, on the floor, in the beds, in window-seats, on top of the bureau. "Greek crosses," a fearful bugbear to un-Moslem freshmen, had been erected in many a trembling fellow's room, when the smallest man was sure to be flattened on the floor, and the largest to surmount the pile with unhappy weight. In fact, all the enginery of the small warfare had been employed against the new-comers, who had begun, before many days, to discuss the relative cruelty of their tormentors as one might argue the points of a state measure, or the character of a sovereign, simply as a matter of course, in

which one's own feelings, *pro* or *con*, were not for a moment to be considered.

There had been a variety of excesses of late, however, which the faculty had thought best to notice, and condemn by formal proclamation. Several men had been warned, several "private admonitions" had been sent home to alarmed parents and guardians, and the proctors were ordered to keep a sharp lookout for certain suspected individuals, and to repress all disturbance in the quadrangle.

As a natural answer to this challenge of the college government, therefore, the bold sophomore youth had arranged for a mighty *coup* some time before the Thanksgiving recess. There was to be a hazing party the like of which had never been seen before. Everybody was invited to join whose presence could be of the least service; all except sticklers and originals like Breese and the "Sculpin" (as little Totman was called by Mr. Tom and others), who were carefully excluded as not only useless co-efficients, but possible marplots. All the rooms outside the yard were to be visited; and it was arranged, that, if proctors made their appearance, every man was to stand his ground, and a dozen fellows provided with masks and disguises should undertake to dispose of them; how, was left to the exigencies of the moment, and the temper which the proctors might see fit to exhibit.

Perhaps, now, some hilarious young readers of Hammersmith's biography may expect that I am to lead them with circumstantial description (as of "Bædeker" or "Murray") along the route of these merry young sophomores one dark night in early fall, — a route which they left strewn with freshman wrecks. But they will be mistaken. How the band of hazers visited one freshman after another, and went through with what devilish or simply grotesque performance the moment and the chief tormentor suggested; how a deputation from the Massachu-

setts Humane Society, headed by Commodore Whirlpool, was pleased to instruct the youthful freshman, Algernon Vernon Beverly ("Lord, what a name! So small, and all that handle to you!" exclaimed the commodore) in the graceful and eminently useful art of natation, making use of the youth's study-stable as a swimming-bath, — "the Massachusetts Humane Society especially recommends the use of the *tabula rasa* in this course of instruction," explained the learned commodore; how the Albertson brothers, a brace of blue-eyed freshmen who came up to Cambridge with the reputation of fine oarsmen, were made in the dead of night to strip to boating-costume, and pull a ghostly race for the championship of their room, seated on a Latin and a Greek lexicon, and encouraged by such shouts as "Two to one on the blue!" "Five dollars my man turns the stake first!" "Go it, red!" "Lift her on the beginning of the stroke!" "Oh, nobly rowed! see how he reaches!" and so on; how this man had his head shaved, and that one had his furniture thrown into the street; this man smoked into blindness, that one baptized under the convenient pump; how Madam Ripraps, the famous boarding-house mistress, was for calling the police when her premises were invaded, and was only with difficulty pacified by Goldie and others, — these and many other things were among the incidents of that long-drawn night, on which we may well drop the curtain.

They order these things better under the new *régime;* and it is not pleasant to exhibit practices more fit for the pages of the "Newgate Calendar" than for a chronicle of nineteenth-century lads calling themselves gentlemen.

All freshman Cambridge, then, was visited, and ultimately put to bed with friendly wishes for "pleasant dreams, Freshy!" the sophomores parading the town with regular tramp, singing stout choruses when they were well away from the college neighborhood; while placid

Cambridge burghers, pressing the domestic pillow, turned in their disturbed sleep, grumbling, "There they are, at it again! Confound those students!" —"Yes, dear, what a frightful noise! I hope Harry isn't with them."

Thus they paraded through the town, leaving despair and dismay in their wake, together with Gimlet, and one or two of his brother-officers, who followed to see that dismay and despair did not take to themselves fists or weapons, and engage with roistering tyranny, and that tyranny itself did not relapse into license and the destruction of municipal property as well as the sleep of innocent tax-payers.

It is always pleasant to have a friend at court, if it be only a police-court. With divers friendly advances, and more substantial *ditto* in various forms, Mr. Tom, following Tufton's advice (which my lord had imparted from a full experience), had long ago secured such an ally in the person of Gimlet above mentioned; said Gimlet being a portly "peeler" farthest removed from the shape of his insinuating namesake, but possessed of a crafty penetration of student tactics, which the wary would rather allay than brave. And the Gimlet, too, had worked himself into Tom's good graces by many a favorable turn too numerous to mention, till he came to be considered almost in the light of a protecting genius by the young gentleman in question, who felt safe, and not only safe, but sure of himself, which was more important, with that burly guardian of the night in his wake, as to-night. Mr. Tom's assurance that it was "all right, no disturbance of the peace intended," was enough to satisfy an easy conscience keenly alive to a sense of benefits to accrue; and Gimlet and his friends waddled after the crowd, smoking much better cigars than usual, Gimlet, for his part, thinking, in moments of fat reflection, how vastly better was this than patrolling the purlieus of New York as of yore.

The gray of night was shading into a faint yellow on its eastern edge when the crowd was nearing Harvard Square again. Many men had dropped away, tired or sleepy; but Tom and Tufton, and several of our friends, remained, warned, by a growing viciousness in the tortures, that a restraint might be necessary on the reckless fellows who had been conducting most of the hazing in the latter part of the night.

They were in the room of a very young freshman, just above Church Street. They had roused him from sleep, and his peaceful dreams of home and friends and his college-life, — so new to him yet, — and had set him on the table, looking very white from head to foot, and quailing before their roughness. They had about finished with him; had made him read aloud, with appropriate gestures, a letter from his mother, which had been found open on a writing-desk; and the little fellow's quavering voice, and eyes filling with tears (for it was a simple, touching home-letter), made more than one man in the throng blush for himself and the work in which he was engaged.

Ladbroke, a bull-necked sophomore who had just entered the class as fresh-soph, — a swaggering, brutal-looking fellow, flashily dressed, — was acting as chief tormentor just now; and it was largely on that account that Tom and Goldie and others remained. They hated the looks of the man; and they did not know to what his *diablerie* might lead if he were not watched.

When the little freshman was through his letter, and Ladbroke had made a variety of coarse comments on it, calling the freshman a "young sniveller," a "mammy-darling," and so on, he told him to hustle away into his trundle-bed, like the baby that he was.

"See here, though!" he shouted with an oath, "what do you mean by going to bed without saying your prayers?

Down on your knees here, you little hypocrite! Say your prayers now!"

But this was too much; and when the little man turned his eyes appealingly and forlornly at Ladbroke, as if he said, "Can it be possible that you mean what you say?" Hammersmith (God, bless him!) stepped forward by the freshman, and faced Ladbroke.

"Come now, Ladbroke, this is going a little too far! You've no right to ask him to do that."

"'No right'! What do you mean by 'no right'?"

"I mean what I say. There's a limit to all things!—Don't you say so, fellows?" said Tom, tossing a look to the crowd.

"I'd like to know who's going to stop me, that's all!—Come, freshman!"

"*I'm* going to stop you, if you aren't gentleman enough to hold off yourself! I swear, by Jove! this thing shall not go on!" shouted Tom.

Ladbroke looked to the other men, to see if they would stand by him; but they shook their heads, and muttered, "Better leave off, Ladbroke!" "Little fellow's a pretty tender chicken!" "Rather rough on him, I think!" And, like many another coward and bully, he ate his own words, and backed down before the unflinching Hammersmith, who told the freshman to go to bed, and forget the fellow's words if he could; and they left.

Ladbroke had backed down, to be sure; but he mingled with his cronies, muttering against Tom, and sore in his flabby spirit to have been balked before the whole crowd. He was a dangerous man to have for an enemy: but Tom did not think of that when he stepped forward to champion the freshman; nor would he have hesitated, if he had thought of it, as I am happy to believe.

But the party was broken up by this *contretemps;* Ladbroke and his few pals going off to some much-to-be-com-

miserated freshmen on Brattle Street, and Tom and the rest returning to their rooms. They crept noiselessly to their various "pens," as an able but caustic feminine critic has called the hard-featured quarters of those days; whence, in a few moments, they heard the cry of "Proctors, proctors!" and saw the Ladbroke company scurrying through the quadrangle in flight.

Later in the day, for the sun was now tipping with light the spire of the church opposite, Wasson and Lytton were found to have been the only captures. Wasson, as a rusticated man who had no business in town on any pretext without leave, was formally expelled from the university, and ordered to leave Cambridge within twenty-four hours. Lytton, a harmless dawdler in the last end of the class, of whom nobody had a word to say for good or bad, except that he swelled the numbers of his class, and was a graceful smoker, was rusticated till second term.

How the class, as one man, rallied about these two men, the first to be suspended or expelled in term-time! How they magnified their heroism with the proctors, and looked up to them as they moved about, this last day of Wasson's, collecting their effects, and taking leave of their old quarters!

Toward evening, when all Cambridge is humming with the news of the vast hazing of the night before, a hack is seen drawn up at one of the corners of Holyoke Street; and presently the entire sophomore class comes marching down the street, escorting the two men. They cheer, and hug the men and each other, and dance about the hack, and the horses leap forward, and the two men are gone, waving their hats till they are out of sight, and then, for the first time, sinking back upon the reflection what sorry young idiots they are.

The class goes back to the square, very hoarse and very hungry; and the men separate, saying among themselves, "It's too bad! They're mighty nice fellows, aren't they?"

CHAPTER X.

A LITTLE ACTRESS IN MORE SENSES THAN ONE.

"The strings of the harp are wet while the bard repeats thy tale."
FROM THE NORSE.
"Malum est osculum, labia venenum sunt."—MOSCHUS.

TUFTON'S drag, which that young gentleman was wont to use to convey himself about the neighborhood of Cambridge, with its flashing red wheels, and dark bay horse sporting a carefully "banged" tail, drew up suddenly on Mason Street, in the rear of the Boston Theatre. Tufton threw the lines to an hostler, bespoken at Garcelon's as he passed; and by the light of the street-lamps and a bulbous luminary over the small rear-door of the theatre, the street urchins and wistful outcasts gathered on the spot saw Mr. Tufton and our friend Tom leap lightly from the drag, and approach the private entrance, where hurrying actors, men and women and children, were admitted momently.

A quick knock, and the small door was moved cautiously, and then thrown obsequiously open, as the well-known face of Tufton appeared. He entered with Tom, pressing the usual *douceur* into the palm of the aged servitor as he passed, and presently emerged through a narrow dark passage upon a wilderness of flats and scenes and stage-effects.

"Ah, Garibaldi, how do?" said Tufton, as a figure of ample circumference, in a faded velvet coat and brilliant neckerchief, came slowly into view up a subterranean

stairway at their feet. "Eh — cosi, cosi," returned he of the velvets, producing a capacious silk handkerchief, and mopping himself vigorously, his small dark eyes looking piercingly at Mr. Tom.

"This is my friend Mr. Johnson. We'd like to go on to-night if you've no objection," said Tufton; and Tom felt a bit suspicious of a place where a changed name seemed a necessary safeguard, but said nothing, and bowed to Garibaldi, head functionary of the lower regions and supernumeraries.

"Of course, of course," answered Garibaldi. "You be a leetle late: curtain is rising in five minutes. But I keep two suits for you: I have expect you. Make all the haste is possible, if you please;" and Garibaldi's fat palm received the same beneficent touch as the ancient door-keeper's, while our young gentlemen descended a rickety flight of steps to a musty dressing-room under the stage.

It was not the first time that the two had been to the theatre together. Much less was it the first time that they had been in to beat the town of a night, and drive out at a furious pace, in time for a brief nap before Tom's morning prayers; Tufton, happy sleeper, having no clang of bell, or rushing to cold chapel, to disturb his matutinal rest, but dozing away peacefully in his pretty little pink-hung bed, after a night out, till his man Jordan bethought him that his lord had had rest enough, and came in to wake him. But it was the first time that Tom had entered the mysterious regions in which they were now laying aside their nineteenth-century envelopes, and donning the tawdry splendor of a bygone civilization; the first time that he had looked on the reverse side of the great stage-curtain hanging before the vast spaces which reach upwards into nowhere, and sidewise into passages lumbered with the paraphernalia of illusion.

Tufton, as has been implied, was an old hand at this

sort of thing. When the two emerged as knights of the middle ages, crusaders, janizaries, mounted police, or whatever kind of fugleman was meant to be indicated by their motley magnificence, Mr. Tom was not a little amazed at my Lord Tufton's *sang-froid*, and familiarity with the gods of the stage, little and big.

He nodded familiarly to the chief actors; had a word for each of the smaller fry (whom he called by their Christian names in many cases), and a joke or a compliment, in a low voice, for the gauzy young girls that were encountered at every turn, seated on old trunks and chairs, or a green bank temporarily out of use, or leaning wearily against the flats, their faces wofully frescoed with paints and rouge. Some of these my lord treated with even more familiarity, chucking them under the chin, or chaffing them on their get-up, or standing long with one and another of them in absorbed whispering.

In fact, he was quite another Tufton from him that Tom knew in Cambridge. Tom wondered at the sudden ease with which he seemed to have thrown off his mask of reserve and restraint, habitually worn in the university neighborhood, and appeared as a jolly, off-hand young party, with a laugh and a joke for everybody and every thing. There was many a mask to come off, and many a curtain to be removed for Mr. Tom, with all his boasted knowledge and self-sufficiency, before he could see the world as it is, alas! But he was fated to learn it by bitter experience, like the rest of us; and it is perhaps well that it is so. The lesson is vastly better remembered thus learned; and it is, perhaps, a kinder dispensation that confident youth should go on believing and trusting, and making their young mistakes for a while, than that we should tell them of the shams and failures, and to-morrow's disappointment which await them, and so rob life of half the joy of its expectancy.

Tufton introduced Tom to some of these much-painted young women in abbreviated draperies; and though "my friend Johnson" was a handsome, keen-eyed fellow, who ought to have known better, and didn't look as green as he in reality was, he blushed like a schoolgirl, and fiddled with his belt or his uncomfortable helmet, and, like the man in "Punch," had "absolutely no conversation" fitted for the occasion. Tufton rallied him on it when they were on their way home. But Tom said, "Pooh! nonsense! You don't suppose I was going to say what I had to say before you and the rest of them," implying that he was elaborately eloquent when he had the field to himself. But, at the same time, he felt that it would take a long apprenticeship to equal his master Tufton in his *nonchalant* gallantry and adaptability. Nevertheless, he vowed that he would be "even with my Lord Tufton yet."

Later in their career, they will not deign always to incase themselves in these rusty velvets and fustian garments as to-night, when they are performing their great *rôles* as armed retainers to the evil genius of the nether realms in the moving spectacular drama of "The Emerald Grotto," with its nymphs of *ne quid nimis* draperies, its clap-trap effects, its judgment-day of red lights. Later in their career they will saunter in as others of the *jeunesse dorée* to ogle the players languidly, or stand at the flats to receive some especially-to-be-congratulated actress as she comes off, or chat for a while with Boggle, the sub-manager, as he sits smoking his inevitable clay pipe.

But it is all so fresh and dazzling to Tom to-night, that he rushes into every new scene with a spirit which he will soon lose; my Lord Tufton graciously feigning an enthusiasm which he cannot in reality feel, out of regard for Mr. Tom's novitiate, or perhaps from a more sinister motive, which may appear later.

Now, you are not to suppose that Mr. Tom became a

regular *attaché* of the green-room, like yonder plump *flaneur* by the flats there, nightly on hand with his nosegay for a favorite actress; or that he eloped with the "first walking-lady;" or did any thing else especially extraordinary, and unbecoming a young gentleman of his high honor. But when Tufton came bowling into Cambridge of an afternoon in his drag, as Tom was coming from recitation, and, pulling his horse up on his haunches, invited Tom so cheerily, — "Come, Hammersmith, let's go in to the Boston to-night: we'll take a bite at Parker's, and tool round to the play afterwards," — what especial reason was there for refusing? It was very pleasant to toss his books to a friend, and saying, "Here, Jack, just throw these down in my entry, will you?" to jump into the shining drag, and whirl off at a spanking trot for town. Less fortunate fellows looked at him enviously; and under-classmen wagged the head of admiration, saying among themselves, "Deused rakish pair of fellows, eh?" —all which the observant Tom saw and enjoyed, you may be sure, as do most others who are riding on the top-wave, as they imagine, and looking down upon those in the trough of the sea.

So that many a night in the fall, and during the long winter-season, the old gentleman under the bulbous luminary opened his little door for the young reprobates, the younger of whom was rapidly feeling the different rounds of the ladder which he had set for himself, and rapidly becoming a worthy peer of my Lord Tufton in the dubious arena. My lord was a skilful diplomate in this, as in all other things; and, knowing his man now pretty thoroughly, he played his cards with an adroitness worthy of a better game.

Meanwhile the "autumn twilights in all their melancholy," of which De Guérin speaks, had come and gone. Long-drawn winter evenings and the small routs of Cam

bridge society came on, and Tom was often in request at the many houses where he had entrance.

College-clubs and secret societies were again in full blast; and Tom, with many of his friends, had been initiated with due solemnity into a Greek-letter society, the very name of which as only a rumored existence had almost frozen his young freshman blood but a short year ago: (how rapidly he seemed to himself to be aging, and putting on the airs of wisdom!) the transcript of its fateful three letters to these pages would be followed by I know not what dire consequences to Hammersmith and his biographer alike. But when I say that he was blindfolded, and taken in charge by his initiators in a distant field of Cambridge, led and driven and ridden for miles about the town, dipped into the river, pushed from stone walls, finally rammed down a coal-hole on a certain sidewalk, and received by brother initiators below, whence he was conducted up stairs, and subjected to the society rack of torture ("Ὁ κύκλος, ὁ σλειδερος, ὁ βλάγκετος, brothers"), fellow-members of his at least may know where to place him, and may know also the grip which he was taught, which he used so exultantly for a few years, and then utterly forgot.

Sophomore class-supper, too, had come on in the short Thanksgiving recess; and the dining-hall of Porter's had echoed till long past midnight with the speeches and toasts, the shouts and songs, common to those festive occasions. Freemantle had presided with an easy grace which became him well. Trimble's fluty tenor enabled him to fill his *rôle* of chorister with immense success. And our friend Hammersmith, as toast-master, quite outdid himself with the wit and appropriateness and happy rendering of the many sentiments which he provided, and to which the freer rein of the later revelry allowed a large liberty of addition by enthusiastic classmates. Hammer-

smith, indeed, had made a strenuous effort to have Tufton admitted as a friend and entertainer of so many men in the class. But Albemarle, the champion of precedent and prerogative, Goldie, and, in fact, almost everybody but Tom and a few of Tufton's especial pals, pooh-poohed the idea from the start; and it was only Tom's well-known vivacity, cleverness, and *sang-froid* (the last so largely learned under Tufton's tutorship), that overcame the objections which this advocacy of Tufton's admission had raised against him, and that elected him toast-master of the evening.

It was no disgraceful orgy, I am happy to say, as were so many sophomore suppers in the days before the flood. There was the restraining influence of an exceptionally gentlemanly and refined chairman, who discountenanced all excess; and the presence of almost the entire class, many of them sober to abstinence, all drawn together by that *esprit de corps* which is so pleasant a growth of college-life, source of many errors and false judgments though it may be. And although there was a prodigious rapping of tables towards the close of the feast, and much part-singing not put down in the "Arion;" and although Ladbroke wanted to fight a waiter for telling him the champagne was out; and Pinckney, who had just returned to Cambridge, was toasted and pledged till he grew quite uproarious and confidential by turns, — there was no wild scene, or whirlwind of termination, such as the old hotel has seen many a time before and since, I doubt not.

Little Oliver's poem, too, was received with shouts of applause, particularly his allusions to the faculty, in solemn spondaic verse, and his gratulations over the success of the class-crew, which were delivered in rattling dactyls. And at last, when everybody was tired of his own merriment, and the stoutest reveller could shout no more, they broke up with three ringing cheers, which shook the lights

on the tables, and woke the sleepiest cattle-driver in the farthest room of the bovine hotel; and marched back to Cambridge in the frosty night-air, singing mighty choruses as they went.

During all this time, the visits of Tufton and Tom to the stage of the theatre were kept up with tolerable regularity; and Tom, in accordance with Tufton's divination, and almost as if in answer to an expressed wish, began more and more to withdraw his interest from general features, and concentrate it on particulars.

"Tufton," said Tom one evening in midwinter, as they were watching the stage from their usual place (marked L. M. in stage-directions), "seems to me the Queen of Love is hardly as seductive a looking female as might have been picked out for the part," — "The Emerald Grotto" had been revived for a few nights, just after the holidays.

"I should say not. Why, bless you! she's — how old should you think?"

"Very hard to say, with all the toggery and war-paint she has on. I should say somewhere near forty, to be safe."

"Forty! Lord, Hammersmith, you'd never do for a fortune-teller! If she ever sees sixty again, it will not be in this world. But it's the old story, — drunken husband, large family of infant loves, kind-hearted manager. Boggle has acted like a brick toward her, all the company calling for her dismissal, — 'Too old,' 'regular shrew,' 'taking all the chief parts,' and so on. But Boggle has stood by her through it all; says she'll never want for a place while *he* has the reins, and while she retains as much fire as she has now. Gad, she's not such a bad actress, either! You should have seen her in 'Pygmalion.' Half the town crazy about her not over five years ago; and young Lumpkin of Jamaica Plain lost a bet of a hundred and fifty that she was not over twenty-five."

"More fool he," said Tom. "I should have known better than that myself. But who is that speaking now?"

"Why, that's Boggle's own daughter."

"What!" said Tom. "By Jove, she's a neat little figure! How sad-looking, though, when she's through her speech! I don't remember noticing her particularly when 'The Grotto' was on before."

"No wonder! she wasn't in it; had a long spell of fever, and is only back a week now. You would think she had cause to look sad if you knew her history."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Tom, bristling with curiosity.

"Hush, not so loud! Old Boggle! Tom, you will hardly believe it; but Boggle, who is so kind to Mrs. Jacobs, the Queen of Love there, is a perfect brute to his own daughter. I don't know that I have a right to tell you, as I only came by it under pledge of secrecy."

"Oh, do!" said Tom. "What's the odds? I'm sure you can depend on it's not going any farther than me."

"Well, it's no great secret, after all. Everybody on the stage knows how he watches her while she's here, never lets a man speak to her, keeps her shut up all the time she's not acting. But that's not so bad; though I did nearly have a row when I first came on, not knowing the old Argus's squeamishness. But the way he treats her outside is a perfect shame!"

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Tom, feeling his curiosity merging into a strong chivalric interest in the young actress whose history was so mysterious and so sad.

But Tufton pretended to be unwilling to tell him any thing further where they were, for fear of being overheard, promising, however, to enlighten him on the way home. He knew very well how a little suspense would be

apt to work with an impetuous young fellow like Tom; and he smiled to himself to see that Tom followed the actress in question intently with his eyes the rest of the evening, apparently noticing no one else.

"Don't you think you could manage to introduce me?" asked Tom.

"Afraid not," said Tufton. "Not here, at any rate. See the old boy watching her? Perhaps we might manage it some time, if we're sly. But I warn you: you may put your foot in it before you know it, my boy!" Artful Tufton! didn't he know that this was the very condition of affairs to tempt Tom on? Hadn't he waited for this very conversation to spring up, fearing, at last, that he might have to broach the matter himself, and so rob his plan of its naturalness? An oppressed young woman domineered by a brute of a father; dangerous ground, too, where Tufton himself had almost been mired, — what conjunction of circumstances could have been imagined more alluring to chivalrous Tom, eager for adventure, and careless of danger!

"It's simply this," said Tufton, as they were on their way to Cambridge. "You saw what a delicate, sad little piece she is. Well, sir, old Boggle not only takes every cent of salary the little girl earns, — and you can imagine where it goes," continued he, inverting his fist before his mouth, — "but he keeps her shut up, like a nun, in her room on Joy Street, from morning till night, doing what? working at sewing and other such jobs as are brought in. And the old villain, you can be pretty sure, receipts the bills for them, and pockets the swag, as he does the salary! By Jove, no wonder she had a fever, and was laid up for a month! And they do say that he has beaten her, and kept her shut up in a closet, and done all sorts of mean things with her. But I imagine that it is all exaggerated a good deal: people about a theatre are such

tattlers! At any rate, the little thing has had the same sorrowful look ever since *I've* known her, and"—

"You know her! I thought you did not."

"I can't say that I do exactly," returned Tufton. "Boggle has introduced me; but I've never had a chance to see her alone: he's always glued to her side, the old sinner! and I've more than half a mind that she is not his daughter, after all!"

"What a fiend!" shouted Tom. "Is there no way of putting a stop to his persecutions?"

"Hardly see how," answered Tufton. "Oh, I wouldn't borrow any trouble about her! She'll run away some day, or put a little strychnine on her tongue, and then the old brute will find out what a treasure he has lost. For she seems,—though remember I only speak from seeing her on the stage,—she seems a very ladylike little woman, with considerable talent in a small way: in fact, she seems completely out of place in her present position. Perhaps the same idea has occurred to you?"

"By Jove, it has! more than once, since I've been watching her to-night. Her manners are entirely different from those of the crowd around her; and I could not help fancying, when I first saw her, that there was some great sadness eating away at her heart. I don't see how you can talk of her killing herself in such a cold-blooded way. I think it's all a burning shame;" and Tom suddenly became quiet.

We have no intention of following with a particular description along the trail which Tom found opening for him, or of recounting the various means by which he was beguiled by the way. Tufton was careful to impress him daily with an appreciation of the dangers that beset him, but at the same time lent himself to the task of overcoming them with a readiness which might indicate, to a cool observer, that the dangers were of his own imagining.

Mr. Tom was no cool observer, however, but fired with a noble resolve to see if some relief might not be brought to the sad young creature; and no suspicions of duplicity on the part of Tufton came to disturb the large philanthropy with which he was filled.

Now, do not smile at chivalric Tom, seeking to succor a young actress, and calling it, if he call it any thing, by the safe generalization of philanthropy. You and I, my dear Philippus, who have perfect command over our feelings, and are aware how specious a cover is this same philanthropy, may, perhaps, be amused at the lad's impetuosity, and see dangers that he does not conceive possible. We know how, in children of an older growth, philanthropy becomes the cover of much private rebellion, and love of fame, and dyspeptic unhappiness; and we may well fear lest the love of his species, in a vivacious youngster like our Tom, take on a rosy complexion, and suffer itself to be narrowed to a dangerous unit, destructive of a wide application.

As these memoirs, however, are drawn solely from Hammersmith's own confessions and the explanations of his journals, and as the family failing has never been towards deliberate misrepresentation, we are compelled to believe him when he says, that however much appearances may be against him, and a later construction of several parties may be insisted on, his first and only thought was of helping the unhappy young girl, if so be he could. If, in spite of his best endeavors, he was unable to afford her assistance, and if, later, he contented himself — but we are outrunning ourselves. He has always maintained, and will to the end declare, that all the Garrisons, Howards, Phillipses, Nightingales, and Frys of Christendom, were no more led on by philanthropy than he, when he begged Tufton to contrive, if possible, to procure him an introduction to the sad-eyed young actress

who figured on the play-bills as Miss Graciana Lee. Her real name, or rather the name by which she received the various needle-work at her little rooms, was Emily Boggle.

This introduction, and the insinuation of Mr. Tom into the little rooms of Miss Graciana, — Emily in the vulgate, — were no very difficult matter, in spite of the imaginary dangers, when we consider the ready consent of all concerned. Not that it all came about at once, or that Tom, for his part, did not suppose that he was doing most wonderful things, running, as he would have said, "no end of danger," and pursuing his philanthropy under most discouraging circumstances, — the fear of possible surprise and of terrible parental retribution.

"Mind, Tom, I distinctly wash my hands of all responsibility, if any thing happens to you," Tufton had said. "I warn you of the risk, but cannot refuse to get you an acquaintance with her if you really wish. Heaven knows the little thing needs friends badly enough!"

And Tom looked very grand, and, I must own, not at all philanthropic, as he tossed his head proudly, and made some rejoinder about "hanging" the danger and the risk, or something of the kind. He did not feel the less grand, and neither more nor less philanthropic, as he found himself escorting Miss Graciana across the Common to her rooms one night not long after Tufton's warning.

"You are shivering: are you cold?" asked Miss Graciana.

"Yes, a little. The wind always sweeps across the Common so!" said Tom.

"Let me button your coat at the neck," said she. "Why, you silly boy, your throat is all bare!" And she fumbled at his great-coat, rising on her toes to do it; and a gas-light showed him a pair of very bright little eyes without a particle of sadness in them now, and peachy round cheeks which ought never to be wet with tears, and

small red lips that looked exceedingly inviting, — but some Harvard men were singing towards Cambridge in the next mall! — and, altogether, a trig little being, which might well tempt a stronger moralist than Tom to concentrate a wide philanthropy upon herself, to the neglect of the rest of mankind.

But the dangerous little unit dropped his arm at the corner of a dark court on the western end of Joy Street, and put out her hand.

"I live in here," she said. "I thank you *so* much for your kindness! Good-night." And, while Tom was mumbling some nonsense or other, she pulled her hand away, and was gone. Tom strode rapidly out to Cambridge, twirling his cane excitedly, and winding this novel thread of experience around his romantic boy's heart.

Why hadn't she asked him to call on her, though? why had she torn herself away so suddenly? Ah, my dear Tom! you are propounding riddles too deep for Delphi. You are forgetting your Virgilian *varium et semper mutable femina*. You are attempting to drain one of those long thin wineglasses called "impossibles" because they never can be quite emptied. Why is woman a sphinx? Why are we pensive at twilight? Where is the odor of last year's roses? She did not ask you to call and see her, to come up, in fact, this very evening, my dear young *ignoramus*, because she was extremely anxious to have you do this very thing. She tore herself away, and ran off like Galatea in the eclogue, because she was longing to remain right here at the corner, by your side, her little hand in yours, listening to your light twaddle and all your vows of sympathy and admiration. But you are very young yet, and may understand these things better before you join the ranks of "all good fellows whose beards are gray."

About contemporaneous with this first escort to the Joy-

street court, a careful inspector of college-belongings might have detected the beginning of many marked passages in the ancient tragedies and comedies in which Mr. Tom was engaged. Beauties of expression which had escaped him before now caught his eye with a personal application. His Antigone and Alcestis showed many a pencil-mark abreast of an epigrammatic description or a noble sentiment; while, as for his Horace and Theocritus, they were fairly disfigured with his significant pencillings and a whole gallery of dainty heads and vignettes with which the young philanthropist embellished appropriate odes and idyls. And I fear me, that if pains were taken, and these various signboards of Mr. Tom's sentimental journey were collected, they would be found to point, not to the unselfishly beneficent goal to which he declares he was aiming, but to a private pleasure-ground of romance and sentiment of quite another character, in which he delighted to disport.

As he went on in this journey, came again and again to the theatre, again and again escorted the young sphinx to her home, and at last was admitted again and again to her narrow quarters in the little court, Cambridge could not be supposed to be ignorant of Mr. Tom's infatuation, and almost nightly absence from its learned halls. The utmost precaution on his own part, and a reticence which told many things because it was so sudden and marked, could not prevent the bright skirts of his sophomore romance from appearing now and then in the area of university gossip, where they received a mighty inflation.

Small scraps of information were brought out also from the metropolis now and then. Tom had been frequently seen hanging about the corner of Tremont and West Streets when the theatre-crowds were pouring out. "Oh! I'm waiting for a friend," he would say, if a fellow addressed him. He was known to be almost as constant an

attendant on the stage now as the call-boy himself. Fennex could swear that he had seen him once or twice cutting into the Joy-street court, with a small, hooded figure on his arm; and so, amid much leisurely smoke and gossipy lounging, Tom's little escapade grew and spread, like the genius from the fisherman's net, till it threatened quite to overshadow that youngster himself, and become the sensation of the hour.

Hence, too, it came that he acquired a prodigious reputation as a man of the world among Cambridge men, — a reputation which a certain other person in Cambridge was taking great pains to increase by various personal embellishments and rather unjustifiable disclosures. For, though Tom did not know it till long afterwards, Tufton was well aware of the impulse that a reputation of this sort would give his pupil; and, while Tom was as secretive of his own affairs as the college-pump is of the long history of quadrangle events which it has witnessed, Tufton, by crafty insinuation and occasional contribution of facts, contrived to add considerable substance to the shadowy rumors that were floating about the college-walks, and looking in at college suppers and societies.

His fame was greater, I regret to say, though quite other, than after his wonderful Greek examination of freshman year. His absorbed air and pensive smoking were remarked by men who had been used to expect jollity and laughter and openness from him. Some men dared to say that Tufton the Great was ruining him; and fearful stories of his losses at play, and his excesses in company with Tufton, were told; which were happily untrue. Under-classmen, in whose hands legendary history grows so rapidly, added rows of ciphers to the amounts of his losses, and a dubious spice to many harmless escapades. They looked up to him as to something quite awful, as he paced the yard in an abstracted mood, after the fashion of

Dante; and it was not long before the story ran, that he had fought a duel or two on account of an actress; and small freshmen at their ambitious wine-parties retailed many startling facts about him, and winked at their wine-glasses with a deused knowing air.

Ah, what a glamour they threw over the young fellow! And how supremely unconscious he was of his Lovelace fame! though occasional hints of the estimate placed upon him came to his ear, not unpleased to listen. Philanthropists are not of the stuff, forsooth, to quail and halt before an unfriendly showing, to put their hands to the plough, and then turn back; and a Hammersmith philanthropist least of all.

. . . . . .

"Why won't you tell me all about your troubles, Miss Lee?" said Tom, leaning his elbow on her table one evening, where the young girl was busy with her needle, under a flattering drop-light, working prettily at a fancy handkerchief for the young philanthropist.

"I am not sure that I know you well enough," she answered, threading a needle, and looking peculiarly comical, with one eye closed, as she turned towards the light.

"Know me! Haven't I been with you almost every evening for two months now? Haven't I brought you home again and again on the wildest kinds of nights? Haven't I brought you books and flowers, and no end of things?" And he opened, and twiddled the leaves of, a Byron in lavish binding, his latest gift.

"Yes, you've been very kind certainly; but"—

"Well?"

"How am I to know that you are any better than most of the young men in Cambridge? How am I to know that you are going to do all the fine things that you speak of?"

"By Jove, Miss Emily! you're too hard on me. Have I ever done any thing to make you distrust me?"

"N–n–no."

"Have I ever been impertinent or forward?"

"I should say not," said she with a laugh. "On the contrary, I thought, that first night on the Common, that you were mightily afraid of me. You'll never die of over-boldness, you may be sure." And Tom vowed he'd try that mode of death some day, if sufficiently provoked; and she had better be careful (this to himself).

"Do you take me for a man like Tufton?" he asked, casting about for the first man with whom to compare himself.

"Ugh! don't speak of him. I hate the sight of him! Such an odious-looking man! I am sorry to see you with him every time I see you together."

"I don't think he's so bad-looking," apologized Tom.

"So he's not — except for his eyes. But men don't notice such things."

"Well, what can I do, then, to prove myself worthy of confidence?" asked Tom.

"I'll not tell you now. There, please pick up my thimble," folding her hands meekly in her lap. Tom sprawled over the floor, fished the thimble from under the sofa, and was handing it to her, when he stopped, and said quickly, —

"What's that?"

"What?"

"I heard a noise in the next room. Isn't it your dressing-room?"

"Yes; but — I heard no noise. It was your own imagination. Perhaps it was a cat on the shed. Now, you little goosey, come here! Don't be such a nervous little man. Was its little heart scared because it heard a tom-cat at the window? Now give me my thimble, and be good." And she pierced him with a blue-tipped lance.

"I'll do nothing of the sort till you tell me what I can do to be worthy of your trust." And he held the thimble behind his back, poking his chin at her.

"That isn't at all becoming to you," she said. "Now, Mr. Johnson, — there, you see how little I know you! I didn't even know your right name. Johnson isn't, I'm *very* sure. They're all called Johnson on the stage, all you naughty men. I'll tell you what: I'll make a bargain with you. You give me my thimble, and tell me your real name, and I'll promise to tell you any thing you wish to know."

"Any thing?"

"Yes, unless it's *very* impertinent." Why *did* she look at him so roguishly?

"I'm to give you the thimble, and tell you my name?"

"Yes."

"You're to tell me any thing I want to know?"

"Yes, any thing."

"Can't do it. Isn't a fair bargain. I'm to do two things; you only one."

"Well, but perhaps I shall tell you lots of things. They'll count more than one; that is, if you care any thing about me at all," she said, with an appearance of great dejection. Then she suddenly looked up, took a skein of red silk from the table, which made a pretty bit of color against her black dress, habitually worn, and her general coloring of face and hair, which was "clear and gold-yellow," like Heine's friend, saying, —

"Now hold this for me, that's a good man! You'll not want *too* hard a bargain from me?"

Tom resigned the thimble, and put his great brown paws in the pretty coils of red silk; but his clumsy fingers would get hopelessly tangled, and his thumb was always in the way; and the young siren bent over him, as he sat on a low seat before her, and removed the snarls, telling

him that he did it on purpose. But Tom said, "Oh, no!" and looked very innocent. And he felt her warm breath on his face, and snarled the thread again, and again said, "Oh, no!" Altogether it was a *funny* situation for a philanthropist; but I make no doubt that he tried to endure it as well as he could.

"Now tell me your name, Mr. *Johnson*," she said, when they were about half through, and Tom was watching her rapid fingers.

"What will you give?"

"Oh! any thing, almost."

"The whole name?"

"Of course."

"Samuel Brown."

"I don't believe a word of it! You were never a Sam, you know perfectly well."

"How could you tell? Well, I'll confess: I was fooling that time. It's Arthur Simpson."

"Arthur Simpson! Where *did* you invent such a name? You're no Arthur, either! Arthur is too soft for you; though you *are* pretty s — s" —

"What do you say?" he exclaimed. But she drew back, and told Tom to behave; and he did, although he didn't feel at all like it.

"No, really, what is it?" she asked.

"Thomas" —

"Well, why not say Tom? That's stronger."

"Tom Sampson."

"No, that's *too* strong. You're no Sampson! Come, now, you'll *never* tell me!"

"Tom Hammersmith," he said.

"No, really? that's very nice and strong."

"Why do you believe me this time?" he exclaimed, looking a bit discomfited. "Did you know it? By Jove! I believe — Who could have told you? It isn't fair!"

And the thread was fearfully tangled of a sudden; and there was a pretty little melodrama of red silk and blue cravat, small hands, fair blooming cheek, and impertinent mustache; after which came her epilogue, —

"O you naughty man, go home!"

. . . . . .

And Tom at length went — though not as one driven, and astonished Gimlet with his hilarity, meeting him on his beat towards Cambridgeport; and, bursting into his own rooms, performed a war-dance, and shook Penhallow in his bed, howling like a dervish at him.

Penhallow opened a sleepy eye, and growled, —

"What in thunder's the row? Go to bed!" which Tom at length did, after considerable prancing about, and a little private worship of a knot of red silk which he took from his button-hole.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH MR. TOM ALMOST SMELLS GUNPOWDER.

"A deer with a halter around his neck cannot go where he pleaseth."

SAADI.

Οὐδεὶς γυναικὸς φάρμακ' ἐξεύρηκέ πω
Κακῆς· τοσοῦτόν ἐσμεν ἀνθρώποις κακόν.

EURIPIDES.

WE are not proposing to enlarge upon this episode of Mr. Tom's career, or to set down much of his harmless capering in those salad days when he hovered about the Joy-street court.

Placid men of the world, grown gray in service, may smile at the lad's simplicity, his easy inflammability, his guilelessness; and I own that there is much that is laughable in the adorable verdancy and charming gravity of youthful affairs of this sort. His word for it, Tom felt that it was no laughing matter, as the phrase goes, at the time. He seemed appreciably older since this chivalric mantle had fallen upon his shoulders. He moved about with a sense that a part had been assigned him, and that at last his turn to act had come. It is sad to have to own, at last, that the part is mere ranting, and the fair Dulcinea whom we would rescue a mere designing minx, who has been playing us on a hook for veriest pastime. But it is sadder to have to own that we are incapable of sympathy and chivalry, and the tenderer sentiments that come in their train, and proud that we are as stocks and stones.

It was very pleasant, then, and seemingly much beset

with danger, for our Hammersmith free-lance to charge upon the unconscious metropolis (which would have been electrified, and would have risen to him as to a conqueror, he felt, if it had known how his heart was bursting with great yearning plans), and to hang up his shield in the Joy-street court, and chirrup with the beleaguered Graciana in her third-story donjon, hung with dingy lace curtains, which were transfigured by her presence, as were all the other tawdry appointments of the rooms, into something quite wonderful and princely. How he poured out his boyish hopes and plans to her! How he read to her, and quoted much unintelligible nonsense, while she rolled her tender, melancholy eyes at him, and sighed. He argued with her on the theatrical life that she was leading, its trials, its hardships, its temptations, and by degrees drew from her an account of her griefs, substantially the same as Tufton's version. And he walked the room, his anger breaking out in excited speech, declaiming against her cruel father, and tortured his brain to find some way of escape for her.

"Now, don't, Tom!" she would say, — it was Tom and Emily now, — "remember, he's my father. It's very hard to bear; but I must do it." And she looked so resigned and patient, and altogether captivating, as she sat at her work-table, stitching away at some feminine mystery, that Tom could only rave and stamp the more, bursting with sympathy.

"But, confound it! There ought to be some way of putting an end to it! It's downright cruelty! He ought to be shut up! Emily, has he ever beaten you?"

"N–n–no; but he's very harsh and rough with me sometimes. And, Tom, I don't know what he would do, if he should ever catch you here. He only comes once a week generally, to get the money; but he *might* come, and I don't know what I *should* do!"

"Oh, don't you be alarmed! I'm not afraid of him, or a hundred like him!" Tom would answer, with a defiant toss of the head natural to him, clinching his fists, and striding about. Once, in fact, he had nearly demolished a panel of the hall-door, bringing his hard knuckles down upon it till it cracked, and Emily started. "I'd like to give him a piece of my mind, and ask him what he means by treating you so!"

"Now, promise me you'll *never* fly out at him if he comes here, or have any words with him at the theatre, won't you? — there's a good boy!" And she pushed the hair from his forehead, and kissed him.

"I can't," he said.

"But you must! You have no idea how ferocious he is when he's mad."

"Do you mean that I shall go on seeing him ill-treating you, and taking all your money, and never try to help you?"

"But what can you do?"

"I'll *see* what I can do!" and he fell to thinking, and looked very resolute.

Lamb says that he can conceive of two persons, who have never seen each other, meeting for the first time, and instantly falling to fighting. Mr. Tom had been endowed by nature with no such subtle tendency to pugnacity and sudden enmity, and, I imagine, was as amiable a young fellow at this period of his life, and as free from unusual ebullitions of feeling, as most lads of his ardent temperament. The first sight of Boggle the actor had raised no such dire longing in his heart as Lamb describes. A bustling sub-manager, ordering about a gang of fustian carpenters, and arranging stage-properties, is not ordinarily considered in the light of a red flag to a bull. But Tom felt now that the very sight of Boggle, the tyrant-father, the miscreant, the villain, — with which names he

continually showered him, — would be enough to rouse all the worst passions in him. He would fall on him at once, — he knew he would, — and, seizing him by the throat, call him to account for all his harsh treatment of his daughter. Such thoughts were very easy and quite natural to Tom, as he paced the room, or strode grandly out to Cambridge, or talked sympathizingly with Tufton on the subject; Tufton counselling extremest caution, but contriving at the same time to add fuel to the young fellow's wrath and devotion by various judicious means, while appearing anxious to quell his fiery spirit.

Breathing such vows and dark intentions, the lad managed to lash himself into quite a frenzy. And exchanging soft speech, such as that of which we have seen a specimen, Miss Emily and Tom continued to promenade the private pleasure-ground of sentiment above referred to, absorbingly happy in the present, and looking forward to the time when they could shut the gate entirely on odious parents and all obnoxious intruders. If Miss Emily played her part perfectly, as though she had learned it from the stage-book, with all the proper exits, entrances, asides, and so on, carefully marked and conned, Tom, on his side, was the least suspicious subject of all with whom she had tried the *rôle* before — and Tufton could have told you that their number was legion. Indeed, Tufton had their names all carefully written down in a little private book, with various specifications against each, the nature of which may be imagined as this history proceeds.

Yes, Mr. Tom (I have his word for it) was completely and engrossingly happy in these few too brief weeks. He smiles a cynical smile at it all now, and wonders how he could have been such a condemned fool. But at the time, while he was pouring his hot words into the little actress's ears, and firing himself to the fighting-point in her behalf,

he was as completely *sub mellifluo imperio* to the young schemer (to adapt Fortescue's phrase, quite differently applied) as any infatuated boy who has dangled at the belt of a flirt, or sighed his heart out in unappreciated verse.

As he had not the innate impulse of which Lamb speaks to fight the casual stranger, none the more had he the mawkish sentimentality that idealizes every pretty face which one meets, and sets him spinning romances and wrapping himself in their folds. We shall have portrayed his young life thus far to no purpose, if we have not shown him to be quite too sensible and sturdy for that; and if it shall not already be seen that the stuff of which he was made was quite different from that of erotic Sterne, who declared, that, if he were in a desert, he should love some cypress.

Here, however, was a romance ready made to Hammersmith's hands, waiting only for time to give the crowning stroke. Here was a pretty face, which needed no idealizing to account for its tender melancholy and piteous grace; and should he, Hammersmith, with his mind filled with classic models, and his heart still unsullied with evil, refuse his aid? Is there any wonder, then, that not many weeks of artful coquetting had passed over him, before he was Miss Graciana Lee's most abject slave, most loyal knight perhaps we should say? And Miss Graciana, who could drive a tandem of flirtation as skilfully as Tufton could manage his single bay (my lord, indeed, had more weight on the lines in this case than Mr. Tom at first suspected), — Miss Graciana had but little trouble, and certainly infinite amusement, in winding the boy Hammersmith about her pretty fingers, till at length she saw him almost writhing under the tortures of his pleasure, and enduring the lover's *dolci durezze* and *placide repulse* under her graceful whip.

To what extreme the lad's impetuous nature might have carried him, and what mode of escape his interested scheming might have arranged, we are scarcely able to conjecture. That he would have acquitted himself as a brave and devoted Hammersmith, and shown no flinching in the execution of his plans whatever they might have been, no one who knows the family temperament can doubt. This history might have run in quite a different channel, and Mr. Tom's academic career have terminated most abruptly (like those Western rivers that come tumbling and booming down a cañon, only to sink in the sand, and be lost at its mouth), if there had not come a sudden check on his exuberance, in the form of an intrusive presence in their pleasure-ground.

. . . . . .

It was that season of the year when a man with an eye for beauty, promenading the fashionable avenues of Boston, knows not which to admire the more, — the bursting buds and early bloom within the trim city areas, or the gorgeous raiment and splendid finery which burst into full flower outside the iron palings, with the rising of the Easter sun. In all the throng of returning worshippers and saunterers along sunny Beacon and Boylston and Tremont Streets that Sunday, there were none happier, and freer from care, than our friends Freemantle and Hammersmith, walking arm and arm along the gay sidewalks about noon, lifting their hats to friend after friend, and basking as well in the welcome sunshine of spring as in the proud consciousness of being regarded as chief ornaments of their class in the neighboring university. Under all the dainty bonnets to which they bowed, however, covering I care not how high-bred and brilliant beauties, Mr. Tom saw no face, so the young rascal thought, which wore such an appealing tenderness and melancholy beauty as a certain blue-eyed little lady of whom he was think-

ing, I fear, not only to-day, but every day and night for many weeks now. For shame, Mr. Tom! to associate in your mind, even for an instant, thoughts of these spotless maidens, these demure young worshippers, and your pining Dulcinea in the Joy-street court! But pardon innocent Hammersmith, and permit him for a day or two more to idealize his young actress, and fold his chivalric mantle about himself and her alike; for the *dénoûment* is coming fast enough, when ideal and mantle will be torn relentlessly away.

It was the Monday night after this Easter Sunday. Cambridge had put its scholarly head on its pillow, and was sleeping peacefully. The round Gimlet, rolling on his beat, saw only here and there a light still burning, and encountered only a belated reveller now and then steering with unsteady motion collegeward.

A hack came tearing furiously out of Boston, its lights bobbing up and down as the horses now galloped, and now trotted, under a whip constantly applied. If Gimlet had looked within, he would have seen his patron and friend Hammersmith, sitting with his hat on the back of his head, and an unlighted cigar crunched between his teeth, looking wildly into nothingness. If he could have followed him, he would have seen Mr. Tom putting his head again and again out of the hack-window, and shouting to the driver, "For God's sake, get on! Never mind your horses! Give them the whip!" and sinking back upon his seat again.

The hack turns swiftly into Tufton's street, rattling and echoing in the narrow thoroughfare, and stops before my lord's door.

Tom is out almost before it has stopped, hands the man his fare (liberally increased), and bangs at Tufton's door. The driver wheels his horses, walks them slowly off towards Boston, and turns to look at Tom, saying to him·

self, "Young chap is in a peck of trouble, I should say Liberal with the coin, howsumdever: them kind most generally is. Get up, Susan! get up, gal!"

Jordan, blinking fearfully, appears with a candle at the opened door.

"Hah, Mr. 'Ammersmith, it be you? Master 'ave 'ad a powerful bad 'eadache this hevening. Might hit be hany thing poorticular?"

"Yes, yes, Jordan! Hang his headache!" and Tom brushes past him, and runs quickly up to Tufton's rooms.

"What is it? Who's there?" came in answer to Tom's call.

"It's I, Hammersmith! *Must* see you, old fellow! Come out as soon as you can. Or shall I come in?"

"No, I'll be out in a minute." And Tufton throws on his dressing-gown, thrusts his feet into slippers, a smoking-cap on his head, and, as he gives his mustache a twirl at the glass, says to himself, "So the trap is sprung, eh?"

He appears, yawning, and stretching out an arm. He starts to roll a cigarette which he has taken from his bureau.

"My God, Hammersmith, you look ill! What's the row? Here, take a pull of brandy. Jordan, Jordan, a small glass!" And Tom, a pitiable sight, doubled up in an easy-chair, with his hat still on the back of his head, takes the brandy, and tosses it off.

"It's all up, Tufton, all up! I've had a terrible time to-night. Her father came in on us, and"— But Tom had to stop for breath in his excitement.

"You didn't have a fight?"

"No! Wish to Heaven I had! Wish he'd killed me, or I him! Tufton, I'm a ruined man!"

"Pooh, pooh, man, not so bad as that! Tell us about it." But it was a long time before Tom could go on to explain it all, and then only with many halts, and much striding about the room, and glaring at Tufton.

"In the first place, old fellow, you were right. If I had taken your advice, and steered clear of her, I shouldn't have made such a mess of it, and such an ass of myself. But I couldn't help it, God knows! And she's worthy of every thing I can do for her, by Jove! she's *worthy* I say!" shouted Tom.

"Yes, yes, I hear you. Go on," said Tufton, a little moved by Tom's excited manner, and not quite knowing if every thing had been done according to the card, and if his lion-cub might not be minded to turn upon him, after all.

"Well," said Tom, staring into vacancy as he recalled the scene, "we were sitting quietly in her rooms: I was just through reading something out of Herrick to her, and she was embroidering a handkerchief for me, bless her!" A long pause.

"She looked up and said, 'Aren't you going to read any more?' and, as she said it, her face became as white as marble, and she said, 'O Tom! O Tom!' two or three times, dropping her work. Jove, I shall never forget it as long as I live! I thought she must be awfully ill, and jumped up to catch her; but she ran towards the door, saying very quickly, 'He's coming, he's coming!' —'Who?' said I. 'My father! What *shall* we do?' and she turned towards me, and opened her arms in the most helpless way. I caught hold of her, and so forth, and told her not to be afraid; but she trembled and shook so, I thought she was going to faint. 'You must hide, Tom, you must go in here;' and she started to open a closet-door. I was excited, of course, and was starting to go in; but I thought what a disgraceful, cowardly thing it would be, and I turned round, and told her I would do nothing of the sort. She begged me, and — and so forth. But I was bound not to be caught hiding in that way; preferred a square fight by far.

"She had just time to say, 'Well, then, sit down quietly, and don't say any thing till I explain things,' when the door was thrown open with a kick, and old Boggle strode in. The old bird had been drinking fearfully, I could see that; but he looked as sober as a judge, and scowled like a thousand devils when he saw me.

"'Papa, this is Mr. Johnson,' said Emily.

"'Mr. Johnson, ugh!' growled the old fellow.

"'Yes. He's called to see if he can borrow that fancy suit of yours for a masquerade in Brookline. Won't you' —

"'Fancy suit be blank-blanked! Girl, go to your room!' he roared.

"But she sank down on the floor, and kept saying, 'Please, please, father!' And I couldn't stand it any longer. I jumped up, and threw myself between them, saying to him, —

"'I beg your pardon, sir; but what's all this for? I'm a young man; but I fancy I'm a gentleman, and I'll not see a woman abused by anybody!'

"'Who the devil are you? You think I'm going to swallow all your rot? "Fancy suit"! He, he!' And, quickly turning the key in the hall-door, he put it in his pocket, and said harshly to Emily, 'Sit down, then, and keep quiet, if you want to see it out,' while I could feel my blood turning hot and cold. I could have struck him! I could have killed him! But I got over that feeling, when I saw him quietly open a small mahogany chest of drawers near the window, and sit down, with his hand resting in the opened drawer, fumbling with a pistol, which I caught sight of, and heard him put at full cock. I wasn't such a fool as to exasperate him, with his hand on a pistol at full-cock, although it was all I could do to sit still. Do you know that feeling, Tufton? Have you ever had a man standing guard over you in that way?"

"I — I — no, oh, no! It must have felt mighty ticklish, eh?"

"I tell you it did at first. But I soon forgot it, and gave my whole attention to keeping as cool as possible, and mollifying the old boy as much as I could. He took out a cigar, and offered it to me.

"'Will you smoke, Mr. Johnson? It may take us some time to settle this little matter.'

"'No, thanks,' said I. I was afraid of his villanous weeds. He lighted and puffed away in silence a moment, looking from Emily to me, and back again to Emily, grinning feebly as he did so. I couldn't stand it, and blurted out, —

"'Mr. Boggle, we may as well understand each other.'

"'Precisely, precisely, understand each other,' said he, crossing his knees.

"'That matter of the fancy suit was a mere fiction of your daughter's,' said I.

"'Precisely, fiction, a fiction! — Emily, he talks tol'ble well.'

"'But I am here, sir, because I know your cruel treatment of your daughter. I have heard it all; and you have treated her shamefully — yes, sir, shamefully!' And I could scarcely keep myself from shaking my fist in his face.

"'Precisely, precisely, shamefully! That's good! — Mr. Johnson says shamefully, Emily. You hear?'

"'Yes, sir, shamefully. And I am here by the right that all gentlemen have, of protecting oppressed women everywhere; and I' —

"'*Pre*cisely, oppressed women! — Emily, you hear him? You are an oppressed woman, Emily, devilish oppressed!'

"'And as you are a gentleman and a father, sir, you can appreciate the motive' —

"'Very good, *very* good! Gentleman and father! — You hear, Emily, I'm a gentleman and a father! He's a gentleman and a father, Emily, he, he!' Heaven forgive for me calling him a gentleman, Tufton; but I thought it might pacify him.

"I can't remember all that we said, or how long it took: it seemed hours then; but I suppose it was about fifteen minutes. I was going on to upbraid him (I know it was impolitic; but I couldn't help it, and Emily sitting there so pale and frightened, begging me with looks not to do any thing rash), and I was telling him that I had never harmed his daughter, or meant to, so help me Heaven! when his whole manner changed. He said in a perfectly natural way, dropping his semi-maudlin speech, —

"'Don't waste your breath, young man. I suppose we understand each other; and, as I'm a bit sleepy, we'll get to business.'

"I could have taken my oath that he was as tight as a lord when he came; and he changed in a jiffy. Do you know I think it was all put on? Wasn't it extraordinary?"

"Yes, very," said Tufton. "Well?"

"Well, he took out a greasy old pocket-book, fumbled in it, turned his back to me, scratched away with a pen, and handed me a paper. My God!"

"Well?" said Tufton, blowing a ring of smoke.

"What do you suppose was in it? I can't remember exactly: but it was like this: —

"'The undersigned hereby agrees to pay to Graham Boggle or order, for value received, one thousand dollars current money United States, in the following sums and under the following conditions: one hundred dollars within five days from date, the balance monthly in three instalments of three hundred dollars each.

"'BOSTON, April 19, 185-.'"

"You didn't sign it?" said Tufton.

"I didn't at first. I could hardly believe my senses; but I read it twice, and then threw it on the table.

"'I have done nothing to warrant this, sir,' said I. 'I'll not sign it.'

"'Oh! don't be in a hurry, of course,' he answered. 'One does not carry that amount about with one all the time, of course. Reflect a moment!'

"'I appeal to you, Emily!' I shouted. But Emily looked frightened; and her father said, —

"'Oh! that doesn't matter. It's out of the girl's hands now: it's between us as *gentlemen*.' And he smiled most sarcastically.

"'I'll have you prosecuted, sir!' I shouted.

"'It will be necessary to appear before a justice. We keep none in these rooms,' he said coolly.

"'I'll have you branded as a scoundrel, sir!'

"'Perhaps so. But that will be to-morrow, or the next day, or the next. To-night this paper interests us more. But come, this has gone far enough. Your name, sir, in that place at once! No Johnson, either!' he added. 'That will not go down in this court.'

"What could I do? I held out still, told him it was impossible, I hadn't the money, it would ruin me, and so on; and Emily added her appeals. But he was as cool as an iceberg, never lost his temper; and, at last, seeing no relief, I signed. He put his name in the other corner, as a witness, folded the paper, and put it back in his book.

"'And now we have the pleasure of wishing you a very good-evening; haven't we, Emily?' he said, with just a momentary relapsing into his old tone. 'I shall be glad to receive these remittances as promptly as possible, or we may both be put to considerable trouble and expense; and, throwing open the door, he bowed stiffly. I seized my hat, bowed to Emily, — poor girl! — passed him as

straight as a ramrod, and walked down stairs. I don't know how I got out here; but here I am, a ruined man!"

"By Jove, it is a pretty rough deal!" said Tufton. "But don't let it make you desperate. I thought it was a great deal worse when you first came in."

"But—heavens and earth! what am *I* to do?" gasped Tom. "I can't raise the money! I don't know a man who can lend it me, unless yourself, my dear fellow"—

"I'm exceedingly sorry, Hammersmith, you know I am. But the fact is, my own exchequer is most uncomfortably low just now, and I have been thinking how I could raise the wind myself."

"Then I'm a used up community!" said Tom. "If I only had that hundred that I loaned you last month, I might make this first payment, and so get a little time to breathe, and look about me."

"It's too bad!" said Tufton. "And I promise you I'll help you as soon as I can. I am expecting some money shortly, and will pay you as soon as it comes, on my word."

"What *can* I do? Can you suggest any plan?" asked Tom. "Penhallow has no money, I know: he's always hard up. Freemantle is even worse off. And Goldie, who is the only man that's flush at this time of year,—I couldn't ask a favor from, if I were dying! We've hardly spoken for months."

"I'll think it over," said Tufton. "But, 'pon my word, I hardly know where to turn. Why couldn't you write home?"

"Gad, I hadn't thought of that! I get my money through my uncle's lawyers in Boston, and don't draw on my mother. I'll do it the first thing in the morning. But I'll tell you what," continued Tom, cheering up visibly, and strutting about the room, "I don't despair of being able to arrange it without paying any thing to old Boggle

at all. You know him, Tufton: can't you intercede for me? On my word, Tufton, I have done nothing in this whole affair that any gentleman need be ashamed of, you know that perfectly well. Don't you think you might tell Boggle so emphatically, and get him to release that paper?"

"I'll try," said Tufton. "I'll see him the first thing in the afternoon," looking at his clock, which already marked the quarter to three.

"Thank you, thank you most heartily, my dear Tufton! It's late, and I'm keeping you from your sleep. Is your head better? I'm very glad. You'll carry a note to Emily for me, too, won't you?"

"Mighty risky! But I'll do it for *you*, old boy," and Tufton pressed warmly the hand that was extended to him. Tom left, and went to his room; where, after tossing and mumbling wildly in his bed for a while, he fell into the sound sleep which comes to most healthy young creatures like him.

In the morning he wrote hastily to his mother, begging for the hundred dollars, or as much as she could conveniently spare, making all sorts of excuses and explanations, after the manner of devoted sons whose pockets are suddenly empty.

In the afternoon Tufton, the kind, the obliging, the self-sacrificing, drove to town agreeably to appointment, carrying the following note, which he delivered with most uncommon difficulty, as he gave Tom to understand: —

CAMBRIDGE, April 20, 185-.

MY DEAREST EMILY, — What a scene we had! And how I have been tortured with anxiety ever since, to know if your cruel father has been treating you with fresh harshness since I have seen you! I have been wild, and beside myself with anger; but, with Tufton's kind aid, I have grown calmer, and hope to find some escape out of this *terrible* entanglement with your father. Tufton has behaved splendidly, promises to do all he can; and I assure you, my

poor dear Emily, that you can trust him *implicitly*. He's as true as steel; and, without him, I do not know what I should do.

I must see you, and as soon as possible, to learn how you are, and to see you with my own eyes. What I suffered for you while your villain of a father was abusing me last night, you can never know. I do not think of myself, but of what you must be undergoing, exposed to that man's renewed cruelty and most unjust abuse. He's a *brute*, a *scoundrel*, and every thing that is low and mean, and I do not see how you can longer endure his tyranny. Write to me at once by Tufton, if possible, if not, through th mail, directing to "Massachusetts 18, Cambridge," and tell me where and when I can see you: make it as soon as possible. I shall be consumed with anxiety till I can see you. We'll *see* if we cannot devise some way of escaping from that odious brute; and, if worst comes to worst, we'll — but I leave every thing till I see you, my poor suffering, patient little Emily. Write at once.

Always yours,

T. H.

On his return to his rooms, towards sundown, Tufton met Tom, and, with a very long face, handed him the following note, a small, much scented pink note, in delicate feminine script: —

Dear Sir, — Whatever feeling I may have had for you before has been *destroyed* by your most *abusive* and *ungentlemanly* words applied to my father in your note. No *gentleman* could have used such terms as you employed in writing to a *lady* of her *father*. I am *disapointed* in you, and now percieve that I have been *thoroughly mistaken* in you. I can *never* see you again; and if you *dare* to atempt to *call* on me, or *speak* to me, I have *friends* about me who will see that you are treated as you *deserve*.

I hope, when next you try to be a *friend* to a *lady*, you will understand how a *gentleman* should act and talk under all *circumstances*.

Yours for the last time,

E. B.

P. S. — Mr. Tufton has kindly promised to carry this to you. He will tell you that this word of mine is *final*, and also that my *poor father*, whom you abuse so *basely*, refuses *most positively* to break off the *business arangement* that he has made with you. *Gentlemen* generally keep their *word*, I believe. If you will send somebody to fetch away your books, and the rest of the rubish that you have left here, you will oblige me.

. . . . . .

"Can that be true?" Tom said, crushing the note in his hand.

"Afraid it is," said Tufton. "I'll tell you what *I* think. The old fellow must have come in on her when she was reading your note, and dictated her answer. I know that I handed your note to her myself, and she seemed very pleased, only mighty sad, and red about the eyes; and she told me to call in an hour. I did so. Saw old Boggle climbing up the street as I turned the corner of the court, and found her crying, when she handed me her note there. She said, 'It's all over. I can never see him again.' And though I staid quite a while, expostulating with her, and taking your part, she was inflexible, and I could get no satisfaction: she said her father would kill you if he caught you near her again. She begged me to hand you this note, and I left."

"You think, then, that she didn't write this of her own free will?"

"Exactly. I think her father must have scared her by threatening to shoot you if she did not break with you entirely."

"By Jove, Tufton, you are a brick! You always encourage a fellow so!" And with more diplomatic talk from Tufton, who saw that Tom must be kept in good hope, or he might do something desperate, — leave Cambridge, jump into the river, or in some other way balk the payment of the money to Boggle, — the two sat and discussed the matter long. Tom at last left, thanking Tufton impressively for all his trouble and kindness; and the door was no sooner closed than Tufton threw himself at full-length on the sofa, holding his sides, and indulging in what passed for excessively loud laughter with his lordship: in other persons it would have been called a subdued cackle.

Tom had a sorry success, however, in attempting to prove for himself how much foundation there was for the hope extended in Tufton's last conversation. He waylaid the Boggle as she came out of the theatre-door the next evening.

"Emily, may I walk with you a little way?"

She turned her face full towards him, and drew away a bit, as she said, —

"Mr. Johnson, leave me! I don't know you, sir!" And, as Tom did not leave, she turned herself, and walked into the theatre. Tom waited under a distant lamp-post, saw her come out in a few moments on her father's arm, look about just a second, and then walk off with him.

We may leave to the imagination all that passed in the young man's mind as he followed them, saw them disappear in the well-known dark passage where he had cut in so often with such a pleasant titillation, and then took his way for Cambridge.

We may only mention that he was leaning with his chin on the railing of the bridge, looking down into the cool, dark flood washing against the timbers, when Freemantle, Pinckney, and several other men, stretching their legs after a party in Boston, came upon him, and rallied him on his "pensive attitude," as they called it. He joined them, and walked to Cambridge.

Quiet as Tom had been of late, the men were alarmed at his dejected and forlorn air to-night, and refrained from the copious chaff with which any thing out of the common order is usually showered by easy-going college-men.

"Goldie was put into the 'Varsity to-day," said Pinckney, as the crowd was breaking up in the quadrangle. "Did you know it, Tom?"

"No," said Tom.

"You ought to be there yourself too," continued the ardent Pinckney. "They've got Albertson in at No. 3;

but he's mighty weak for a waist oar, and you're the very man to strengthen them there. Would you pull if they asked you?"

"Let them ask me first," said Tom, and went off to his rooms; while Pinckney, full of manly tenderness and pity for Tom, made up his mind that he would suggest Tom for the 'Varsity at the very next meeting of the club, his own position as vice-president, and his reputation as an oarsman, rendering such a suggestion from him entirely in rule. He pulled one of the prettiest oars on the river, had been frequently begged to row in races and crews; but a tendency to heart-disease, never apparent at other exercise, was aggravated by severe work in a boat, and he had been forbidden by his physician to take more than gentle single-scull paddling.

CHAPTER XII.

STRANGE BEHAVIOR OF MY LORD TUFTON.

"Who gave me the goods that went since?
Who raised me the house that sank once?
Who helped me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once."—BROWNING.

HOFFMAN says somewhere in his note-books, that on the 11th of March, at eight and a half o'clock precisely, he was an ass. Tom now appreciated, what it had taken him some time to accept, that on the 19th of April, at about eleven of the clock, when he signed that luckless paper of Boggle's, he was the longest-eared, most pachydermous, of his kind.

It is a point gained, however, when one can be brought to realize the long ears — which he has previously regarded only as picturesque objects in natural history, in nowise related to himself — as an actual prominent possession of his own, patent to the world. It is an added virtue, when he not only recognizes the proprietary relation, but takes the matter in hand, like a patient philosopher, and endeavors, by various reducing processes unknown to Banting, to diminish the unnatural growth.

Tom felt sufficiently the ludicrous aspect of his situation. He appreciated perfectly now, that Boggle and the daughter had conspired to extract that unhappy promise to pay from him; and he was clever enough to see through the vulgar coquetry by which he had been led on. There had been a certain ordered method in the tactics, however,

which puzzled him not a little. Surely Graham Boggle, a third-rate actor, and Emily Boggle, second walking-lady of the troupe, could hardly be in the habit of luring the unsuspecting stranger-youth into such carefully-arranged pitfalls! But who else could be plotting with them? Well, he would not bother himself with the conjecture. He had been duped, trapped, robbed: that was enough! He was not lawyer enough to doubt if his signature, thus obtained, were binding; and he would hardly have dared put the question to his bankers, Brooks and Bates, if the doubt had occurred to him.

But can any simple statement of his recognition of his own folly adequately express the sickening disgust, and self-discontent, and entire mental revolution, which came over him? — he, Tom, who had pledged himself so devotedly to his mother to do nothing unworthy of her or his father, — he to be entrapped and swindled by a couple of actors, to feel that he had not the penetration to see through the low-bred wiles and tawdry accomplishments of the Boggle, and, worse than that, to find himself pledged to pay a thousand dollars within a three-month, — a thousand dollars to come from he knew not where!

What should he do? where should he turn? Oh that his uncle, who knew the ways of the world so well, and could pardon youthful folly, as Tom felt sure, were only here! Who else of all his friends and relatives could at the same time pity and pardon, and act as paymaster for him in this emergency? But Mr. Gayton was not here; nobody knew when he would be: and poor Tom was left, like so many lads in all time, to fight his own battle, and decide if he, or the ogre Circumstance, should win.

It was what novelists call a rude awakening for Hammersmith, — Hammersmith, who had never before been brought face to face with the deceit and trickery, wiles and villany, of the world, in all his young life. Did he go

drown himself? Did he take to drink? Did he break out into wild cursing of the human race in general, and actresses in particular? Thank Heaven, no! But in the sullen and silent Hammersmith who now went through his college-exercises as mechanically as clock-work (if not with quite its regularity), one would hardly recognize the gay and dashing Tom who had been the life of supper-parties so short a time ago, or the earlier Tom who had come up to Cambridge with smug face that had never looked on treachery or sin, and with the ingenuous airs of unsullied youth.

A ruder awakening still awaited him, however.

The 'Varsity and the entire Boat-Club had begged and entreated him to enter the crew, Pinckney having started the movement; but Tom would not give his decision till he had heard from home. If the money came, he argued, he might make his first payment, join the crew, secure thus a new channel for his thoughts and activities, and then trust to his devices for securing funds to pay the balance. If the money from home did not come, he hardly dared think what might happen; certainly he should be in no mood to go into boating, — he might have to run away in deepest disgrace.

The Boat-Club, I say, had unanimously petitioned him to try his hand in the crew. His splendid physique was still as powerful as ever. The winter's carousals, while they had taken him away from his exercise vastly more than was good for a boating-man, and had led him into some dubious excesses in my lord's banquet-hall, had as yet no sensible effect on his superb development; and he was hailed as the coming man for the 'Varsity, in spite of the croakings of the stricter trainers.

The letter from home came: it was fat and soft, and Tom broke the seal excitedly. It was there, — a draft for seventy dollars; "Which is all that I can conveniently

spare, my dear Tom," the widow wrote, "and I hope you are not living too extravagantly."

"Poor mother!" said Tom to himself; "if she only knew where her money is going!" And he rushed to Tufton's to announce the good news that he had raised most of the first instalment. Yes, if the good mother could only have known where her money was going!

So by his mother's happy aid, and by borrowing of one or two classmates, Tom made up the hundred dollars, and sent it in by Tufton, who said he was going to town to see about some new engravings. In the evening came a receipt from Graham Boggle for "one hundred dollars on account."

The very next afternoon, with a lighter heart than he had carried for many a day, Tom took his seat in the 'Varsity boat at No. 3, and had his first pull with the crew. It was months since he had had a good square pull; and with implacable McGregor in the bows, and Miles pulling a slashing stroke of forty to the minute, our Tom was put through a severe ordeal on this first practice-trip of his. They pulled nearly to Braman's, rested on their oars a moment (McGregor criticising the crew), and then came swinging back. They shot through the bridge without a scratch, caught up a stroke or two as they neared the boat-houses, and came tearing up at racing speed.

"By Jove, here she springs! There's plenty of life in her now!" said Pinckney to the crowd in waiting, as the boat came in sight above the upper bridge.

The crowd cheers. McGregor turns his head to take his bearings, and, as he nears the houses, says sharply, "Way enough!" and then, "Hold her, Three and Four!" They step out of the boat. The fellows gather about, and compliment them on their improved form, looking admiringly at Tom's glowing muscles, and plucky, determined air.

But nobody in all the throng and in all the crew knew, that when Tom was pulling away as if he would pull his heart out, and laying on all his strength, with his eyes glued to Goldie's back in front of him, he was saying to himself with every stroke, "Con*found* her! con*found* her!" or, "*Hang* him! *hang* him!" But such was the fact, believe it who will; and he is not the first man, I conceive, who has vented his feelings in like fashion at some sturdy pastime. He took a plunge in the river with others of the crew, dressed in one of the narrow little dressing-rooms of those days, and, just as the sun was setting over Mount Auburn, went up to dinner, feeling like a new man.

It was but a few evenings after this first practice of Tom's with the 'Varsity, that, returning to his rooms after dining, he found under his door the following note, superscribed to himself: —

DEAR HAMMERSMITH, — If you have nothing particular on hand this evening, will you not come to my rooms at nine? I have something especially important to say to you, which affects you very nearly. I ask you to come to me instead of offering to meet you in your own quarters, as I think we shall be much less liable to interruption over here.

Do not fail to come, if you can possibly spare the time. You will regret it if you do not. Yours, &c.,

JOHN BREESE.

FRIDAY, May 13.

"Hang it! Why are fellows always meddling in my affairs, I should like to know! Another lecture *à la* Goldie, I suppose. Appears to me I have plenty of people overseeing me. But what can this be? Breese is not a man to waste time or words on a cock-and-bull story: that I know perfectly well," communed Hammersmith with himself.

When he went over to Breese's room, at nine, his door was open. Knocking, and receiving no answer, he walked

in, and sat down, saying to himself that Breese had probably stepped out for a moment.

A lexicon lay open on the table, a Plautus upon the lexicon, and several books scattered about. Tom took up one mechanically, and glanced at its title, "Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus." Turning its leaves absent-mindedly, he found passage after passage marked, some with a single line, some with two and even three, — the favorite apothegms of the reader. Breese not coming, Tom read here and there, and was soon busily engaged in following from one marked passage to another, so apt they appeared to his present frame of mind.

"If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing any thing else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, as if thou shouldest be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this."

"It is a ridiculous thing for a man not to fly from his own badness, which is indeed possible, but to fly from other men's badness, which is impossible."

"If thou art pained by any external thing, it is not this thing that disturbs thee, but thy own judgment about it. And it is in thy power to wipe out this judgment now."

"A cucumber is bitter: throw it away. There are briers in the road: turn aside from them. This is enough. Do not add, 'And why were such things made in the world?'"

This passage Tom read over and over, not at first fully comprehending its force, and then dwelling on it for its epigrammatic pointing of the moral.

"He who does wrong does wrong against himself. He who acts unjustly acts unjustly to himself, because he makes himself bad."

"No longer talk about the kind of man that a good man ought to be, but be such."

"What is my ruling faculty now to me? and of what nature am I now making it? and for what purpose am I now using it?"

These, and many other sentences like them, which seemed to have been especially set apart for his present mood, Tom was reading absorbedly when Breese came in.

"Beg pardon, Hammersmith. I stepped across to Donaldson's to return a book that I had borrowed."

"Don't speak of it. I've been immensely interested in this book here," said Tom.

"What, Marcus Aurelius? Heaven bless him! He's a stand-by that I never am tired of leaning upon when I feel a little down."

"You don't mean to say that men like you ever feel down or discouraged?" asked Tom.

"Why, of course. I suppose everybody has a little letting-down now and then: it's probably good for us. But I am very seldom so down with the blues, that a good constitutional, or a few pages of my Marcus Aurelius, or other *vade-mecums*, will not bring me up again."

"Well, I must own I'm surprised to hear it. If there's a man in the class that I thought was always in tip-top working-order, body and mind, it's you, Breese. But I can't say I'm sorry to hear that you are subject to the same ups and downs as the rest of us fellows. I certainly always thought you were a law unto yourself, and had no need of outside aid."

"You see you were vastly mistaken," said Breese. "No one can live at the top of his bent all the time, or keep his wings going continually, however the wind blows; though I conceive that it is our duty to do so as much as possible, or else give up at once, and creep about on the earth, like blind animals. But I did not ask you up here to listen to a lecture on Marcus Aurelius and morality generally: you probably had enough of my style of haranguing, last year, in 'The Forum' of blessed memory," he added with a serio-comic air.

Tom settled into his chair, and took out a cigar. Breese would not smoke.

"Perhaps I ought to apologize, Hammersmith, for saying any thing at all in an affair which does not concern me immediately, except as your friend," began Breese.

"That depends upon what the affair is," said Tom, hardening a little, and confirmed in his expectation of a Goldie tirade.

"But if the angel Gabriel were to come down and give you important news about a man in whom you were interested, you would not think that you had a right to refuse telling it to him, and helping him if possible, would you?" Breese asked.

"You don't mean that that's the kind of company you entertain here along with Marcus Aurelius and the rest!"

"Not exactly — quite a different kind of bird! I think you will agree with me when you hear my news."

"Well," said Tom, "fire ahead."

"You know perfectly well, Hammersmith," Breese went on, "that every thing a man does in Cambridge or Boston, or anywhere about here, — in fact, many a thing that he doesn't do, — is bruited about in college sooner or later, and that we all know pretty well what our neighbors are busy about, if they are only coloring meerschaums. So you will not be surprised to learn that even men like myself are tolerably well informed about your life for the past few months, and all your" —

"Well," said Tom, "what of that?"

"We'll let that pass," continued Breese. "I was only mentioning it by way of preface, that you might know I had some little grains of information on a certain matter, even before the angel Gabriel flapped down upon me. Yesterday afternoon," and Breese's brow clouded, "I received a very sad letter from home. I need not refer to it, it is neither here nor there; but I did what I have never done yet in college, — I cut afternoon recitation and dinner alike, and staid here in my rooms writing."

He paused a moment, as though the recollection were painful to him. "I had written for several hours, read a bit, and about ten o'clock went down to Kent's for a little supper: I felt faint from my unusual fasting. I had finished my supper, and must have been in the place some time, re-reading my letter, and resting on my elbow, when somebody came into the next stall." (The students' favorite restaurant of the day was this primitive place of Kent's, with a number of narrow stalls ranged against the wall.)

"I certainly had no thought of eaves-dropping: I hope I am not given to it. I should have gotten up and left immediately, for the interruption had recalled me to myself; but I was attracted by hearing your name, accompanied with an oath, almost directly on their entering. There were two men as I now made out. Hammersmith, I hope the Lord will pardon me for staying and listening to them as they talked; and I know that you will, when I tell you what I heard. Did you know that there was a plot on foot to ruin you?"

"Is that all your news?" asked Tom.

"Oh! I do not refer to Boggle and his daughter: everybody knows about that. But did it ever occur to you that there was somebody else connected with them in the plot, managing the wires?"

"Well, if it has occurred to me, what then?"

"Only this: I can supply the missing link. The two men went on talking, sometimes in such low tones that I could not hear a word distinctly, but generally so that I could easily distinguish what they were saying. I heard one called 'Crosby' again and again. He seemed to talk the less of the two; and I've no idea who he can be: I never heard of him about here before. The other name I could not for a long while catch. It seemed a monosyllable, and was spoken very indistinctly. But presently I

heard that it was 'Tuf,' and soon after recognized the whole, 'Tufton.' I surely justified myself, in my own conscience at any rate, in staying to listen, when I learned that a man with whom I see you continually was telling your most private affairs to a stranger, cursing you now and then (for what I could not make out at first), and telling the man Crosby how you have been led on and on, with a great deal of difficulty, to — you know what!"

"Pooh!" said Hammersmith: "you must be mistaken. I tell you the thing is impossible. You must have mistaken the names. Tufton would never behave so shabbily to me."

"Wait till you hear all. Crosby asked how it was managed, and if you were a hard bird to catch. And, on my word, Tufton told him the whole story, from the very first night that you went on the stage with him, — 'The Emerald Grotto,' I think he called the play. If you doubt it, I can tell you many things that you will remember as having happened, probably."

"No, no, go on!" said Hammersmith, excited now, and listening eagerly.

"Tufton told him all this; how you were at last caught by old Boggle, made to sign the paper, and then came tearing out to Cambridge in a hack. They were intensely amused at this; and I could hear one of them chuckling to himself, while the other laughed heartily. Crosby asked, with an oath, how you were off, whether you bled easily, and so on. Tufton answered, with a string of equally polite words, that he had been most confoundedly mistaken in you; that he had taken you for a 'fearful swell,' as he called you, but that he had not been able to get more than a single hundred out of you, and you were scared to death about the payment of the thousand dollars. And now, if you want to be satisfied that Tufton has been trying to ruin you utterly and completely, though

most slyly, let me tell you that Crosby asked, in quite low tones, 'What division are you going to make, Tuf?' And Tufton answered, 'Half and half: couldn't make a better divy. I get half, Boggle and Emily half. With what I have out of Fennex, I think we shall have enough for our passage-money, at any rate.' They talked a long while, discussed some matters apparently relating to parties in New York, as far as I could learn, — and of about the same character as this affair of yours too, — and at last got up and left. If I had needed any confirmation of the names, I had it; for I saw through my curtains the elegant Tufton paying his shot at the counter, and introducing his friend to Kent, — 'My friend Crosby, Kent,' — and they shook hands, Kent proffering a cigar. I waited till they were some minutes gone, Kent meanwhile being relieved by his boy, and then came out.

"I should have sent you word the first thing this morning, if I had not questioned in my mind whether I was called upon to meddle in another man's affairs. I have been debating this since morning, rather inclining to believe that I had best leave it alone; but, as I happen to know that Tufton has been preparing all day to leave Cambridge, I thought I must certainly tell you to-night. The shower came up this afternoon, and prevented your rowing; so that I could not see you at the boat-houses, and left my note in your room."

Tom had been stalking and fuming about the room during this recital, much as he had been doing not so many weeks before in a certain little court in Boston, — and this is the sequel! This the substitute for that rosy pleasure-ground up the three flights of stairs!

"Breese, I tell you that this all seems like the poorest invention and moonshine. You will pardon my saying so, when I say in the same breath, that I know you are not the man to lend yourself to any nonsense, or to believe

a harum-scarum story without foundation. If it is true, I shall thank you from the bottom of my heart. You will, of course, believe that I wish to sift the thing for myself. If it is not true, I thank you equally for your kindness, as I know it is proffered from the best of motives. Good-by." And he put out his hand.

"Where are you going?" asked Breese.

"To Tufton's, of course, to charge him with this."

"You'll let me go?" asked Breese.

"Certainly," said Tom, "if you wish. It may be better." And, taking an umbrella, the two sallied out in the drizzling rain, arm in arm, for Tufton's. Arm in arm, the man who had for months been leading the gayest and freest life in Cambridge, and the man who had been plodding the most like an ideal student, scorning self-indulgence, polishing his buckler of scholarship in every possible way, and girding himself with all good resolutions religiously kept, and yet not so much of an anchorite, or so removed from sympathy with his fellows, but that he could stir himself to do a good turn to Hammersmith here, who had barely spoken to him during the whole year, and go with him to beard the villain Tufton in his den.

It had been raining since noon, now a downright pouring shower, now an intermittent mizzle, — one of those variant days of early summer, when the exceeding beauty of the morning changes to later cloudiness and showers, as though Nature did not quite know whether to laugh or be sad over her own loveliness and her myriad budding charms, until, like a beautiful petulant child, she ends with tears and gleams of sunshine at once.

Tom and Breese knock at Tufton's rooms: no answer. They push open his parlor-door, and go in. The man Jordan is asleep in a window-seat. They pull him, and wake him to a maudlin consciousness. He has been indulging in a solitary revel, for which he has abundant

precedent in the late occupant's career, and has been dreaming of the fine things that he will buy unto himself when Tufton shall send him his salary from New York, — easily-persuaded Jordan, happy in your fuddled hopes!

Tufton is gone, — left for New York early in the afternoon, — two trunks, all his personal effects, most of his ornaments and pictures, little else. So much Tom learns by boozy extracts from the grinning Jordan, wooing temporary bliss, and by personal investigation of the premises.

Tufton is gone, stolen off, like a thief in the night, under protecting cloudiness, carrying his diplomacy and his villany to some outer limbo, where we need not follow him; carrying, also, a bundle of unreceipted bills from divers Cambridge and Boston tradesmen who will be seen to-morrow sorrowfully re-appropriating such of their borrowed finery as they can lay hands on; carrying, as well, a pot of Tom's money, not large, to be sure, but likely to be increased by further remittances from the capitalist Boggle, if Tom shall not succeed in wresting his note from the hands of the swindling actor.

And yet, with all this load that Tufton was carrying off, increased by the maledictions and evil prognostics of his late associates (which followed him in a black brood), there was something else in his caravan which cost him vastly more for transportation, and yet was infinitely pleasanter to convoy than the appurtenances mentioned, — the black, battered trunks, unreceipted bills, and boxes of knick-knacks.

For, by the next day at noon, it was known that Tufton — the dainty, the master of feasts, and worshipper of all that is delicate and refined — had left for New York with a young party passing by the name of Miss Emily Boggle or Miss Graciana Lee indifferently in these parts, but gifted with a variety of *aliases*, which she assumed and laid aside

by my lord's orders in the different divisions of the globe where they starred. They were gone, not to be heard from for many long months; and Cambridge hummed with the rumors and counter-rumors, the winged and seven-leagued reports, the exaggerations, suspicions, conjectures, which the affair created, and which all revolved about an unhappy central figure now temporarily reduced to stony despair.

. . . . . .

"How does he take it?" asked Albemarle in Goldie's rooms, several evenings after Tufton's flight.

"Lord Harry, but he's mightily cut up!" said Penhallow, Hammersmith's chum. "It's really pitiable to see the poor fellow mooning about the room, trying to study, and every now and then slamming his books down, and striding about. He gets up in the night, too, and sits at the window, looking out for a whole hour together sometimes, though he would brain me if he knew I told anybody of it. But I'm really alarmed about him."

"Serves him right," said Ladbroke, "for putting on such airs as he does. He isn't such a devilish shrewd fellow, after all. Catch me lending my money to Tufton, or being gulled by an actress!"

"Can't we do any thing to cheer him up?" asked Pinckney.

"Hardly know what," put in Goldie, "he's so confoundedly touchy! *I* can't do any thing; that's certain. We've hardly had a cordial talk for a whole year. I never knew a man to put his whole soul into any thing, in my life, the way he puts all his into rowing, though. Jove, how he pulls! I can *feel* the boat leap now; so different from when Albertson was in! And when he reaches forward, and lays on to the beginning of the stroke, I can hear him breathing like a young giant right behind me."

"That's the worst part of it," said McGregor. "He'll

never last till Worcester, if he works so like thunder now. I tell you a man can't get on in rowing unless his mind's as clear as a bell. And Hammersmith is in a continual worry, anybody can see."

"Why can't *you* talk to him?" asked Goldie. "You've more of a right than any of us, as bow."

"Haven't I talked to him!" said McGregor.

"What did he say?" asked several men.

"Say! What do you suppose he would say? You know his spirit. I told him as politely as I could, one day, that I was sorry to hear of his trouble. We were dressing in the boat-houses; and he threw down his towel, and said, 'See here, Mac: I've no objection to your thinking what you please of me; but you will particularly oblige me by keeping your thoughts to yourself. I don't want anybody's sympathy.'"

"That was surly enough, anyway," said Tilbury, whose father had amassed an immense fortune in carriage-making, and had sent up the first Tilbury of the line to receive a little university varnish.

"I told him, another day, that, as we were drawing on in the term, I should expect him to keep up his training with the rest of the crew, and observe the crew rules about hours of retiring, and so on. He merely nodded, and walked off. Then I heard of his being in town very late night before last, and expostulated with him, — as I have a right to do, by Jove! and as I mean to do by all of you, or you can get another bow. He turned on me like a flash, and said, 'If you don't wish me in the boat, you are quite at liberty to fill my place: I put my resignation in your hands, to be acted on whenever you see fit.' I told him I didn't mean any thing of that sort. 'Don't I do my work as well as the rest of them?' he asked. 'Don't I keep up my side of the boat?' — 'Certainly,' I said: 'you pull like a Trojan. But, Hammersmith, you can't

keep it up, you can't keep it up, if you don't train as carefully as the rest. You'll go all to pieces some day, I'm afraid, just when we want to call on you for your best work.' — 'Don't you borrow any trouble on that score,' he added. 'I'll be on hand for any work you want of me: only I think it's a bit mean to go about spying into a man's private habits, — just when he goes to bed, how many times he winks during the day, and so on. I'll do my share of the pulling: you need not be afraid of that. When I find I can't, I'll let you know.' What more could I say? He's too valuable a man to lose: I don't know what we should do without him; and he's as sensitive as a girl about being spoken to."

"Some of the girls he's been in the habit of speaking to are not especially famed for their sensitiveness, I should say," chimed in Ladbroke.

"Come, Ladbroke, why are you always picking at Hammersmith in this way?" said Pinckney. "Striking a man when he's down is hardly the thing for gentlemen, — where *I* live, at least."

"Hang him! He's always treating a fellow as though he were a prince, and could order us about as he chose," answered Ladbroke.

"I don't think so, at all," said Penhallow. "He's mighty high-strung and impetuous; but I think he minds his own business as well as most people."

"If you mean me, I beg you to recall the expression," said Ladbroke. "I flatter myself I know what my own business is as well as the next man!"

"I mentioned no names, and I meant no offence. If the shoe fits, let it go on. I don't think it is very good form, though, to say things behind a man's back that you would not dare to say before his face."

"That's so!" said Pinckney. "And I wish some of us fellows could do something to help him out of his troubles. — How much does he owe, Pen?"

"I can't say exactly. Several thousands, I'm afraid. He never would tell me, though I've hinted that I was ready to help him with my indorsement, if he wanted to raise the wind."

"Fennex was badly bit last year, wasn't he?" asked Albemarle.

"Yes, but never knew that Tufton was at the bottom of it, any more than Hammersmith did. He hasn't paid up every thing yet, I believe."

"Why, you don't mean that Hammersmith and Fennex are going to pay old Boggle any thing more, now that they know it was a put-up job?" asked somebody.

"I don't know about Fennex," returned Penhallow; "but Tom, I believe, hasn't made up his mind whether he has a right to go back of his signature, even if he has been taken in. I know he went in to see some lawyers about the question to-day."

"What a jackass!" said Ladbroke. "To think of paying a cent in such a scrape!"

"All I can say," said McGregor, "is, that, if we lose that man, I don't know what we shall do at Worcester. *I* know nobody to take his place in the waist, and I've scoured the college. For his weight, he is the most powerful oar we have up here; and his style is something only inferior to Miles's: perhaps he feathers a little too high for beauty, but that is easily overcome. I have the greatest admiration and sympathy for the fellow; and it's almost enough to make a man cry to see him working like a horse in the boat, never opening his head to say a word, and going off as quiet as a churchyard from the boat-houses, when we're landed."

. . . . . .

"George dear, what are all these frightful stories I hear about Mr. Hammersmith?" asked Ellen Darby of her cousin Goldie, about a week after my Lord Tufton had

vanished into outer darkness. They were sitting under the gaslight in the Darbys' parlor.

"Oh! nothing in particular," said Goldie. "He's all right."

"Now, you need not attempt to satisfy me in that way, George. I know he is *not* all right."

"Ho, ho! what's this! *How* do you know it, if you please, Miss Omniscience?" And Goldie threw down a copy of "Punch," over which he was smiling, and turned towards his cousin. She put into her lap a book that she had been pretending to read, and said, with a *nonchalant* air, —

"Why, how can I help knowing it? Who doesn't know it? I don't know just what it all is; but I keep hearing the most horrible insinuations wherever I go. Has he really had such a fearful time, George?"

"How do I know? I have enough to do without bothering myself about other people's affairs, Heaven knows!"

"That's all very fine. But you are not as ignorant as you seem, I know perfectly well, you horrid sophomore! If there ever was a disagreeable, conceited, ridiculous set of men, it is you sophomores! And the way you stand up for each other is something marvellous. It is your only redeeming quality. I don't believe you would acknowledge it, if one of your class should commit a murder, or steal somebody's money, or do any thing else that's frightful."

"No, I don't think we would," said Goldie merrily. "We would keep on associating with him just the same, and sharpen his knives for him, and let him pick our pockets whenever he chose; and when he became *too* bad —why, we would bring him round to our cousins, let them convert him, and send him on his way rejoicing."

"You're as cross as you can be, George, and I don't understand at all what you mean! *I* don't want to convert anybody. Who is there to be converted?"

"Oh, nobody! But what have you heard about Hammersmith?"

"Oh! I've heard nothing. I was only joking, of course," and she began to read. But Goldie — who was a favorite cousin, and as plucky as favorite cousins ought always to be — came over to her, and entered a pleading protest, as if he were the humblest sophomore of his class; and Ellen said that he was the most provoking fellow she had ever known.

"Of course I am!" said Goldie, the provoker. "You never knew a fellow like me before, — first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his country's cousins!"

"I'm sorry for the cousins," said Ellen, with mock gravity. "But, George dear, what is it all?"

"All what?"

"All this about Mr. Hammersmith."

"Appears to me you are a good deal interested in Hammersmith," said Goldie. "Do you waste your sympathy on all of us fellows when we're in a tight place? If so, I shall go off *instanter* and kill a 'goody.'"

"Please be serious for one moment, George!"

"I have had no thought of any thing else since I was born. When does the sermon begin?" And Goldie folded his arms resignedly.

"You're horrid, and I'll have nothing more to say to you!" But she could not read "Jane Eyre," with Goldie peeping over the edge of her book in mockery of great grief; and presently she laid the book down, and leaned her head on her hand.

"Hammersmith! Fresh Pond! Tid-de-um-dum-dum!" said Goldie, drumming an accompaniment to his *badinage* on the centre-table, and looking quizzingly at the fair, drooping head.

"George, what *do* you mean? You have no *right* to talk so! You know it!" And with a fine feminine rage

she added, "If I feel a special interest in Mr. Hammersmith's college career, is it wonderful? Is it wonderful, when you reflect that he saved my life once, and has never done any thing to make me lose my respect for him?"

But the quizzing drummer only continued his "Tid-de-um-dum-dum! Tid-de-um-dum-dum!" as regular as a metronome, marking time with his fingers.

"You are *perfectly* horrid, George! I never saw you so before. What is the matter? If you think I am ashamed to confess that I am interested to have Mr. Hammersmith succeed, and go on through college smoothly, you are infinitely mistaken. If you are such a silly boy as to imagine any thing else, you are still more at fault. I believe you are the hardest-hearted sophomore in your class, — and that is saying a great deal, — for I *know* Mr. Hammersmith is having a fearful time, and I *hear*, though I cannot *believe* it, that my cousin George Goldie is not doing what he can to help him."

The drumming stopped.

"Ellen, what do *you* mean?"

"Oh! nothing in particular. I'm all right!" Roguishness personified!

"But I insist," said Goldie.

"Ah, you insist, Mr. Czar!"

"Ellen, what is all this nonsense?"

"A little more careful in your choice of words, if you please."

"Please, what is it?"

"What is what?"

"All this that you say of Hammersmith and me."

"Seems to me you are considerably interested in Mr. Hammersmith," retorted Miss Darby.

"Come, come, Ellen, I apologize. Don't be too hard on a fellow! What is it? Has he been complaining to you of my coldness?"

"Who? Mr. Hammersmith! What *do* you think he is made of? Mr. Hammersmith complain to *me* of *you!* Why, George, you must be ill!"

"Has he been here lately?"

"Not for weeks. I have hardly seen him for weeks: so you may be re-assured on that point. He took me out, as you may remember, at the Lyceum 'German' two months ago, and I occasionally see him at church with Mr. Fayerweather. But I have hardly seen him, even in the street, for weeks now. Oh, yes! I did see him, only two days ago, coming out of Church Street; but he bowed very coldly, pulled his hat over his eyes, and went across to the quadrangle. He looked very sad."

"Ellen, what do you know about his affairs?"

"Oh! very little, of course."

"What do you want me to tell you?"

"Nothing whatever. George, I will relieve your mind on the subject. I know enough already; and I have my own opinion of him, and of several other people as well."

"But don't you want me to tell you more about him?" asked Goldie.

"I do not wish to hear another word about his affairs. I have learned a good deal from your manner in the last five minutes, though you have not been over-communicative."

"Girls are the most extraordinary creatures under the sun, 'pon my word!" said Goldie, beaten at his own game of provocation, and looking full of wonder at his cousin. "I believe they know every thing!"

"There you are *too* complimentary. They don't know every thing, and they do not wish to know every thing. But you cannot suppose that two such overpowering geniuses as Mr. George Goldie and Mr. Thomas Hammersmith can have a quarrel lasting for over a twelvemonth, and their admiring cousins and friends not know it!"

"We've had no quarrel," urged Goldie.

"Or that Mr. Tom Hammersmith can make such delightful acquaintances as Mr. Guy Tufton, and others needless to mention, and yet keep Cambridge sewing-societies, and the world in general, in ignorance of the fact!"

"They *do* know every thing," said Goldie.

"And if Mr. Tom Hammersmith is having a fearful time, and needs all the help and sympathy possible, and men like Mr. George Goldie, who know thoroughly the facts of the case, and how he has been deceived and ill-treated, hold aloof, and let him fight it out alone, can you suppose that the news does not, sooner or later, reach even the provincial Cambridge girls, as you are pleased to call us?"

"Well, if you really want to discuss the matter, Ellen, I'm willing. The fact is — and you know it well enough — that Hammersmith wants no sympathy, allows nobody to speak of his troubles, and is just the kind of a fellow to prefer to fight his own battles, to use your expression."

"I've no doubt of it. No manly young man wants to have idle pity, which is almost always another name for meddling curiosity; or wishes gossip, or a stranger's interest, wasted upon him. But you are his friend, George, or were; and I am very much mistaken in the man and his character, if he does not feel your desertion more than all the misery that he is evidently undergoing, thanks to Mr. Tufton!"

"I don't think he minds it a bit."

"Then I must inform you that you are very much mistaken. I have reasons to know that Mr. Hammersmith is especially despondent because just such men as you, who ought to try to cheer him up, if nothing more, keep away from him."

"But what would you have me do? I warned him long

ago what he might expect, if he trained with Tufton and his crowd."

"What if he were young and inexperienced, and thought you might exaggerate the danger?"

"Then he must take the consequences. He has made his bed, and he must lie in it."

"Is that the proper way of looking at it? Would you have liked him any better if he had taken your advice at once, and said, 'My dear fellow' (as you always call each other), 'you are right. Tufton is an awful bad fellow. He's very dangerous company; and I promise you that I'll never darken his doors again, or speak to him when we meet'? Wouldn't you have thought him a pretty specimen of a weakling to have given in like that? And can't you appreciate how easy it was for him to be led astray, and how novel and alluring all this life must have been to him at first? You remember his uncle, Mr. Hammersmith, telling my father how carefully he had been kept at home, and in what seclusion; and how he feared, that, if he had his head too much, he might run away with himself, — I think it was some such expression that he used. If he had been at Exeter, as you have, dear George, he might have known men better, and not have been so easily blinded."

"May I say tid-de-um-dum just once?" interposed Goldie prankishly.

"No, not once. You are very silly. And I do not believe you care a straw about Mr. Hammersmith, or ever did."

"Now, see here, Ellen, all you say is very true, very true indeed; and I will not deny that Hammersmith is having a fearful time, as you say. But what would you have me do? I can't go down and lick the dust at his feet."

"Not at all! You don't suppose I want you to. But

would it be such a very difficult thing to conquer your tremendous pride, your sophomoric dignity, and go and make a friendly call on him? Would it crush your dignity entirely? You need not pretend that you have ever tried it; for I happen to know that you have not, — not for — let me see — fifteen, sixteen months now."

"Ellen, you're a perfect mystery! Who keeps you so well posted in college-affairs? I shall have the goodies and skips cross-examined at once. There must be a feminine Freemasonry dogging us when we least expect it. Tell me, what time did I go to my rooms last evening? What is my beloved chum doing at this moment? No answer! Do you need to look at my palm, — *ecce!*"

"Now, George, promise me you will be good, forget your silly quarrel with Mr. Hammersmith, and tell me to-morrow evening that you have made up with him, and are in a fair way to be friends again."

"Ellen, I can't do it: he's too mightily stiff-necked. I should only get snubbed for my pains, I feel sure."

"I don't believe it, and I think you are very cowardly to be afraid of such a thing," said Miss Darby. And, rising, she took from a writing-desk a small manuscript-book which she shielded with her hand as she came to the lights. "Let me read you one or two things from a little treasure-book of mine, though I know you will not mind them: 'We are all of us very weak, and exposed to many evils from within and without; and every man finds he hath enough to do to govern his own spirit, and to bear his own burden. Let us not add to it by offence and mutual provocation of one another. It may be — did we but know and were acquainted with the condition of others — we ourselves would think it very hard measure to add to their sorrow, and would rather help to bear their burdens.' That is from Whichcote," she said, blushing prettily to find herself reading thus to her handsome great

cousin, and doing the very thing against which she had at first protested, — trying to convert Goldie to her forgiving point of view. This coincidence occurred to her as she was reading, and added to her graceful tremor. But she went on reading one more extract: "'Suffer not your thoughts to dwell on the injuries you have received, or the provoking words that have been spoken to you. Not only learn the art of neglecting them at the time you receive them, but let them grow less and less every moment, till they die out of your mind.' There, Mr. Goldie, that was written for you!"

"Did you write it?"

"Oh, no! It applies to you, I mean. It's anonymous, but pertinent, is it not?"

"You wrote it, I know you did! You're very sly; but it sounds just like you. Let me see the book?"

"By no means," said she, pocketing the thin, morocco-bound book. "I consider it a great favor to have read to you from it. No one has ever been so privileged before. And you do not even thank me!"

"How frightful! Thanks, ever so much, my dear Miss Anonymous, for your pertinent texts. I suppose you wish me to preach a sermon from them, or rather bring you word that I have acted upon them, eh?"

"I do; and you are going to do it."

"How long will you give me? A man can't swallow his pride all at one dose," pleaded Goldie.

"It's over the sooner, and you will feel better: I know you will. But I'll let you have, — well, I'll be generous; I'll let you have a week: this is Thursday, isn't it? If you do not bring me word, before next Thursday morning, that you have done your very best to get on a good footing with Mr. Hammersmith again, farewell, cousin George. And mind, if you call here ever so many times before that (not that you are apt to), and send ever so plaintive mes-

sages, I shall be imperiously 'not at home' to you, sir, unless you bring the news I want." And with more such talk, simple cousinly *badinage* and pleading, the two ratified their compact; and Goldie presently left for his rooms.

He could not resist the temptation, as Miss Darby followed, and was closing the hall-door after him, to turn and say lightly, "Tid-de-um-dum-dum, Tid-de-um-dum-dum," lifting a warning finger.

But she made a saucy *moue* at him, and closed the door; while Goldie ran down the gravel walk, and out under the elms, on his way home, pondering on his interview with his beautiful cousin, and on the marvellously permeating nature of college-news.

How could she have learned so much of him and his friend? How could she know almost what was passing in his mind? How could she know what was just breaking in upon his own consciousness, — that it was inexpressibly silly to magnify a few words of difference that had passed between himself and Hammersmith, and let them keep two friends apart so long? He was not especially astute; and if he had been, and had not been much more of a success as a boating-man than as a student of character, he would still have been in the same bewilderment over the inexplicable feminine instinct, which divines, where a man explores and seeks proof.

It was not an easy task that his cousin had thrust upon him, however. He had the young's man's inflated sense of personal dignity and pride. All the class knew of his lukewarm feeling towards Hammersmith; and there was more than one thing to make him hesitate, and debate in his mind whether he could so far humble himself as to make overtures to Mr. Tom, — Mr. Tom, whilom a stiff-necked and rather scornful young gentleman, who appeared to know his own affairs, and wish to be unmolested, now a sullen young sophomore much broken in spirit, needing

and actually craving sympathy in his inmost heart, but outwardly repelling it, and steeling himself against approach in perverse boy-fashion.

So that into the midst of Goldie's communings, and his reflections on the way that "girls seem to know every thing," came the thought, that he, Goldie, No. 2 in the 'Varsity, secretary of the Institute, and mighty leader, as he deemed himself, in many ways, was undertaking a *rôle* far from congenial, very difficult, and not unlikely to end disastrously. Whether he would ever have carried it through if he had been left to his own devices, or how serious a cousinly estrangement would have been effected by his failure, is entirely a matter of conjecture. But the week of the cousins' compact was fated to bring on events totally unprophesied by the most skilled of university augurs, — events which were to turn the thoughts of several men into quite new courses, materially affect the private relations of Tom and Goldie, and even reach so far as to cast a shadow on the field of college-sports for a time.

CHAPTER XIII.

CROSSING SWORDS WITH THE FACULTY.

"Ubique, sed præsertim in principum et regum aulis, est consilium optimum silere." — PETRA-SANCTA.

"Chi parla semina, chi tace raccoglie." — ITALIAN PROVERB.

TWO days later, students returning from early chapel had their attention arrested by the following announcement on the bulletin-boards, about which an excited throng was presently collected: —

CAMBRIDGE, June 12, 185–.

The sophomore class is notified, that unless the perpetrators of the vandalism of last night shall come forward, and make themselves known to the faculty, the class will be decimated, and many innocent men will be obliged to suffer.

H. W. THUMPUM, *Secretary.*

Here was a bombshell. Few that read the fatal bulletin were yet aware of the nature or extent of the offence comprehended under the sinister name "vandalism;" but all who read it took in the idea that the blood of the faculty was up, and retribution was preparing for the guilty, or, in default of the guilty, for their innocent classmates, who might have been sleeping in their beds, or mewed in their rooms over their books, when the prowling vandals had done their work.

"What is it?" asked freshmen.

"Terrible row last night," answered the knowing.

"Where?"

"Oh! fight with policemen, after the Institute-meeting.

Fountain in Mr. Bradstreet's grounds broken to pieces. Sophomores on an awful tear!"

And before long the vandalism was a fact known to everybody within the college-walls, where it was tossed about from mouth to mouth, from dowdy bedmaker to bedmaker, from boot-polishing skip to spry letter-carrier, until you would have supposed that all the Goths and Huns of barbarism had descended upon Cambridge during the night, and held high junket within its quiet borders.

The "Institute of 1770," of which Albemarle was now president, had adjourned at the usual hour the night before, and crossed the street for the time-honored songs under the shadow of the church opposite. Merryweather, trombonist of the Pierians, was in the midst of a song, — "Dear Evelina," as harmless a ditty as ever the old walls had listened to. The surrounding crowd was surging out on the rising *crescendo* of the chorus, —

> "Dear Evelina, sweet Evelina,
> My love for thee shall never, never die!" —

how it has echoed along the New-England coast in days gone by! — when a voice from the corner of Church Street broke in as an unwelcome *finale*, —

"Come, young gentlemen, we've had enough of this! Move off to your rooms!"

"What's up, Simpson? We're doing no harm," answered Freemantle; and the crowd turned, to find some half-dozen policemen sauntering towards them.

"Can't help it. There's too much racket. We've got our orders to stop it."

"But the Institute has always sung here in this way."

"There's no use of making any words about it. I tell you you've got to quit this howling. Go over and sing in the yard if you wish."

"But we don't wish. And, by Jove! we mean to sing

here; and you can go to thunder!" shouted some rash fellow.

"What's that? You just try it on, that's all!" And there was great grumbling and murmuring, and much consultation among the men, some of whom were for openly defying the authorities, and maintaining the hallowed custom *vi et armis*.

The policemen had, apparently without intent, put themselves around the crowd, however; and the milder counsels prevailed. The men started across towards the quadrangle, the less turbulent in front, and the obstinate and pugnacious, like Penhallow, Pinckney, Hammersmith, Freemantle, Goldie, and others, in the rear. They started for the quadrangle; but, as they went, the impulse was irresistible, and the whole throng broke out in a vicious chorus, at first low, then swelling to a defiant loudness, —

"I met three p'licemen on the strand,
Luddy — fuddy — whack — ful — ludy — I — oh!"

and more couplets equally edifying.

It was a chorus that had often been shouted in defiance at pursuing officers of the town; a species of "*ça ira*" that was accepted as the symbol of revolution both by students who sang, and policemen who felt themselves insulted by its well-known jerky movement.

The officers made a dash, seized two or three of the laggards, and were carrying them off, when the cry, "Rescue, rescue!" was raised; and, almost to a man, the sophomores turned, and engaged the officers. Penhallow and Hammersmith had been rescued, and the crowd were laboring for Freemantle, when a fire-company came lumbering down from North Cambridge, directly in the track of the scrimmage, and joined forces with the policemen.

No love had been lost between the students and the Cambridge Fire Brigade from time immemorial. How

the hostility had originated, history does not relate. Whether it sprang from a professional contempt of the early engine-company, made up among the students after the first burning of Harvard Hall, or from a plebeian envy of the fancy dresses and *dilettante* organization of the later company of undergraduates, with their rendezvous at Hollis Pump, their stated parades, and (most envied perquisite of all!) their substantial suppers after a fire in Cambridge or Boston which they had honored by extinguishing, we cannot decide; but certain it is, that, in Hammersmith's day, the bitterest feeling existed between the knights of the hose and the young 'Varsity men; nay, more than this. For because, forsooth, the tired scholastic head would fain protrude itself from the college-windows, and bellow, "Heads out, heads out!" when the fire-bells began to clang; and because students would now and then delight to stretch their legs, cramped and grown weary from much worship before their lexicons and domestic gods, running patronizingly alongside the professionals as they struggled with "the machine," encouraging them with friendly chaff the while, — the rumor grew that the students themselves were in the habit of setting fires in remote spots for merest sport, and for enjoyment of the firemen's drudgery. How such a rumor, growing by what it fed on, came to add fuel to the small village war may be imagined. A mere spark was enough to set it in a blaze; and an opportunity like the present, for giving battle to their natural foes under the protection of the guardians of municipal order, was looked upon by the firemen as providential.

They deserted their engine, joined the officers; and for a few moments there was as lively a scrimmage as had ever occurred between the old-time enemies.

Hammersmith was in the thick of the fight; no such mean antagonist now, as when he saw his first stars on

the Delta, in the verdant days so long past, but stubborn, determined, powerful, and an excellent boxer. Again and again a man was caught, and hurried off towards the neighboring lock-up; and again and again there was a gallant rush and a rescue. It lasted but a few moments, however; and, as it is only a prelude to the vandalism referred to in the faculty-bulletin, this struggle does not call for minute description. At its end the sophomores had lost three or four men, Freemantle among them, who were carried off, and safely jugged, being liberated on the next day, with inconsiderable fines and a judicial benediction. The rest of the men retreated within the quadrangle, where they stood, breathing defiance, and daring their opponents to enter its sacred limits.

Quiet sleep, even the contemplative pipe and mild gossip, with comparisons of deeds of prowess, were tame affairs, however, after such an exciting stir of the blood; and the last shout of vengeance had hardly been hurled after the retiring firemen, when a party sallied out of the quadrangle, and made their way to the western end of town.

We need hardly follow them on their raid. But if we could have been at hand the following morning, and seen the consternation of early-rising burghers, when they came out to sniff the fresh morning air of June and saw the altered face of Nature about their premises, we should have had a rare sight.

"Dammy, what's this?" said old Mr. Boreman, looking out of his front-door, and advancing to the street. A neat little stone wall surrounded his place, through which a stout, low gate, sanded to stone-color, admitted to his ample grounds. He reaches the gate; and in place of his solid, iron-strengthened wicket, with silver-plated "B. Boreman" ornamenting its front, there is a weather-stained, unpainted board affair towering high above his

wall, against which it leans. He kicks it over with a mad burgher's kick; and, with sundry strong expressions of disgust, goes in to take a sorry breakfast with Madam Boreman and the Misses Boreman, who are treated to a homily on the sinfulness and license of student-life, and the awful inefficiency of the Cambridge police.

Boreman's own gate has been carried a half-mile, and propped up against an ungated entrance to a pasture, where the itinerant milkman, going his rounds, grins at its misplaced smartness, and winks at "B. Boreman," shining in the morning sun. Other gates are carried from street to street, and exchanged most unmatchedly: they are suspended from trees; they are tossed into flower-beds; they are hung upon gas-posts. Gas-lamps, too, are made to suffer, although the vandal knows that noisy destruction is two-edged, and may cut back upon himself; so that only here and there, in outlying streets, are the glasses riddled, and the tops of the posts removed.

Street-signs, too, are purloined: "Appleton Street" is transferred to "Appian Way;" "Cambridge Street," to "Fayerweather Street;" and many are carried off to grace the rooms of the students, — where "Quincy Street" may be seen pointing to a coal-closet, and "Craigie Street" leading up a fireplace, along with various horse-car emblems; an arrangement somewhat confusing to one topographically inclined.

This might all have been passed over, and the curious spectacle of anxious townsmen employing a half Saturday in hunting their lost wickets, cutting them down from lamp-posts, and transporting them home on their shoulders or in carts, might have been regarded as rather laughable than serious, if there had not been a greater excess.

But when Mr. Augustus Bradstreet drove down to the president's house in his rattling chaise, even before

prayer, — surprising the worthy Dummer in act of executing his matin shave, — and with much jingling of ponderous watch-seals, and much violent language, announced the destruction of his costly fountain, — a marble Triton with impossible convolutions of tail, which had been wantonly knocked to pieces, — the matter became too serious to be passed over lightly.

"Yes, sir; and I shall have a judicial investigation instituted, and an example made of your young scapegraces if I can catch them! It's a shame, sir, a disgrace, and I think it is time that this vandalism should stop! Five hundred dollars would not have bought that fountain, sir! It was a copy, sir, a valuable copy, of the antique, by Count Whacko Chisello of Florence, second cousin of Victor Emmanuel, and an Eyetalian of extraordinary genius."

"Well, well, Mr. Bradstreet, I shall be very happy to co-operate with you in any reasonable measures you may care to institute. But you must appreciate how powerless I am to prevent such proceedings, anxious though I may be, and equally anxious to see the actors properly punished. Plato was right when he said that boys were the most ferocious of animals," concluded the learned Dummer; and, embodying the indignant burgher's word "vandalism" in the notice which we have seen, he despatched it by his man for the secretary's signature, and it was posted while prayers were in progress.

This faculty-bull hung up on the bulletin-boards worked no exception to its many predecessors. Men would be drawn and quartered before they would announce themselves as the culprits pointed at. They would suffer the rack and the thumb-screw rather than carry tales of their classmates. And, to say truth, the men who held the secret of the vandalism and the names of the party were very few in number. And the decimation threatened might

have proceeded, and the actual offenders never have been known, if affairs had not taken an entirely unexpected turn.

Sunday and a large part of Monday had passed. No new developments under the faculty-order. Men were debating among themselves if the full letter of the order would be observed, and speculating on the chances of being among the unfortunate victims. Ten into ninety-nine, nine and nine-tenths times — every man performed the simple division, and knew his chance in the lottery. Much questioning failed to bring out more than vaguest conjectures as to the names of the men at fault. Stories were told of the horrible fate that had overtaken tattlers and tale-bearers in earlier, more ferocious days; and, if anybody had an itching desire to hand a name to the faculty, he trembled at the thought, and quickly subdued it.

Word spread, about mid-afternoon of Monday, that Goldie and Hammersmith had been summoned to the faculty-meeting of that evening. It could hardly be credited: their names had been seldom associated with the marauding party in the wildest guessing. The president's freshman was captured and pumped. Yes, he had carried summonses to both Hammersmith and Goldie this very afternoon. What for? Of course he did not know. The men themselves were interviewed. They were summoned most assuredly: they produced the mysterious little strips of paper which had been handed them; but they were as ignorant of the reason as the president's young freshman himself.

"They *look* mighty innocent," said Ladbroke. "But by Jove! Hammersmith has a confounded mysterious air, as though he knew more than he cared to tell." And Ladbroke left a group on Stoughton steps, pleasing himself with a secret hope that Hammersmith, at least, might be about to meet what he considered his deserts.

About nine o'clock in the evening there was a furious rapping at the door of Professor Darby's house, — a mile or more from the college-buildings. The maid appeared in some trepidation, and, seeing Goldie, admitted him into the hall.

"Is Miss Ellen in?" asked he, panting with excitement from running.

"Yes, sir, she is," answered the maid, who assumed a very quizzical expression, as she added; "but she has told me, when you call, that you shall say what news you have brought, sir."

"What news!" said Goldie. "Oh, that's all right! Tell her I *have* some news. Hurry, please." And Ellen presently came running down the stairs.

"Well?" said she stopping half way down, with her hand on the rail. "Are you serious to-night, George? or have you made your way in under false pretences?"

"No, no, Ellen: I'm serious enough to-night, in all conscience' sake! Come into the library. Anybody here?"

"No: father has not come from faculty-meeting yet. Mother has just gone to her room. Why, George, what's the matter?" she said, as Goldie sank into a chair, with a great groan.

"Ellen, I suppose a girl doesn't know what it is to be tracked, and deceived, and lied about, and slandered, does she?"

"What *are* you talking about?"

"And to want sympathy, and feel that the one person in all the world that can give it is denying it to you, and keeping aloof?"

"Now you're talking about Mr. Hammersmith, aren't you?"

"How can you tell! Yes, I am. Ellen, he is the most magnificent, great-hearted fellow in the world! He has

had a perfect network of villany and cunning surrounding him for months now; and this time they have tried to rope me in!"

"What *can* it all be, George? Can you tell me?"

"Of course I can, my dear Ellen. You will be glad, perhaps, to have me tell you, in the first place, that you were entirely right about Hammersmith (you are always right, somehow or other), and that he and I are going to be just as fast friends as ever again; are already on the way to it, I am happy to say."

"I am *so* glad! But how did it all come about? I knew you would do as I wished about it."

"You just wait. Don't be so sure of it! I might not have screwed up my courage, with all my trying, if things had not fallen out oddly enough. I tried to go up boldly to him, or speak to him at the river, several times: but I couldn't do it; it seemed to stick in my throat, and I felt very foolish about it at the same time. Then that scrape of Friday night came on. You've heard of it, of course, since you hear every thing, you little rogue?"

"Now, don't revive that silly expression, please! Yes, I've heard of it; but that is all. You don't mean that you were in that, George? or Mr. Hammersmith?"

"No, not exactly. But don't be in a hurry! That scrape came on; and everybody was excited, and had nothing else to talk about; and then Tom went home with Penhallow for Sunday, and to-day I have been so busy, and we didn't go out in the boat, as they're altering the outriggers, and"—

"Oh, you procrastinating man! I verily believe you have not spoken to him at all!"

"Yes, yes, I have. Sit down. I thought you would wish to hear it all: so I was beginning at the beginning. Well, you know the faculty issued an order about Friday night. Old Bradstreet came down, and made a fearful

touse about his old two-penny fountain, that the fellows broke up, — not that I think it was a good thing to do, — and they had to take notice of it; so threatened to decimate the class, if the perpetrators of the vandalism, as they called it, were not made known."

"What do you mean by decimating?"

"Why, taking out every tenth man, and suspending him, or expelling him."

"No, really?"

"Yes, indeed! No joke, I assure you! Of course, nobody came forward to announce himself: he would be a precious fool if he did! And this afternoon Hammersmith and I were summoned to the faculty.'

"Why, George!"

"I didn't suppose it could possibly refer to the Bradstreet affair; for I went to my rooms directly after the scrimmage with the firemen, — I suppose you've heard of that too?"

"Yes, I have; and I heard that you were as wicked as you could be, and did more fighting than anybody else, and I'm ashamed of you!"

"Oh, no, you're not! You were mighty glad to hear it, *I* know! Well, I had gone to my rooms, as I say, and I was quite sure Hammersmith had done the same, though I could not have sworn to it; and consequently I was a good deal surprised at our being summoned. We met in the anteroom of the faculty; and although there were a couple of freshmen waiting before us, in fear and trembling, old Wizzen opened the door, and ushered us in. Dummer sat at the head of the long table, and all the rest of the old pods were ranged about it."

"Why, George, how you do talk about them!" said Miss Ellen.

"Your father was there, and old Brimblecom, and Bone, and the rest; and they seemed actually tickled to

see us brought in, and stand twiddling our hats. I don't mean that your father did, or Brimblecom, but most of them: in fact, uncle looked a good deal dashed to see us, as I think he had no idea we were summoned.

"Well, old Dummer was tapping the table with a ruler, as we came up near him, and grinned feebly, as he said, 'Mr. Goldie, Mr. Hammersmith,' and we bowed. He hemmed a little, and went on, looking about the table.

"'We have received information, Mr. Goldie, that you were concerned in the destruction of property in Cambridge last Friday evening, and particularly in the matter of Mr. Bradstreet's fountain. We have thought it best to summon you, and inquire personally of you about your participation in the affair, before ordering any punishment for the offence: this as a justice to yourself, a mere matter of form I may say, — a mere matter of form. What have you to say in extenuation of the offence?'

"'I have only this to say, sir, that your information is entirely incorrect. I had nothing whatever to do in the matter; went to my rooms after the Institute meeting, and — and a little disturbance with the police,' said I.

"'Yes, we have heard of that too,' he said, smiling grimly about the table. 'But I think we can pass over that, gentlemen. The young men were interrupted in their singing, I have been informed.'

"The room murmured assent.

"'Then you say, Mr. Goldie,' he went on, 'that you had nothing to do with this affair?'

"'I do sir,' said I.

"'That you know nothing whatever of it, — the names of the party, and so on?'

"'I do sir. I know nothing whatever of the affair, beyond the vague rumors that have been flying about.'

"'Well, gentlemen, I do not know that we have any thing more to ask Mr. Goldie. Our information is of

such an indefinite nature, that we give no especial credence to it; and the young gentleman's word is enough to exonerate him. —That will do, Mr. Goldie. — Mr. Hammersmith,' he said, turning towards Tom. And Tom stepped forward, looking as handsome as a picture, but as mad as a hornet. I saw that he was boiling over with rage; but I was not prepared for his cool manner.

"'How is it with you, Mr. Hammersmith?' asked the president. 'Were you at all implicated in the affair?'

"'I will answer, sir, when I am told the character of the information on which I am summoned,' said Tom, without the slightest tremor in his words.

"'It — it — hardly signifies,' said old Dummer: 'we do not wish further to complicate the matter. A simple "Yes" or "No" will be satisfactory. — Eh, gentlemen?'

"'I will be happy to accommodate you, if I may be allowed to know the name of the man who has brought you the story of my complicity in the affair,' said Tom. 'I do not think being stabbed in the back, in this way, is a very noble death!' And I never saw a fellow's eyes flash as Tom's did, though he was as cool as you are now, in manner."

"Why, George, you do not mean that he was really in the disgraceful affair?" asked Miss Darby.

"Not at all, not at all!" said Goldie.

"He was simply cut to the quick, and stubborn, as he always is when he's insulted. You can't imagine how his last words affected the faculty! There was a great hemming and hawing. Brimblecom took off his spectacles and wiped them; old Dummer glared horribly at the ceiling; and though I would not dare breathe it to anybody else, Ellen, I could take my oath that the slightest perceptible wink appeared in your father's left eye as he looked up, and met Tom's gaze. I was watching him at the time, and I am sure the dear old fellow was im-

mensely tickled at Tom's pluck. Tom stood, meanwhile, as quiet as a statue, looking about the room.

"'Hem, these words — Mr. Hammersmith, it would avail you nothing to hear the nature of our information,' said Dummer. — 'And I think you agree with me, gentlemen, when I say we have no wish to do Mr. Hammersmith an injustice. — A simple denial will be entirely satisfactory: otherwise we shall be obliged to proceed on a presumption of your guilt.'

"'I regret, sir, that I cannot comply with your wishes. I decline to say a word if I am not permitted to know the grounds of the charge preferred against me.' And Tom tossed his head in the way that you must have seen, — no? — and looked very defiant.

"'Well, well, gentlemen. Yes, Mr. Hammersmith, will you be pleased to retire to the next room, and Mr. Goldie?' And we stepped out. A hubbub, and confused argument, and moving of papers, followed; and in a few moments we were called back.

"'We arrive at the conclusion with regret, Mr. Hammersmith; but your manner will permit no other course,' said the president. 'You still persist in refusing to explain your connection with this affair?'

"'I do, sir, most politely, but most emphatically.'

"'We are compelled, then, to announce to you that you are suspended for six months. You will be expected to pass this period in study; and you will to-morrow be informed with whom.'

"'Thank you, sir: is that all?' asked Tom. Dummer bowed his head, looking daggers at Tom, and we left."

"Is he really suspended, George? Is it true?" asked Miss Darby, showing more interest than was discreet.

"True as gospel, I'm sorry to say," said Goldie, "unless your father, or somebody, can get it altered. But gracious! Hammersmith is in such a rage now, that I doubt

whether he would stay in Cambridge, if they would let him."

"Poor fellow! What did you say to him?" asked Ellen.

"Oh! I went right up to his room with him; and we had such a half-hour's talk as I have never had with a man in my life, Ellen, I can tell you. He is a stunning fellow, by Jove!"

"Can you tell me what he said?"

"Why, of course he was awfully cut up, when he saw what he had really done, and appreciated it was all his own fault, and might have been avoided. But I knew his temper well enough not to make it worse by telling him that he had made a mistake; and, 'pon my word, I was so delighted with his pluck, that I could hardly make up my mind to call it a mistake."'

"But it was, George, it was. I am *so* sorry he spoke out so!"

"Well, perhaps it was. But don't let us cry over spilled milk. The thing to do is to try to save the poor fellow."

"Certainly we must." And the brave girl stood up as though she were going at once to do it. "But what did he say, George?"

"I can't tell you all he said, Nell: I've no right to tell you all. Of course he raged round, and said he would shoot the man who had told such a lie about him; for it was a lie, — a foul, slanderous lie, as he said. He was in his rooms all the time that night, just as I was; and he asked me who I thought it was, and I could not give the faintest guess, of course; and then he seemed to think of something. And he said a good many pleasant things to me, about how I had given him good advice once, which it would have been much better for him to have followed, and what an egregious fool he had been, and so on, and so on. That gave me a good chance, Ellen, which

was all I was waiting for; and I assured him how sorry I had been for him, and how I had wished to speak to him, and cheer him up, but had supposed he did not care for it, and might resent it. And he said it was the very thing above all others that he wanted, — my friendship and sympathy; that he had been more cut up than by any thing else, because I held off from him (almost your very words, dear Ellen), and so on. You can be sure I made it all right, — told him that it had been my fault all along, and that I ought not to have been so obstinate, but should have gone to him, and tried to help him. But he would not allow me to put it in that way, and declared that it was all his own fault; that he had given me cause for thinking harshly of him, and that, if he had not been such a proud fool, (think of Hammersmith calling himself a proud fool!) he would have come to me long ago, and apologized for his hasty words in freshman year, and — well, Ellen, he behaved like a brick, and I felt like a fool to have treated him so; for it might all have been avoided just as well as not. And now I see that your advice was entirely correct, and that I have misunderstood the fellow from the very start."

"I'm very, very glad, George, that it has all turned out so well, *if* we can only do something to save him. Who *can* have been so wicked as to tell such an awful lie about him, and about you too?"

"We can't make out. That's the very thing that puzzles Hammersmith in the whole matter. It is bad enough taking care of the scrapes that a fellow really gets involved in, as Tom said, without having all the sins of the college laid at your door; and Hammersmith's excitement is not so much at the idea of being sent away (though he feels that keenly enough), but at the idea of anybody being mean enough to slander him so disgracefully. Of course, if Tom had not been so high-strung, he

might have avoided suspension by simply denying his connection with the fountain matter, as I did. I had no idea of flying out at the charge: it came so suddenly, in fact, that I had no time to reflect on it; and I was glad enough to be able to get off by a mere denial. But Tom had a little time to think on it, you see, — while they were questioning me, — and being the impetuous, open-hearted fellow that he is, he was cut to the quick, I suppose, at the idea of being hauled up on a dark charge, evidently not of a substantial character, and stabbed in the back, as he put it to them. Gracious! you ought to have seen old Wizzen start when he plumped that phrase among them. You would have thought the old bird had been stabbed himself."

"You have no idea who started the report? He might be induced to withdraw it, and apologize," said Ellen, with a simple knowledge of ways and means.

"Hardly think that would do any good. You see, Tom's manner of taking it is what has used him up: they cannot forgive his severe speech. And Tom cannot begin to guess who could have slandered him in this fashion. By the way, I took the liberty of asking him to come up here with me just now; but he said he could not think of it. He will call to-morrow, or before he goes off, and say good-by, he says, — the idea of losing him just at this time! The crew will be simply demoralized. And I shall feel that I am partly to blame, for not having stood by him before, and so kept him a little more straight. Good gracious! good gracious! Tufton, Tufton! Can it be possible that that fellow is pursuing him yet? It never occurred to me till this moment; but it is impossible. He has been gone more than a week now; and some fellows saw him taking the cars for New York in the Boston and Worcester depot. Hammersmith told me a great deal about his relations with that scoundrel, moreover, that I

have never known before; and the way the poor fellow has suffered at his hands is something frightful; but for Heaven's sake, Ellen, *never* let him know that I have hinted a word of all this to you! promise me."

"Of course, I *never* will, George; and I am more sorry than I can say that it has all ended in his being suspended. He shall *not* be. Come, George, what do you propose?" And the fair cousin, with heightened color, and more excitement than was common with her, ran to the door to welcome her father, whose step she heard at the moment.

The warm-hearted professor burst in upon their despair with fresh news and kindly plans; and the three fell to talking of the episode and of Hammersmith's chances, and sat together far into the night.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HAMMERSMITH RUBICON.

"Be bolde, Be bolde, and everywhere, Be bold."—SPENSER.
"Ignis aurum probat, miseria fortes viros."—SENECA.

MEANWHILE the young gentleman in question, Mr. Tom, was pacing his room, and indulging in reflections by no means calculated to cheer his despondency. This, then, was the end of all the hopes and plans, the maternal anxiety and uncle's beneficence, for his college-career; for the idea of returning to Cambridge after his period of rustication was over did not once enter the indignant young fellow's head: he would never think of such a thing.

Lope de Vega, jilted by a dark-eyed señorita, joined the Armada, we are told, and used up, as waddîng for his gun, the verses that he had written to his treacherous inamorata. Tom's Alma Mater, which he loved, and would have fought for,—though he had done nothing extraordinary as yet to testify his devotion,—had spurned him. A false tale, a slander, had been accepted by her; he had been struck in the dark; he would have no more of her. And all his rosy dreams and longing, his high-hearted hopes and resolves, he now fashioned into sinister weapons against his too cruel mother, dipping them in a dark bath of poisoned feeling. How gravely foolish the reasoning, how simply impulsive the spirit, of the lad, laying at the door of the constituted authorities the evil which his own impetuous words had brought!

Men dropped in to console, to inquire, to advise. It was a cold comfort and a thin sympathy at best that they could bring; and the sombre Hammersmith did not seem in a mood to appreciate or to plan. What planning could there be, when the morrow would bring the *ultimatum* of the Faculty, and he should step forward, demand his papers, and bid good-by to the college forever? Should he write to his mother, advising her of his coming? Oh! where was his uncle Gayton? He sat down, and wrote to his mother. He tried to describe it all in a vein of pleasantry, as though it were not so terrible a thing after all. But his hand shook: he was telling her only half the truth; she knew nothing whatever of the Boggle affair. He could not send her such a letter: he tore it up.

His chum Penhallow spent the evening with him. He was sympathy itself. And yet he was deep in his own troubles, much closer allied to Tom's than Hammersmith knew; and he was waiting only the developments of the morning to take as decisive action as Tom himself. How we deceive ourselves, and shake our own chains for very sport in our misery, looking with envy on lighter-hearted mortals, whom we picture free as air, unvisited by griefs! Tom fairly begrudged his chum the careless ease and untroubled tranquillity of his college-life; while all the time Penhallow was feeding on his own bitter bread, and debating his own sorry problem. Should he come forward yet? Would it save Tom if he did? Was it true that Tom's own words had been the cause of his suspension, and that the faculty would go no farther in their investigation, as many men seemed to think? Penhallow was as stanch a friend as Hammersmith had; but was there any thing to be gained by opening his mouth, if Tom were not to be saved by the means? Pen didn't know; and being no subtle moralist, but a youth remarkably apt to grow uncommonly sleepy about eleven o'clock, he turned

in at that hour, and left Tom at the table, a sheet of paper before him, his head leaning on his left hand.

Hammersmith had packed a few traps; he had tried to write home; he had tried still harder to bring himself to make an apology to the faculty, as the ardent Pinckney had suggested, less afraid than Goldie of Tom's resenting the very suggestion: but he could not do it. What? apologize to men who had listened to a vile slander, summoning him to answer it without telling him its origin and its author? Get down on his knees to such men? Never! And the blood of all the Hammersmiths was up; and the much-tossed Tom put on his hat, and went out into the still night.

He hardly knew what course he took: he wandered about without aim. He was on fire when he came out; he was breathing defiance at everybody: but the cool air of midnight, and the calm stars, looking down on joy and misery alike with impassive gaze, came to quiet his raging mood, and lead Despair with gentle hand into a land of hope and quiet reflection.

Here were the steps of Harvard Hall, where he had first met Goldie. Here was the hall whence he had rushed exultant, brandishing his entrance-papers, and falling into the arms of his classmates below stairs. And there was the very spot where his dear old uncle had waited for him in his barouche, drawn up outside the gate, and received the young freshman with hearty congratulations. There was the Delta, where his first stout struggle with the sophomores had taken place; where Breese had distinguished himself, and vaulted the fence, just here, as he fled for his rooms. And he stood on the very spot where McGregor had caught him up, and congratulated him on his plucky stand against him in the game. Goldie's old rooms, where he had played such different parts; the old Hollis Pump, where he had cooled his lips so many times, rush-

ing in from cricket, or football, or rapid constitutional, just in time for recitation; the Institute, scene of his early initiation and first office-holding; all the different landmarks of his bright college-life, — must he leave these in disgrace, and look back upon them as only the fragments of a broken dream? The swaying foliage of the elms, that have listened to so many vows and prayers, songs and shouts, before, and dropped their flickering shadows on the merry and the grave, the thoughtful scholar and the idle reveller alike, rose and fell with a quiet night-whisper above young Tom, pacing under their arches for the last time, as he thought, poor fellow! The last lights went out, and he was alone with the stars and the night. He thought of his mother and his sweet young sister Mabel, and of all the wild nights of the past year; and he cursed himself for all the wicked extravagance and folly which had kept him from the high courses on which he had started.

It was a sad, bitter fight that he was fighting with himself; fighting to decide if he were to gain that victory which is greater than the taking of cities, or to slink off in disgrace, lowering his lance, and confessing defeat; such a fight as Amadis de Gaul and Dardan fought, stubborn, bitter, shield to shield, and axe to axe, till Amadis, sore-pressed and well-nigh fainting, beheld the fair Oriana at her window, received new strength, and conquered. If only at the window of Hope some fair Oriana might appear to Tom! If only he knew that while he was struggling thus, and facing the conflict within his own heart, there was some radiant presence working for him, about him, around him, — who shall say if not within him? — inspiring him to be worthy of himself! But Tom knew little of the sources of his strength from within and from without. He had small conception of the power of sentimental inspiration; and he knew nothing of a certain earnest little trip-

artite meeting that was just about breaking up, as he went over towards the river, across Harvard Square. He knew only that everybody seemed to be against him, and that his own rash temper had wrought him nothing but harm from his earliest college-days, — first with Goldie, afterwards with Ladbroke, then with the Boggles, the disgusting Boggles! and now finally with the faculty itself. Whom could he imagine working for him, even with prayers, and with what effect, in any case, if his own temper insisted on running away with him, and working his ruin? No: it was a single-handed fight, Hammersmith *vs.* Circumstance; and I am not sure that Tom was not deciding to call it a drawn battle, and retire from the field, so hard the conditions, and so relentless the malice of the warfare appeared to him. But Oriana was coming.

Tom did not reflect, indeed, that he was merely meeting the ordinary fate of his race, merely drawing near that university Rubicon, where so many Hammersmiths had halted, and turned back, — at the full stream of sophomore life. Nor would the reflection have brought a fit consolation in view of the circumstances of his own suspension. There was something comparatively manly (in Mr. Tom's mind at least) in plunging Hammersmith-fashion into some dangerous adventure, and being sent away a local hero. The family displeasure and admiring consternation of young sisters and cousins might be endured in a martyrdom like that, and Tom was sure that he could have carried off such a dismissal with not unbecoming dignity and ease. But to be sent away for nothing, (what youth will admit that hasty words are any thing?) to be turned adrift with all the disgrace, and none of the *éclat*, which his ancestor Hammersmiths had carried off, — that was too much, that was too humiliating.

Thus reflecting, thus torn with his restless thoughts, he passed, almost without noticing, his old freshman quar-

ters in the Brattle House. He turned, and went under the shadow of Tufton's deserted rooms, forsaken by even boozy Jordan now, and made his way to the boat-houses by a natural impulsion. He crossed the narrow plank leading over the marshes: he opened the houses with a key that he carried, and sat down on the timbers, facing the water.

Here was the scene of his first considerable triumphs in sports. Here he had first paddled out in freshman year, and astonished onlookers by his faultless stroke. Up yonder tackle he had climbed many a time, returning from a pull with a crew. At this very door he had issued to take his seat in the famous six of his first year, which had quitted itself so well, and in the 'Varsity, only a few days ago now, followed by the hopes and praise of the college.

There was Tufton's favorite lounging-place, in that corner, sheltered from the wind. Tom had seen him many a time standing there, lazily watching the crews, and making those investigations whose purpose we have now somewhat divined,—and Tom, *too*, alas! Ah, how he remembered Tufton's very words as he spoke admiringly of Tom's stroke one day, so long ago, and asked him up for a glass of wine! And this man, who had professed such friendship, who had been at his side for weeks and months, who had initiated him into ways and places which now made him sick as he thought of them, — this man had turned on him, and swindled him, and lied to him, and made him a laughing-stock among his friends! For this man's friendship he had sacrificed Goldie and Breese and Albemarle, and hosts of good men, with whom his relations had been only lukewarm in consequence of his absorption with Tufton. For him he had given hot, cruel words to Goldie, best of fellows! Through him, bah, the Boggle! The long asinine folly, the vulgar surroundings, the double-faced actress, the *soi-disant* father, the wretched promise to pay,

and all the misery which it had brought to him! — This note! How could he ever pay it? Could he ever pay it? Ought he to pay it if he could? Penhallow was right: Tom had started for Boston to ask his lawyers if the law could compel him to discharge an obligation which his honor told him was not binding; but Penhallow did not know that he had quailed at asking the humiliating question, and having, possibly, to tell the whole story, by way of explanation, and had come back to Cambridge with his doubts unsettled.

Later financial embarrassments, a heavier note approaching protest, may bring more distress and consternation in their train, but I doubt if they are more harrowing, than the sudden dismay with which a youth is overwhelmed when caught in a maze like Tom's. To be suspended in so causeless a way, to leave behind a fair reputation scarred and broken with folly, and seeming vice and extravagance, that was grievous enough surely; but to have the truculent Boggle following him, like a Nemesis, with Tom's signature on his paper, — following him, as he knew he would, wherever he went; to feel that sooner or later he must make a clean breast of it, and obtain help from somebody (he scarcely dared think from whom), or else miserably evade his promise, — that was too much! How could he evade it? What desperate measure could he adopt to free himself from the toils which had been gathering about him for months now? Why not end it all by flight? Why not — But do not brood on your desperate chances, dear Tom, or let your thoughts drop to the cool depths and quiet rest below the dark flood at your feet, lapping the timbers with gentle wash. It is cowardly, it is unbecoming a Hammersmith — and Oriana is coming!

He starts up, shakes himself as with fresh resolution, and walks rapidly to his rooms. Whence the new hope,

the brighter vision, had come, he knew not; nor can any of us know. But if prayers avail, and maidenly intercession can do its pure office without the medium of personal presence, there was passing into Tom's soul an inspiration and a delicious uplifting strength from a source which would have surprised the good fellow not a little, had he been told of it, but the effects of which he felt most markedly, thanking God.

There was much hubbub and dismay next morning in the college-world. Hammersmith suspended! It could not be! In the Bradstreet scrape? Impossible! A dozen men could swear that he had gone quietly to his rooms after the firemen's retreat. As many more could testify, if they would, that no Hammersmith had been with them in their after vandalism. But would these latter come forward and testify? And would their words save Hammersmith, whose own words had been his ruin? Nobody could say; and Penhallow was vastly troubled in spirit with certain facts which he was carrying in his head.

A monster petition was started. The sophomore class, to a man, put down their names; and the other classes came forward almost unanimously to save Hammersmith, and stave off the chances of defeat at Worcester. The faculty was to be most respectfully petitioned to review the Hammersmith case, and receive the testimony of men who could show that he had no connection with the affair. Classmates, members of the 'Varsity, men who hardly knew him except by sight, called to beg him to apologize to the faculty, and, for the honor of the university, not give up his seat in the crew so easily.

Tom was flattered, he felt his importance, he was sorry to be going; but he would never write an apology. He packed more of his effects; he collected a few tradesmen's bills; he called on Miss Darby, and bade her good-by in a way that made that collected young woman's heart give

a great throb of pity for poor broken Tom; and then he waited and waited for the final word from the authorities, when he felt that he would take such pleasure in announcing his determination to "take up his connections" forthwith, and never return to the cold hospitality of the university.

Early in the afternoon the president's freshman was climbing to Tom's rooms again. He handed Tom a note, this time from Dr. Brimblecom, requesting him to call at once at his study; and Tom went off from an anxious roomful of friends, to hear his fate.

What passed in that interview may better not be described,—how the good doctor received Hammersmith most cordially, in a manner bespeaking his hearty sympathy, and proceeded at once to the object of his summons, the faculty having deputed him to talk the matter over calmly with Hammersmith, who had evidently not been implicated in the offence (as they had since learned from a trustworthy source), and to endeavor to adjust the matter satisfactorily; how Tom would listen to no advances which did not include the disclosure of the origin of the slander against him, although he was most sensibly touched, and deeply thankful for the doctor's kind dealing; how the doctor argued with him at greater length, and nearly persuaded him that he was marring his own life by mere obstinacy, and quite natural youthful indignation; how the doctor could not quite conceal his admiration for Tom's fine rage and manly bearing; and how, at length, producing a small scrap of paper, he told Hammersmith that he held in his hand the paper charging Hammersmith with complicity in the fountain affair. He was not exactly authorized to deliver this paper to Tom, he added; but he could take the liberty of doing so, if Tom would but go with him to the president's, and retract the severe language which he had used in the

faculty room. And Tom still held out; but the fatherly interest of the kind-hearted doctor, the sight of the paper almost within his grasp, the thought of his mother let us hope, and the ease of stepping across to the president's with Brimblecom, and saying the simple five words to the offended Dummer, all conspired to weaken his resistance; and at last he said, —

"I will do so, doctor, if you think best."

The doctor was handing him the paper, when he stopped and said, —

"But I had forgotten that the faculty make it a condition in the case, that you shall not take part in any more rowing this term, Mr. Hammersmith, and shall show a commendable devotion to your college-duties."

Tom was more aghast than ever, — this condition thrust in just when every thing seemed working smoothly for him! And again he refused to have any thing to do with the retraction. But the doctor did not mean that the fine, stubborn fellow should destroy his whole college-career from sheer perversity; and, with that suave and genial persistence which brought men down so effectually, he worked away at Tom till he calmed his fresh fury, and the paper was handed to him.

It was undated, signed with no name, and ran simply: —

I have the honor of reporting that Mr. Goldie and Mr. Hammersmith were concerned in the destruction of the fountain on Mr. Bradstreet's grounds on Friday night last, and were chief actors in the disturbance of that night. X.

A simple enough slander, which a word from Hammersmith might have refuted at once. But some idea of his state of mind on reading the small paper may be had, when it is known, that on opening the fatal missive, and casting his eye rapidly at its flourishing chirography, Tom recognized at a glance the well-known, too well-known, hand of Tufton, my Lord Tufton, whose curiously-folded

notes he had so often found on his centre-table, or stuck up in his mirror, inviting him here and there.

The good doctor was rather astonished at this cool reading of the note where he had expected excitement; but Tom was stunned, stunned by the persevering malignity of Tufton's hatred; and saying merely, "It is a slander, my dear doctor, a foul slander and a lie!" he folded the note carelessly, and they went off to the president's.

A little later Tom was seen crossing the quadrangle towards his rooms. A wild crowd pounced upon him as he went, and plied him with eager questions.

"How is it? How is it, Hammersmith? Any hope?"

"Oh, it's all right! I'm not going off," said Tom quietly; and the crowd danced about him, and hugged him, and cheered (the usual demonstration of university joy, you will observe), till the quadrangle echoed with the noise of their shouts.

"Why, what is the matter, Tom? You don't seem particularly glad. Have you murdered old Brimblecom?"

"Not exactly. But the fact is, fellows, I am forbidden to row any more this term, and I was" —

"Forbidden to row! Good Lord, you don't mean it! Well, never mind, old fellow, cheer up! We'll fix that all right!" And, sure enough, the monster petition was produced (it had not yet been handed in), its caption was altered completely, to cover an urgent appeal that Hammersmith might be allowed to retain his seat in the university crew, where his loss would be irreparable; and the long array of names was actually pasted below this prayer, and sent in to the faculty.

But that august body had yielded points enough: on this it was inexorable. Glad as Tom was then to unpack his trunks, and settle once more into his old life (his new life, I should say), and save himself and his poor mother

the disgrace which had hung over him, it was with very bitter feelings and sad repining that he gave up his oar to Albertson that evening, and, standing at the boat-houses, saw the old boat go flashing down the river without him, under Miles's long, swinging stroke.

But Oriana did not so much think of Tom's handing over a bit of pine timber to Albertson, and giving way to regrets and self-reproaches instead of "giving way" under McGregor's sharp orders in the boat: she was rather rejoiced that she had such a dear father, who was such a friend of young men, as well as such an intimate of Dr. Brimblecom's; and that the man who had saved her life had been rescued from suspension through entreaties of her own.

And the Tufton note; the real authors of the vandalism, and the Boggle promise to pay?

The note from "X" Tom did not show to a soul (for some days at least), excepting only Goldie, who had surely an equal right to know the source of the slander involving himself as well as Hammersmith, and who was drawn even more closely to Tom by learning how fatally and skilfully the unscrupulous diplomatist had tracked his victim all these weeks. Tufton must, of course, be still hiding in Boston. Woe to him if Hammersmith or Goldie should come upon him while this outrage is fresh in their minds!

The faculty was by no means satisfied with its success in enforcing discipline; and proceeding to decimate the class, and having already selected several entirely innocent men, including Albemarle and Freemantle, the real offenders were shamed into confession, came forward, and gave themselves up; and Penhallow and two men who have not figured in this history were suspended for six months as the ringleaders.

How the Boggle note would ever have been met, if it

had not been for a sudden apparition in the college-yard, is hard to say. But when the time for the second payment — the first three hundred dollars — was several days overdue, and old Boggle had left a greasy card of threats under Tom's door, demanding immediate satisfaction under penalty of public disclosure and prosecution, Tom was at his wits' end for some way out of his web. Suddenly, one afternoon, he heard a familiar volley of "Gad, sirs!" under his window, and, rushing down, ran plump into the arms of his bronzed uncle Gayton, who was about mounting his stairway, stouter and grayer than when he had left, but jolly and opportune as ever.

To learn Tom's story, with all its important details, — which Tom told with shame not unmixed with a pleasant sense of relief, — and to run over his own roving history since he had left Tom so many months ago, was not the work of a single hour, or a single evening. It was a long story on Tom's part: it was a merry, intermittent chronicle on the part of his uncle, — how he had sailed away to China with a sinking heart, and arrived to find his business going at sixes and sevens till he had put his own shoulders to the wheel, brought his sturdy business-head to bear on the matter, and had left, after a year, with prosperity showing its shiny face in his coffers, where before there had been ever-increasing elbow-room for panic.

How the dear old philosopher laughed over Tom's story, as its ridiculous incidents were told him! How he amazed Tom by his easy reception of all the more distressing features of the business! — the midnight imprisonment with old Boggle, the extorted note, the previous loan to Tufton, and my lord's treachery throughout. He did his very philosophical best to control his mirth, and to look becomingly severe at proper intervals; but his nephew alive and well before his eyes, an early appreciation that the business was not so bad as Tom would make out and as

he had at first feared, and a not inexcusable or unaccountable tinge of delight at finding the same old Hammersmith pluck and love of warfare and stiff-neckedness still cropping out, would not allow him to look on the serious side of the affair for long at a time, but tended to his exceeding merriment.

"So the old boy turned the key on you, that night, eh? Gad, sir, why didn't you murder him? Ram him into the closet, and elope over the roof-tops with the daughter, like young Lochinvar, who came up out of the West? Cambridge is to the westward, eh? Had his hand on a pistol! What of that? I'll tell you a story about a pistol some day, humph!" And he instinctively put his hand to his forehead. "Eh? Ferocious old party! Death in his eye! All the more glory in getting away with him! The Hammersmith blood is only fairly aroused when it is pounding away in an uphill game; didn't you know that, my boy?" And the old fellow rattled on thus about Tom's various experiences, cheering him amazingly with his merry treatment of it all, seeing that he cheered him, and so rollicking on with him, and chaffing him the more.

Tom opened his heart to him, at last, as he had never expected to be able to do to anybody on the subject. He told him the whole sorry story of his connection with Tufton: how he had been flattered at the first by his polite attentions and marked discrimination, led on by his pleasant suppers and wily tactics, going so far as to quarrel with Goldie, the best friend he had, on his account, and finally bringing up in this wretched Boggle business and Tufton's slanderous accusation before the faculty; and how he, Tom, had shamefully neglected his good friends, the Darbys and Fayerweathers and Summerdales, till he was so inextricably involved with all this mass of intrigue, that he was ashamed to show his face among them, and didn't see how he could ever regain his footing with them.

"A bad fellow, a bad fellow, Tufton!" said Mr. Gayton. "But a sly-witted schemer, Tom, a low-born, sly-witted schemer! Gad, sir! the way that class of men, with their cursed hypocrisy of good manners, and their showy seductions, pull the wool over the eyes of young fellows (and old fellows, too, for that matter, unless they know a thing or two) is something fearful! Don't take on about it, though, Tom, my boy. From your account, you must have plenty of company in your victimizing, eh? Eh? Malachite, Malachite — it must be the son of old Mrs. Malachite, flame of Minturn's in the last century! Gad! but there's a satanic grimness, a sort of poetic justice, in the fellow's bleeding you young rascals, and then inviting you to a feast provided by your own kindness, paid for out of your own pockets, eh! A sort of Pelopean banquet, — isn't that what you'd call it? A shrewd fellow, Tom, a devilish shrewd fellow! The deuse of it is, how he could ever have kept it up so long. Two or three years! Everybody glad enough to keep mum about his own folly, I suppose, and nobody daring to take the villain by the beard, till you came along, Tom. So Breese did you a good turn, eh?"

"Yes: Breese is a good fellow, a mighty good fellow! But, by Jove! I wish I could have caught Tufton! He wouldn't have had" —

"Yes, yes, I know what you would have done, — thrashed him, as I saw you thrashing a sophomore on the Delta last year, — only you were on the under side! for convenience of fighting, I suppose. You would have had a big row, an awful exposure, no end of scandal, your mother in tears, and you butting your head against a stone wall in despair; while now we can manage it all well enough. Tufton has gone, good riddance! Boggle's note we can manage, — money obtained under duress, — though I have a mind to take it out of your allowance,

you young reprobate, just for a lesson! And, as for your never being able to regain your footing with your Cambridge friends, don't you deceive yourself! Gad, man! what have you done to be ashamed of? My word for it, you'll be received with open arms whenever you make your first bow in their parlors. Have *I* lost my footing with the good and the great? Eh? But you are sarcastic at times, I remember; and you need not answer. My only fear is, that you will meet such an ovation that your silly young head will be turned, you rogue! Nothing like an adventure and a little dubious glory to make way with the women, Tom; though I would not inculcate that as a doctrine for young men to live up to: men find it out soon enough, Heaven knows!"

And the soft-hearted old cosmopolitan was as good as his word; sent Boggle a polite note, requesting him to call at Parker's on very particular business; received him as he might a prince, or an interior Chinaman from whom he hoped to buy a province full of tea; led gradually up to the matter of Tom's promise to pay, with the slow progress familiar to Oriental traders; and then, by an exhibition of unexpected firmness, and knowledge of the law in the case, demanded the surrender of the paper in question. Boggle had of course refused to make this surrender, and rose to leave.

"As you will," said Mr. Hammersmith, shrugging his shoulders. "I invite you here as a gentleman; I treat you as a gentleman; I talk over the matter with you quietly; we both know the follies of youth; and you know as well as I do, that you have no shadow of right or law in demanding payment of that note. If you choose to meet the issue in a different spirit from that in which I approach it, of course I have no resource but to insist on my rights. Relinquish that note at once, before to-morrow noon, with the one hundred dollars blood-money that

you have already received, or I have you arrested as a criminal, and publish you to the world as a — you know what! Good-day, sir." And, bowing magnificently, he actually forced the mean-spirited actor out of the room by his grand manner, without allowing him further rejoinder.

That very evening came a tobacco-scented note by the hand of a call-boy, restoring the promise to pay, but begging indulgence in the matter of the hundred dollars. To which Mr. Hammersmith returned a cold answer in a few lines, to the effect that he thanked him for the paper; that the paltry sum of a hundred dollars was not of sufficient account to be mentioned; that he had better forget it, and every thing connected with this affair, except that he, Hammersmith, could see a little farther through a millstone than most sub-managers might think possible; and that, if occasion arose at any time in the future, he might feel called upon to make known to the world (including the Boston) which patronized the theatrical profession, exactly what he had discovered on the other side of that grindstone recently manipulated by himself and a certain Tufton.

If the old gentleman was amused at the boy's sprawling signature at the bottom of the note surrendered, he was sad, in his way, at the thought of what the young man must have gone through in all these weeks of doubt and fear. But then he caught sight of the "value received" in the note, and went off into a merry fit of solitary laughter, which would have thrown my Lord Tufton (judicious smiler!) into convulsions, had he seen its uncontrolled length.

He brought the note post-haste to Tom next day, and delivered it with a speech of mock gravity, as if he were presenting his credentials to the Emperor of China, or handing Tom a death-warrant or a marriage-certificate,

or any thing else portentous, and twitted him on the phrase which had caught his eye. But Tom assured him, on the word of a Hammersmith, that his honor was clear, that the family name had received no blot from him; and his uncle quickly changed the subject by congratulating him on the happy termination of the Boggle *imbroglio*.

"Halloo! what's this?" said Tom, on receiving the awful document. "Tufton's handwriting, by all that's holy!" And, opening a letter-case, he took from it the small paper covering the fountain slander, and laid the two side by side. "I never noticed it when I signed it. The very same! No one ever crossed a *t* like Tufton; and there are the same old cursed flourishes!"

The two men examined the papers; no mistaking it; Tufton's ear-marks in both.

"Funny I didn't notice it that night," said Tom. "Thought Boggle wrote it right before my eyes. Remember now he turned his back to me. Hang him! He had this in his pocket all the time! Tufton must have written it in Cambridge, the wretch! Or could he have written it in Miss Boggle's very rooms!"—Good Heavens, the tom-cat! The noise he had heard that night! The excitement of the girl, when he had approached her dressing-room, and several lesser incidents that had occurred before and since! Could it be that Tufton had a habit of secreting himself in that adjoining room, listening to all his twaddle and vows, while pretending that he hardly dared speak to the Boggle, much less go near her rooms for fear of her father!

But these last reflections were to himself; and he saw no need of imparting this wretched phase of the business to his uncle, who would have been perhaps dangerously amused, to the verge of apoplexy, by the drollery of the tom-cat episode. So Tom shook these too persistent thoughts from him, and reiterated for the hundredth time

the great, the unspeakable gratitude which he bore his uncle for all his kindness.

The old gentleman said, "Pooh, pooh! It's nothing! Only look after yourself in the future, Tom, or I disown you!" and rattled off to his club, happy in the youngster, and revolving plans for his vacation.

For despite the uncle's jolly manner, which he thought the best way of receiving Tom's pitiful tale, he was not a little disturbed at the young man's saddened look, and general air of dejection and despair; and he was planning what radical change of scenes and associations, for at least a part of Tom's summer vacation, would be best calculated to restore him to himself, before he should return to his mother's too watchful eyes. Thus cogitating, he drew up at his club, met Shaw going up the steps, and the two old classmates joined forces, and soon agreed upon a summer's lark, in which Tom, and perhaps some of his friends, should accompany them.

. . . . . .

Penhallow, then, had been suspended, and Tom was again alone, — lonely in that deeper sense in which widowhood is lonelier than celibacy, as Winthrop says. The faculty had sent a not altogether unwelcome letter to Penhallow's family, regretting the occurrence which had compelled his departure, testifying to Pen's general excellence of deportment, and favorable influence in Cambridge, but intimating that this particular offence was of so aggravated a nature that it could not, in justice to good discipline, be passed over lightly.

"Good-by, old fellow!" said Penhallow, bursting in upon Tom, several days after his departure from Cambridge. Tom was busy on a letter to his mother, to whom his thoughts turned more often now, as he was freed more and more from his entanglement. "Good-by: I'm not coming back, as I had proposed. Going to California next week."

"Nonsense, Pen: you *must* come back! What am I going to do without you?" said Tom.

"O Lord Harry, you'll survive! I'm not such a heart-breaker as that. Never knew it before, at any rate! Fact is, this life is too slow for me. I can't screw all this Greek and Latin into my head; and what should I do with it, if I could? I'm too fond of horses and out-door life, old fellow; and I think you are too. An old friend of mine, Bob Simmons, — you've heard me speak of him, — has a big ranch out near Santa Barbara, or Los Angeles, or some place there, — no end of horses and cattle; and I'm going out to join him. Governor's going to set me up, if I like it; and you see if I don't have you out there too, some day, or I am vastly mistaken in you, Tom! It's a glorious wild life, — in the saddle most of the time, and a little scrimmage with the natives now and then, a sort of half-breed Mexican and Indian, Simmons writes Perkins. Just the kind of life you and I have often talked of, shut up in these old walls. Hur-rah! By the way, I'm going to leave 'Baldy' for you, Tom, if you want him, — the horse you liked so much last year. He's been out to pasture for some weeks; but I had him up yesterday, and he's a stunner, I tell you! You'll take him, and think of me when you ride, Tom? Old Windgall will take good care of him for you: Freemantle says they're very particular with his mare, and I'm sure she always looks like a piece of satin. Say you'll take him, Tom, and I'll have him brought over at once, when he's shod, or keep him up till next term; just as you say. Saddle, bridle, every thing, of course, my dear fellow. Simmons says our rig is of no use out there, with their Mexican horses. They have some peculiar saddles and bits of their own, — very cruel bits, I hear."

And with some protestation and very many thanks, Tom at last accepted the present of the very beautiful

bay that he had ridden several times with great satisfaction; and Penhallow, with much characteristic enthusiasm over his new career, and many hopes that Tom might join him in the Far West some day, took up his "connections" with the university, and was soon embarking from New-York, *viâ* Panama, for the ranch-life of which he knew so little, and expected so much; not before he had sat down to a farewell dinner in his honor, however, and had been toasted, and sung over, and wept over, by a dozen or more of his friends, whom Hammersmith and Goldie, masters of the feast, had invited to bid their popular classmate farewell, and wish him good voyage.

CHAPTER XV.

A SUMMER CRUISE.

"Sad or sinful is the life of that man who finds not the heavens bluer and the waves more musical in maturity than in childhood."—HIGGINSON.

"Weary and sick of our books, we come to repose in your eyelight,
As to the woodland and water, the freshness and beauty of Nature."—CLOUGH.

HOW Hammersmith lived through the humiliation of leaving the university crew in this enforced manner; how he received a measure of consolation in the tremendous reputation which the greater publicity of his previous entanglements brought him; how magnanimous he was, on hand every evening at the boat-houses to help the crew off, following them again and again in a single-scull or pair oar, coaching them, and getting them in form for the coming struggle; how he called on Professor Darby, and thanked him effusively for his kind intercession with the faculty in his behalf (Goldie having advised him of the professor's intervention, though saying nothing of a certain other more gentle pleader, whose words had affected the parental heart still more than Goldie's classmate appeal); and how, at length, the great race came off at Worcester, and Harvard was beaten by a couple of lengths, though pulling a plucky race, with two men on the sick-list, lapping Yale several times in its course,—all this is well known to college-men of the day, but must be passed over lightly here.

Tom is not especially proud of referring to this period of the world's history and his own. He cannot help feel-

ing that if he had been in the crew that fatal day, instead of yelling himself hoarse on the banks, among his university men, the order of the boats at the finish might have been quite reversed. Men were saying so freely about him, why should he not feel as they did, conscious as he was of a tingling strength in his muscles that would have rejoiced to be displaying itself in the old place behind Goldie, and sure as he was that he would have had the staying-power to carry him through the race, and not be a dead-weight half the way, as Albertson had been? He was beside himself when he saw the boats come leaping down the lake, Yale perceptibly in advance: he could have brained a knot of Yale men at his elbow, who were cheering like madmen, and throwing their blue-ribboned hats in the air. Why *will* men be such fools, he thought? But he could have cried when Goldie, that evening, sitting in his room at the Bay State House, said sorrowfully, —

"Ah, Tom! if you had only been there! It was the one thing I thought of through the whole race; and I put on every pound of weight I could, for your sake and my own. Albertson didn't so much as pull his own weight, all the way from the turning-stake down."

"I know it, I know it!" said Tom. "But don't let's speak of it, George. I could see it perfectly from the bank; and I was so blind with rage at myself and my beastly folly, that I could have shot myself. I shall never row again."

"Oh, yes, you will!" said Goldie. "You'll pull next year, and senior year too; and we shall beat old Yale as she was never beaten before, for the defeat this year!" And the dear old warrior, who was to be stroke of the 'Varsity himself next year, God willing, grew quite eloquent over the prospect of having Tom behind him, as he had hoped to have him in this race.

But Tom insisted and declared, and insisted over again, that he should never pull again, never, unless to paddle for his own amusement, as Pinckney did, and as Breese was beginning to do; but as for racing, no, he should never pull another race. Vows of youth are often broken, however — more's the pity! — as this chronicle shows, and as your own heart will tell you, unfortunate reader, if, peradventure, you have a beard. If not, far be it from me to hint that broken troth and forgotten promises are scattered in your wake — *à bas* the thought!

Mr. Gayton, his friend Shaw, and numbers of other Harvard men, were on hand at Worcester, grieving in the defeat, to be sure, but hardly taking the matter so much to heart as the interested youngsters, for whom it meant world-wide disgrace and another up-hill year of training and subscription-raising in Cambridge. Mr. Gayton, for his part, as we might expect, knowing him even so little as we do, took the whole matter in so merry a mood, that the crew — whom he entertained sumptuously the following evening, with many other college-men — were quite carried away by his genial manner and cordial *bonhomie*, voting him a "brick" when they separated that night, as their predecessors, and some few of themselves, had done once before, so long ago, at Parker's.

It was with the same bustling merriment that he bade Tom write from Worcester to his mother, to say that he would not be home till towards the end of vacation, as uncle Gayton was to take him on a little cruise; and to beg her not to worry, for he was "all right." And then he said impulsively, "Give me the pen, my boy!" and added this postscript to Tom's letter: —

My dear Emily, — Shaw and I are going off for a month's yachting along the coast, and have kidnapped Tom and his friend Goldie. Do not get into a fret about him, or dwell on the sad sea waves and "sich" too often: it's a briny subject. The fact

is the fellow has had a pretty hard year, with his chemistry and anthropology, and some private studies that he has been taking; and I thought it would do him good to have a breath of salt air for a few weeks. He's as handsome as ever, and as fine a young Hammersmith as any of the line, excepting always two, my dear Emily. My love to Mabel and Dick. Tell Dick he may appropriate the cane that I left the other day, against the time of need: I have a room full of them; useless to send it on.

With sentiments of distinguished consideration, as the diplomates say, I am, my dear Emily,

Always yours,

GAYTON.

"No, no, you rascal! you needn't read that," said the uncle. "Seal it up, and drop it in the post. Gad, sir! would you rob the mail?" And Tom laughed, and posted the letter to his mother.

She, dear soul, read it sadly but hopefully, trusting that her dear boy had not been ruining his health by too close application to his studies, of which she had heard such mournful examples. Anthropology and private studies! Why was not the dear boy content with the regular course, instead of taking more work upon himself? Ah, Gayton, ingenious Gayton! matching diplomacy with diplomacy, the wiles of Tufton with the pardonable subterfuge of a fond uncle. If all deception were as innocent and well-meant as yours!

. . . . . .

So these four stalwart gentlemen coursed up and down the bold-dropping New-England coast that summer now long past, continuing their cruise as far as Mount Desert, and bringing back so full reports of its exceeding attractiveness, that they consider themselves in no small measure responsible for the vast patronage which that pretty bit of Eastern wilderness has since received, — a bit indeed, O Philippus! on your grand Occidental standard.

To Tom, at least, who had never been on the ocean before, or felt its great heart throbbing under him, but

had only watched the pulses in its beautiful arms, the Hudson and the Charles, this freer excursion, this breezy liberty of sailing, was a novelty very refreshing to the spirits. How far off and unreal his bitter experience, his close life in Cambridge, seemed to him! And how he braced himself to new resolves under the influence of the genial company, the mighty ocean-breaths which blew upon them, the removal from the scene of his late escapades!

Let me not seem to exaggerate the effect of his unhappy sophomore experience on the youth Hammersmith. Everybody, I fear, is bound to discover, sooner or later, that the fair round world is honeycombed with deceit and treachery. Whether the head be gray, or the cheeks still ruddy, when the discovery is made, the shock is sure to come, and something very tender and valuable is sure to be lost. But a comprehensive plot, a personal warfare, against an unsuspecting youth, whose eyes have only just opened upon real life among his fellows, does it not bring a staggering revelation and a blinding sense of malignity quite foreign to slower and later discoveries?

Happy the youth who at such a time can have some such cheering presence as Mr. Gayton Hammersmith to break in upon the murky doubts with which he is surrounded! God bless the dear old Gayton and his cheerful philosophy! Bless him for his quick intuition that what his nephew needed was not sanctimonious reproof, but wholesome sympathy and vigorous affection! In the broad-shouldered young student pacing the deck of the "Moll Pitcher," knitting his brow over the problem which life had set him, and taking a fresh grip upon resolution (even as the old skipper at the helm is grasping afresh the straining tiller), you would hardly recognize the younger Hammersmith of the time of Mr. Andrew Pipon, the graceful young rider of those thoughtless days. Life was

so honest, so straightforward, so filled with rainbows then, in those happy days when he chased the merry hours along the banks of the Hudson, free-hearted as a centaur! What were calm evenings and gorgeous sunsets, purple mountain-outline, and fair, fleeting seasons, to him then! And now they were working an influence of which he had never dreamed before, and were quieting the troubled spirit of Hammersmith as he had never expected it to be quieted again, on that bitter day when he sat in his Massachusetts window-seat, and heard his uncle's volley of "Gad, sirs!" in the quadrangle below.

"How far away and unreal the Cambridge life seems!" said Hammersmith to Goldie, as they were scudding through the waters of Frenchman's Bay one gusty mid-afternoon. The young men were lying on the leeward side of the yacht, enveloped in pea-jackets, smoking and talking intermittently as they skirted the picturesque shores. "It seems years since that cursed evening when we were hauled up before the faculty. And as for Tufton, bah! I should imagine it was in some bygone century that the villain left Cambridge that rainy day, like a thief in the night."

"May I trouble you for a light? Thanks!" said Goldie. "So it does. And I can hardly decide which I like better, — grinding away in Cambridge, or skimming along this glorious coast with you and your jolly uncle, old boy."

"I know perfectly well which *I* like best," answered Tom. And then, after a pause, he asked, "George, what did you think of me all those long months when I was making such a condemned fool of myself? What did the fellows think?"

"Well, I don't know. There are always plenty of fellows to be glad when another fellow's going to the devil, as they think. But I think a good many men were mighty sorry to see the way that Tufton seemed to be getting an

influence over you; and yet they knew you too well to dare to say a word to you about it. Breese, I know, for one, was deusedly wrought up about it, and came to see me several times about the matter. But you knew I was bound to stand it out as long as you would; and I gave him to understand that you could paddle your own canoe, for all I cared."

"Yes, yes. But we've talked that all up, George; and I am sure you were justified in keeping away from me. But what will everybody think of me? — your cousin, and the Fayerweathers, and others. Do you suppose they hear all the college-gossip?"

"Well, I hardly know," answered Goldie, smiling. "I'm afraid the college-halls don't keep their secrets as well as they might, old fellow. But what if they do know of your troubles? There's nothing to be ashamed of, as far as I have heard them."

"Oh, but I was such a donkey, George! Come, tell me; how much, for instance, of my Boggle affair did you ever hear?"

"Nothing very definite; only that you were considerably smashed with that little Lee girl to whom Tufton introduced you, and that the 'cruel parient' popped in on you, per order of Tufton, just in time to extort that note from you. Of course there were all sorts of wild rumors of duels and encounters, and so forth. But freshmen are easily excited at a little scandal, and I am sure nobody ever really believed there was any harm in the affair: they mostly knew that it was a put-up job of Tufton's, and a very neat one too."

"Did you never hear any particulars of my meeting with old Boggle, and how the girl behaved?"

"Never, except, as I say, through these vague rumors."

"Let me tell you, then, and about how the little minx led me on from week to week. Gad, what a blind idiot I

was!" And Hammersmith went on to detail to Goldie all the miserable history which we have seen him enacting in the Joy-street court; and the unburdening himself seemed an infinite relief, after all these weeks of solitary brooding.

Goldie was intensely amused; so Tom rattled on, interspersing his story with much bitter self-reproach, and yet much relieved to find that the clear-headed Goldie, whom he had taken for such a straight-laced Puritan, did not look upon his escapades as damning him forever in the eyes of his friends. When Tom came to the tom-cat insinuation, and intimated that my Lord Tufton was undoubtedly the animal in question, with his ear at the keyhole on the other side of the dressing-room door, and that all Tom's tender vows and boyish twaddle had been poured forth merely to amuse that back-stairs diplomate, Goldie was vastly tickled. He threw his cigar into the sea, and roared with delight at the farcical situation; Tom joining in his merriment with no ill grace, now that he was well out of the scrape, but stopping suddenly, and saying sternly, —

"Hang the rascal! Let me run across him again some day, and we'll see if he puts his ear to keyholes again! By the way, I gave Pen *carte-blanche* to murder him, and charge the affair to my account, if he ever met him in his travels. I give you the same commission, George; and between the three of us I hope the scoundrel will get a good square pounding, to say the least, before he dies."

A sleepy head, ornamented with a jaunty Oriental cap, appeared up the gangway as they were laughing; and a voice said, gaping the while, —

"Gad, sir! I thought we had run into a shoal of porpoises, or taken aboard a mermaid 'with a comb and a glass in her hand, hand, hand!' What's the row? Skipper, the hours between two and four are sacredly set apart

for slumber on this craft; and I beg you will enforce the order to the utmost, and pitch these young reprobates into the sea, if they persist in roaring like sea-calves at improper moments. Do you hear?" And scowling fearfully, in mock gravity of manner, at the culprits, Mr. Gayton disappeared. The skipper shouted, "Ay, ay, sir!" and, shaking his head at the young men, put the yacht about, and made a rapid run back to their moorings at Bar Harbor.

Four weeks, then, of lazy cruising along the grandest of their country's coasts, four weeks of the genial Shaw, the "Duke," and large-hearted Goldie, and Tom was bowling home to the small family on the Hudson, — bowling home with a kit of clothing densely odorous of brine, and with a feeling that his world was pushed a little farther into sunshine by his summer's merry outing, and that Mr. Gayton Hammersmith was about the most satisfactory uncle that could be imagined.

To the mother and the rest he was a man full grown as he burst in upon their quiet life in latter August. He was a man, because he had passed through an educating experience that had aged him, and opened his eyes, and given strength to the outlines of his character. He was a man, because he had conquered himself and the ogre Circumstance, with whom he had to battle (conquered through the aid of kind allies, to be sure), and showed in his very air that he was not afraid to join issue again with the same odds. But he was the same warm-hearted son and brother as before, with more gentleness and less bumptiousness, in fact. Yet the fond mother, not content with his manly growth and his safe return, now began to harass her mind by looking forward to that nearing time when he would be through his college-course, and be ready to take his man's part in the world; for then, she felt sure, would come the separation which would be only next to final for her,

when other interests — the busy world, perhaps an early home of his own — would claim him, and she would have no right to resist.

Ah! "the life of a parent is the life of a gambler," as Sydney Smith has said. This too anxious little mother of the nineteenth century was no exception to the long line that have watched every turn of the game, every flutter of change in their venturous offspring, with awful interest, since time began. If some gentle power could only assure them when all is well, and anxiety needless! But the Fates seem to order otherwise; and the tender souls go on watching and praying, and wearing their lives out with bitter doubt, while their sons prance through the world regardless, meeting their solicitude with "the light scoff of commerce." Would that the solicitude were appreciated! But youth is confident and brave, sufficient for its own hearty times; and who shall tell them that these will not always last?

So the good mother wavered between joy and apprehension, — joy at her handsome boy returned, filling the home with sunshine; tremulous apprehension of the shadowy future. For the Past alone is secure; the Present slips ever with closing eyes into its dark chambers, and the three Sisters spin in silence, unobserved of men.

CHAPTER XVI.

JUNIOR YEAR, WITH A SECOND PHILIPPIC FROM BREESE.

"As to [people in] society, . . . eternal and tedious botheration is their notion of happiness, sensible pursuits their ennui!"—CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

"All honeste hartes ought to prosecute their good attemptes and contempne the ballynge of dogged curres."—ROBERT RECORDE, *Whetstone of Wit*, 1557.

"Let the Songs be Loud, and Cheerefull, and not Chirpings, or Pulings."
BACON.

NOTHING succeeds better than success," says the French proverb. Applause is so easy, when genius stirs itself, and provokes the attention of the rabble! Jones is so anxious to have you to dine when your book or your gold-mine pays, or your speech in Congress has electrified the nation (for a brief hour): "My dear fellow, I always said you had it in you; you were only biding your time. There has been nothing like it for years!" Beauty smiles so sweetly when the hero of the hour ducks before her, bright with honors. The streets echo, the world hums, and weak men are carried off their feet, when the popular current seizes on the happy result of their laborious days, and dubs it a wonderful thing. A man needs to stand modestly at the centre of things, with his eyes to the ground, before the cheers of the mob. So much more difficult to bear is success than defeat.

Breese, self-centred, complacent, heroic, was in little danger of being moved by the fame and prominence which his scholarly habits had brought him. He had come up to Cambridge with tolerably defined ideas of what he was seeking, and what course of life he proposed

to live. He had been fairly successful in his first year, and made his mark already as a hard-working student of more than ordinary talent. If his kangaroo race in the football game, and his solitary floating coat-tail, have seemed to define him as an eccentric specimen of the student class, the implication is wide of the truth. Eccentric he was, in a certain sense, as being original and non-conforming, and magnificently strong in his convictions: otherwise he was in no especial way to be distinguished from a hundred stalwart Harvard men of his day and generation, — clear-eyed, muscular, thoughtful, scorning delights, and living laborious days, and by his second and third year so far assimilated in dress and manner to the men about him as to pass for a Harvard man, or at least a Bostonian, on the most distant prairies of the West; so generalizing is the dress-power and the deportment of the university, and so unconsciously had Breese slipped from the rather uncouth manners and garments of his early freshman year into conformity with the average mass about him. A scholarship which he had secured at the end of his first year had enabled him to dress with a more comfortable plainness, and supply his rooms with several things sadly needed before. His association with Goldie and Albemarle, Pinckney and Hammersmith, in "The Forum," his relation to Hammersmith in the Tufton *dénoûment* (which was soon noised about), and a hearty interest in college sports and victories, which separated him widely from the race of "digs" pure and simple, conspired to render him a far from obscure man in his class; although his original way of looking at things, and a certain unexpectedness, which never allowed you to know exactly how he stood on any matter till he had declared himself, prevented him making those ardent friendships, and gaining that quick popularity, which men of more fluent natures were apt to meet.

Of all the phases of college-life, — its successes, its failures, its fiery ambitions, its rivalries, its strongly-cemented friendships, — there is none which calls for more admiration (although not always gaining it) than the spectacle of a patient worker like Breese, coming up unknown, unheralded by fame from the great schools, and steadily advancing to the front by dint of native force and indomitable nerve. Popularity, social pleasures, extravagant dressing, fine living, are nothing to him; nor are the slights and eloquent silence of men who think themselves above him, who look askant, or with withering directness, at his coarse clothes, and think themselves very clever in deciding his position in life, present and to come, by the cut of his coat. How the tables are often turned on the gilded critics of those early times! How successful scholars and "digs," risen to eminence, might gloat over their former detractors, if the spectacle of failure were not too miserable for self-pluming! But perhaps the sweetest thing in all college-life is that class feeling, which, after years of graduation, reduces all honors and dignities to the common plane of youthful equality, or seeming equality; when judges and ministers, envoys-extraordinary, and gentlemen who are plenipotentiary in more humble stations, merchants, doctors, pedagogues, artists, poets, take off their mantles, and appear again, on commencements and at re-unions of classes, as the plain Bobs and Joes of a less discriminating era; when men who have undershot their mark are met as though they had made a yearly bull's-eye, and rivalries are forgot, and small men feel themselves great, and great men see no especial good in their greatness, and the world's work is taken up again with lighter heart and a sense of better appreciation. Heaven be praised for this cheering community of feeling!

When, then, the lists of his second year came out, and

Breese was found to lead his class by an easy first, his reception among his fellows and his professors was quite different from that accorded him at his entrance on the college-field. He was a power now: he was booked for first place in the Phi Beta Kappa; his chances for a *summa cum laude* at graduation were freely canvassed; and a less self-poised man might have been prone to forget his high ideals in the babble of praise which his high rank provoked, to mistake shadow for substance, and think himself an earth-shaking power for gaining what he really considered empty college-honors, bawbles of no possible use in the man's work which he had set for himself after graduation. He little knew what fate awaited him, and how his resolution to fit himself for his country's service, and to interest himself primarily in affairs of government and national politics, was destined to be turned into quite another and more turbulent channel foaming redly. But who knows his own fate a year, or an hour, in advance? And who shall say that all previous living and resolving are vain, if they lead up to one grand deed, however postponed?

Differing widely from him in tastes and temperament, and yet akin in a certain zest and heartiness, infusing every thing which he undertook, Hammersmith — now that he had turned his back on his old life, with its bitter memories, never to be quite lost — was drawn singularly to this heroic man working out his own problem so sturdily. By a natural impulse common to vigorous natures, Tom inclined, without knowing it, from one extreme to another; and, having escaped from the purple lanes where my Lord Tufton would have delighted to lead him, he was drawn irresistibly to the philosopher Breese, pacing the hilltops, and lifting his brow to the skies, — Breese, who had done him a kind office in the Boggle *imbroglio*, and into whose scholarly, solitary life, he had had occasional glimpses in the past two years.

It was a temporary enthusiasm of Tom's. It could hardly last. But for a while, at least, he had thoughts of becoming a mighty scholar, giving up society completely, never rowing again of course, — as he had made a vow to that effect, — and cultivating Breese and men of his sort. Some such idea of the evanescent nature of Hammersmith's moods may have entered Breese's mind; but he said nothing about it. And when Tom, several weeks after the luxurious junior year had begun, came to beg that Breese would coach him in his chemistry for a few weeks (as he declared he was lamentably behind-hand), Breese could not refuse his request, though begrudging the time sadly.

"I tell you what it is, Breese," said Tom, one day not long after this. "I'm going to make you change your life! Do you want to know how?"

"I have no objection to considering it, merely in the abstract. But I doubt your success. I'm a pretty crooked stick to deal with," answered Breese.

"It's nothing very tremendous," said Tom. "I'm simply going to make you go out into society with me. It isn't right for you to shut yourself up here all the time."

"Heavens, do I? I have at least a five-mile walk every day, or a row equally long, and plenty of dumb-bells and clubs in wet weather."

"That's all well enough! But I don't mean that you need exercise or outing especially. Everybody knows you're about the strongest man in the class, except Cleghorn; and he's so lubberly, that he's no use in a boat or cricket. But you'll grow morbid if you don't go out among people more."

"Grow what!" shouted Breese, standing up, and looking comically at Hammersmith. "Morbid! Bless you, I don't know what the word means!" And the stern-faced

scholar laughed heartily, and caught up a huge dumb-bell from the corner of his room, and twirled it over his head. Tom certainly thought, as he looked at the healthy fellow, with colorless cheeks to be sure (but then he had never had much color in his face), eyes as clear as a horse's, firm flesh, and every indication of perfect physique, that he had chosen an ill word to express himself withal.

"Well, you know what I mean," continued Tom. "Digging away in your room here is all very well: nobody knows it better than I, though you may smile at my saying so. Leading the class is very well: it's a mighty big honor, such a class as we have, by Jove! But don't you think a fellow grows a little rusty and cobwebby, if he don't brush himself about among people a little?"

"Hold on a minute: let's see what you mean. You say society at one time, people at another. Society and people are quite different matters."

"What in the world do you mean? Put down that dumb-bell! I'm afraid of you, Breese," said Tom.

"Society, so called, is a machine: people are men and women with heads on, and the ability to use them. That's all."

"'Pon my word," said Tom. "Then you mean that I am in the habit of promenading with mowing-machines, and taking tea occasionally with a very charming and domestic sewing-machine, and so on! Come, Breese, you're too severe!"

"You've chosen your own kind of machines," said Breese; "though some men do find that they have been frisking and capering with mowing-machines most decidedly! I mean simply, that in society such as you are thinking of, every thing is cut and dried, everybody is like everybody else; and, as Emerson says, 'Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members.' There is no play for individuality

A man might as well whistle to the sea as try to get any benefit from the fashionable powwows that are in vogue."

"But don't you consider that light-heartedness and free movement, yes, and a hearty exchange of merest small-talk, are good for a man?" asked Hammersmith.

"Most decidedly. But is there no danger of its all relapsing into light-heartedness and merest tittle-tattle, and nothing else? — the society that you fellows frequent, I mean, of course. Heavens! I believe, if I had only a bit of Albertus Magnus's skill, I could make a brazen man like his, that would answer all the purposes of ordinary flummery. He should have an adjustable dorsal spring to admit of the most elaborate bowing and scraping, a right arm capable of describing circles of various diameters (for obvious convenience at your dances), and the most tireless of brass feet. Then with an evening-suit, a pair of gloves, and a few short phrases, such as 'Yes, it's very warm,' 'May I have a turn?' 'Thanks, you're very kind,' 'How *can* you say so, my dear Miss Blank!' my man, I venture to say, would make as presentable an appearance as the average of your young bucks, eh?"

"By Jove!" said Tom, laughing heartily, "you've mistaken your calling, Breese. You should try a society-novel, or run a tilt at evening parties in general."

"No, but seriously, Hammersmith: I'm more than half in earnest. People, men and women with something to say; a dinner, if you will, to provoke conversation, and warm cold natures; a musical party, with really good music, — well, I'll throw in a dancing party or two for a season, that will do very well, — show me such a society as that, and if you have the *entrée*, and can smuggle me in, I will join you with all my heart. But your interminable whirling and gossiping and namby-pambyism, bah! Young ladies at home, in the bosom of their families,

where they can meet a man tranquilly and talk a half-minute, without distraction by music, or by some perfumed teetotum begging permission to whirl them about the room, — they are in their place, they are rational. On horseback, too, as I have seen Miss Darby several times this year, or rowing even, or taking care of the sick, or doing any thing else that they can in a sensible, womanly way, I can respect them, and worship them (at a distance), and confess that every thing else in the world seems clumsy and unlovely in comparison."

"Good for you! Go on!" said Hammersmith.

"But Miss What-do-ye-call-em at an evening-party," continued Breese, not apparently hearing Tom, "hopping through a waltz with some extremely miserable specimen of our own sex, or screeching at the piano, with a young swell twiddling the leaves of her song, and turning in the wrong place invariably, both looking very warm and uncomfortable — is there stronger evidence of insanity? And a pair of young spoons playing at love-making, and making fools of" —

"By Jove, Breese! put on the brakes, if — you — please," said Tom. "Let *me* have a word! You can beat me in stating your case, any day; but I protest against your giving this as a correct version of Cambridge society. It sounds mightily like Thackeray's style of looking at things."

"I confess that I may have had his tirade in 'Men and Coats' in mind; for I am fond of it: and I think he hit the nail on the head, in exclaiming against the absurd entertainments going under the name of evening-parties."

"Yes; but he was thinking of great London, metropolitan scrimmages of the most mixed character, — no end of officers leaning in the door-ways, ogling and criticising the crowd, and all that sort of thing."

"It's a difference in quality, not in kind certainly," said Breese.

"No: it's a difference in both. It has no more to do with Cambridge parties than the man in the moon. I don't pretend that we talk philosophy, or read Hebrew without the points, or discuss thorough-bass, by way of amusement; but I do say that there is no flummery, or nonsense, or extravagant folly of any kind whatever. And as for hopping through a waltz, my dear fellow, you will excuse me, but you are extremely wide of the mark. The waltz is the most graceful and smooth of dances; and the way they dance it here, gliding through it with the evenest possible motion, is the most beautiful thing I ever saw of the kind."

"I do not stop at technicalities," said Breese, with a wave of his hand. "Flummery, sugar-plums, gabble-gabble, hoppity-skip, screeching, idiocy, it's all the same. When you tell me that I shall be rusty and cobwebby, if I do not — what did you say? — rub myself up in such a mess of twaddle, Heavens, I have a private notion that rust and cobwebs are better than vacuity! And I must say, give me these meaty old worthies between covers here," waving his hand towards his row of favorite books, — "give me these and my walking-stick, and let who will take care of society. Society!"

"Now, see here, Breese, I'll convict you out of your own mouth. Wasn't your whole argument, in that speech of yours in 'The Forum' last year, in favor of keeping *au courant* with the times, and cutting loose from the past? And here you are, arguing in favor of shutting yourself up with your books and your thoughts, and not coming out to mingle with the people of your own times at all!"

"Gracious heavens! 'People of your own time'! My dear Hammersmith, did it ever occur to you in your wildest moment of festive happiness, that you were keeping abreast of the times, and deserving well of the republic, when you were prancing, or gliding about, as you say, or

talking nonsense to a young butterfly, in the parlors hereabouts? That's precisely the trouble. The people of our times are about quite other business; and the danger is, that you become so infatuated with this thin splendor as never to appreciate any thing more solid. But I beg pardon for appearing to be personal. When I say you, I mean those who think like you, of course."

"Oh! that's all right," answered Tom. "I've no doubt that much you say is true, Breese; only I am so constituted that I *must* see people (mowing-machines I should say), and cannot be contented to mew myself up all the time, as you seem able to do."

"Certainly; and it is right that you should follow your inclinations, if you are sure that they are genuine and correct," answered Breese. "God knows I crave society, society in the sense of companionship," — he paused a moment, — "as much as anybody; but I cannot sacrifice myself or my time in the society such as my observation tells me exists round about us. Cambridge circles, I make no doubt, are as improving and enjoyable as most others, — no more, no less. My life is so different from yours, Hammersmith! You have money and friends, and a certain position, — no, no, don't deny it! I am not blind, and I am not complaining, — you know that well enough. My greatest aim in college — now I will confess to you, since we have had such a frank talk — is to unite studious habits with a genuine, thorough interest in every thing going on about us, — in national matters as well as in the smaller area of college-affairs. Believe me, it is not easy to keep an even keel amidst distracting interests, doing your work squarely, and not wrapping yourself in conceit on that account, sharing the interest of you boating-men, — no? you are not a boating-man? — well, sharing the boating-excitement, and not giving way to it. But now I am ashamed of having talked so much of myself. You'll excuse me?"

"Don't speak of it," said Tom. "What should a man speak of, to be sure! — among friends, at any rate? I'm sure you have vastly more friends than you think you have, Breese," — Breese shrugged his shoulders, — "and I do not despair of tempting you out into the field of twaddle some day. You certainly will allow that you would be an improvement on your patent brass man, eh?"

"Perhaps so, perhaps so," said Breese. "Not a bad material for the fellow, though, — brass. You know, Rochefoucauld says, 'Confidence goes farther in society than wit.' My man would be an immense success, I feel convinced, — 'A howling swell,' as I heard one of your young society-buds say in the horse-cars the other day. Well, good-by, if you must go. To-morrow evening, then, seven o'clock sharp. I have an extra chemistry: you need not bring yours. Better fetch over your note-books, however."

. . . . . .

How could Hammersmith hope to convert so tough a disputant, with his ingrained opinions so stubbornly maintained? How could he expect to persuade a man like Breese to come down from his high hilltops, and join the company of merrymakers in the Happy Valley? Was a man whose aim and plan in life had been so strenuously lived up to hitherto, whose favorite books, constantly thumbed, were his Emerson and Marcus Aurelius, and the others above-mentioned, to leave them all for the thin gossip and aimless capering such as he supposed passed for society about him? He was unjust, most assuredly. He was severe, without doubt, as Hammersmith had intimated. His "flummeries, gabble-gabble, hoppity-skip," was an unfair verdict on the juvenile Cambridge world in which Hammersmith and his friends were happy to mingle, and on the cordial hospitality which Cambridge houses

extended to the young gentlemen annually thronging up to the university. Let Hammersmith and his biographer take this place to record their indebtedness and their tribute to the genial hosts and the kindly matrons who make the homeless students welcome in their parlors, and do what they may to add a little cheer to their young bachelor exile. Breese would have blushed to speak as he did, if he had known from personal knowledge their friendly reception and frank entertainment of young men whose only passport was their college-papers and their gentlemanly bearing. "Flummery, idiocy," indeed!

But if Hammersmith had known how heavily ballasted all reformers and specialists and nonconformists are obliged to be in order to keep an even keel, as Breese had said, among the conflicting interests about them, he would have understood better Breese's strong exaggeration. If he had reflected how many a man of this kind has to whistle to keep his courage up, and overstate his case for fear of forgetting his own points, he would not have wondered at Breese's animadversion on society and harmless amusement generally. He did not know all this, however; and he went away from this first of many discussions with Breese, feeling that he was ridiculously severe. And yet he saw sufficient grains of truth in what Breese had said to cause him to reflect seriously on the attitude of mind which could allow such speech. Hammersmith was no flippant reveller to enjoy senseless flummery and things which Breese held idiotic, if they were really senseless and idiotic; and so he carried into all his subsequent harmless pleasures and society life a memory of this strongly-expressed opinion of Breese's, provocative of frequent thought.

It was but the beginning of a long series of animated debates between the two classmates. Hammersmith was younger, vastly less experienced, more impressional, than

Breese. He had seen less of his own country. He looked at affairs with a narrower sweep. Breese, to be sure, often held back, and would refuse to be drawn out on various subjects, particularly if relating to his individual experience. He often shook his head and said, "No, I have no opinion on the subject, Hammersmith: I know nothing whatever about it, I assure you." But, if Tom were persistent, he would find that it was but a mock modesty, assumed he knew not why. He would find, that on any and all the matters which troubled his own young soul in these budding days, — be they politics or religion, social life, slavery, the labor question, — Breese had not only read and thought for himself, but had almost invariably a definite personal view of his own, which he advanced with diffidence or emphasis, as the mood moved him. So it came to pass that Hammersmith acquired a habit of appealing frequently to Breese for his views on this or that, breaking a lance with him when he could produce one from his armory, always coming out of a discussion with an increased respect for his manly friend's ability, and not infrequently carrying away food for thought that would last him many days.

That Breese was an orphan — having lost his father in the Mexican war, when he was a mere lad, and his mother soon afterwards — Hammersmith soon learned in their open-hearted talks. That he had roved over most of the United States, in various ways and for various reasons, since then, and had largely prepared himself for college by his own unaided exertions, with the exception of a year at a popular school in Cincinnati (for which his map-selling tour of the States had procured him the means), Tom knew before.

On all else connected with his life, Breese was singularly reticent. Tom had shown a natural interest, on hearing that he had lost his father in the Mexican war, and

told of his own uncle Rupert, who had distinguished himself at Buena Vista; but Breese had forgotten even the branch of service in which his father had fought, and it was not a theme that he cared to dwell on long. He made no secret, however, of the fact that he intended to devote his life to the service of his country, in any capacity which he might find possible. His enthusiasm on the subject, and a hearty Roman love of country which he displayed on many occasions, when they were upon the discussion of republican institutions and the place of educated men in politics, marked him as an exception among university men of the day. And not only that, but they drew towards him the interested devotion of Hammersmith, his like in many respects, but needing a good generous blaze of conflict, of war, of disaster, to fire the cumbering stubble which threatened to choke his actual underlying life and principles. Who among all the young men of the day could prophesy the blaze that was to fire them all, and burn itself deep into the lives of many?

Breese's life, as he had said, was essentially different from Hammersmith's. Poverty, orphanage, self-reliance, a deep-seated ambition, drawn from he knew not what source, had placed his career before him in the guise of a battle, a race, a rugged tussle with Fate. He accepted the issue: he was ready for the conflict. He made his life a daily battle, a daily renovation, a daily looking in the cold eyes of Fact. He had learned earlier than most of his mates, that every man must look within, and not without; for strength, for power to conquer Destiny. He hated mere *dilettante* culture. He quoted to Hammersmith from Richter, "Merely to learn languages is to throw away one's money in buying beautiful purses." He did not aim at being a great scholar, but a good citizen, a great citizen if you will. He loathed and despised

the *nonchalance* and idleness which he saw so common about him. He appreciated that scholarship, literature, all gentle pursuits, lose by a thinness of sympathy with the world and the people; and so he kept up an active interest in sports and college-affairs generally, as far as possible, without giving himself up to them; looking to them as a means, not an end. He felt that rowing, cricket, riding, dancing, all were good for hardening and strengthening the body, the shield and breast-plate of the soul. But, as many of his talks with Hammersmith showed, he knew how difficult it was to keep the just balance between them all; and he was not surprised, though filled with regret, at the extravagance to which each, in turn, was carried in the university. Above all, he made that hardest attempt that man can make, — to unite gentleness and strength of character, to be strong without being brutal, to be tender in spirit without being weak.

The ordinary college verdict was, "A consummate prig," "A dig of the most emphatic kind." Men who knew him better than these light critics, who had learned even cursorily his history and his scope of plan, resented the verdict, and declared him a sterling good fellow at bottom, but as original as sin itself.

How could a man escape misconstruction, avoid acquiring a reputation for a certain asperity and selfishness, who was seen to be setting up so lofty a standard for himself, looking down at the gay and vigorous life of less studious men as something quite beneath him, something to be studied and regarded in a mere historical light, as he might investigate the laws of the Medes and Persians, but something in which he did not deign to take an active interest?

. . . . . .

Ah, Breese, Breese, you may be largely right! There doubtless is much levity and shifting purpose, and ill-

considered extravagance about you, in the class of merry, luxurious juniors to which you belong, if not in all the classes; and you, perhaps, would include in your sweeping cry of "screeching" the innocent recreations of the Glee Club, the Pierian, and kindred musical societies. But do not press the point too hard in your scholastic severity of mood. Go to! Shall all the tender memories that cluster about the old college glees and serenades, rehearsals, and enthusiastic concerts, be set down as so much idiotic sentiment to be torn up root and branch? What old Glee Club man would give them up at the price of much added glory in the field of scholarship or of sports! How across the intervening years of war, of change, of success, defeat, grief, and joy, come trooping the notes of that earlier music, which sang itself so into our young boyish lives, that its tones can never be quite drowned out!

You remember, Philippus. You remember the first timid piping up of your *basso profundo* at your initiation into the club-room, where Hammersmith has just made his entrance; the careful iteration of rehearsal and drill under the eyes and far too acute ears of Barnwell, the famous leader; then the first crowded concert in Lyceum Hall, with your sisters and cousins, and the sisters and cousins of somebody else, ranged in bewildering nearness to the low stage on which you stood; the echoing rounds of applause; the intermission, during which you sauntered about among the audience, which seemed more like a cosey family-party than a critical concourse, and graduates and ex-members of the club congratulated you on the evening's success, and somebody looked up at you with bright eyes that were extremely eloquent, and put out a small gloved hand for your brown boating-man's paw to close upon; and the *pot-pourri* of comic and jolly college-songs at the close, when Pickman of the Pierians came

up with his banjo, and there was a call of "Barnwell, Barnwell!" "Fay, Fay!" and one favorite song after another was given in great rattling chorus, the audience shaken to convulsive merriment by the comical medley, till "Fair Harvard" came to add a quieting *finale* to it all, — what later scene of musical splendor, centennial outburst, or triumph of Wagner, can compare with the simpler pleasures and easier ovations of those early days?

Then, too, there were the trips to Worcester and Newburyport, and hospitable New Bedford; the serenades, when you and your friends packed yourselves into coaches, and went singing your way to Brookline, or Jamaica Plain, or Watertown, gathering there noiselessly on the lawn, below some sleeping beauty's window, and waking her with the mighty concerted sneeze ("Hish, hash, hosh!" in triple unison) which is the night-alarum of the club. A light is struck in a room above; the blinds are cautiously opened; there is a slamming of doors; and, as you are ending your first melting serenade, *paterfamilias*, with evidences of hasty toilet, and a rather forced frankness of welcome, throws the hall-doors wide open, and appears in a flood of light, saying, "Will you walk in, gentlemen?" You file in from the darkness, somebody introducing you as you pass the host, and find a neat little spread in the dining-room. You fall to for a while, and pledge each other and *paterfamilias*, who is very glad to see you, gentlemen; and won't you sing something inside? And you give him a great booming chorus or two, the noise of which reaches to the stables, and startles the horses of your comfortable host; or you adjourn to the parlor, hastily lighted, and Keyes sits down at the piano, and accompanies himself in a solo, singing with a particular distinctness, as he knows, from experience, that there is probably a pretty little figure at the head of the stairs, "all in white like a saint," listening to the music below.

There is more glee-singing, another toast as you leave, and, shaking hands, you pass out upon the lawn again, turning, perhaps quite unconsciously, and glancing up the stairs, as you go. And with a new energy, feeling fully the romance of the situation, you break into another serenade: possibly the blinds are opened suddenly, and a bouquet is thrown out for which you scramble excitedly in the darkness, leaving your song to sing itself as it may; and then you close with a tender parting, — the Eisenhofer Serenade perhaps: —

"Slumber sweetly, dearest, close thy weary eyes;
Guardian angels round thee hover till the morning's rise:
Then, my love, on airy pinions,
Bear thy heart, in transport bound,
To its own dominions,
Where no earthly care is found,
Where no earthly care is found.
Maiden, sleep, sleep, in peace."

With such romantic words, and a rosebud in your buttonhole, you move off over the grounds, and regain your coach, drawn up at the lodge.

Yes, and the moonlight evenings, when the Glee Club adjourns to the quadrangle, and the windows are crowded with applauding listeners, and the student returning from Boston hears the great swelling chorus long before he has entered the elm-shadowed grounds. Class-day evening, too, with the songs from the band-stand, the club largely increased by graduate members, and yet, perhaps in a spirit of envy, stopping its music to shout, "One, two, three, Maitland!" "One, two, three, Bowditch!" as it misses a prominent singer, and spies him in some curtained window, enjoying a *tête-à-tête*, unusual, save on these occasions of privilege. Well, it may be all nonsense, all levity, vanity, and vexation of spirit, to a man of Breese's temperament, more's the pity! It may not

tend to the especial training of philosophers and statesmen; it may not advance a man on the rank-list: but who would banish music from the college walks and halls, or say that the authorities should imitate the grim old Puritan fathers, and put their taboo on the Glee Club, and many another of like character? — the Harvard Glee Club, which Hammersmith and some of his friends had entered at the beginning of junior year, graduating with duo honors from their class club, which had led a decidedly wheezy existence for some months.

No, no: those were joyous episodes in cloister life; and whether he soared mightily, and reaped abundant applause as a great tenor of his day, or pounded and rumbled away in unappreciated bass, many a man looks back upon his membership of the Glee Club, with its rehearsals, its merry concerts and serenades, as yielding him more solid pleasure and more rational amusement than any society in all the university roll.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DANGEROUS SIDE-SADDLE.

"El mal que de tu boca sale, en tu seno se cae." — FROM THE SPANISH.
"Every one is the son of his own works." — CERVANTES.

I DON'T see why a man wants to be such a fool, to refuse to row when the crew needs him so wofully!" said Albemarle, returning from the boat-houses, with a number of men who had been down to see the last row of the season.

"Especially as there is not the least occasion for his refusing," continued Freemantle. "He spends twice as much time with his horse, and that howling glee-club, and at cricket, as he need give to the boat. It's a rattling fine nag of his, though; and I don't blame him for wishing to get astride of him whenever he can."

"Well, now, I tell you what it is," said Pinckney, unwinding a blue silk handkerchief from his throat, "I don't blame Tom in the least. He had a mighty rough deal last term, fellows, with that infernal Tufton scrape and his faculty row! And I don't think it strange that he should feel considerably cut up about it, and wish to forget that he ever saw an oar."

"But what's the use of venting his spite on the university boat and the pride we all feel in it, simply because he's had a rough time with Tufton?"

"Oh! I don't pretend to know what's going on in his mind," said Pinckney. "He may have reasons that we don't know any thing about. But the faculty forbade

his rowing last term, you know; and I don't wonder he feels sore about it. I think any of us would have felt the same."

"'Twas mighty funny about that faculty trouble, by the way," said Albemarle. "Did he ever find out who played him that low trick of informing on him?"

"Not as far as I know," answered Pinckney. "That's another thing too! I've heard him and Goldie speak of it several times; and they are both pop-sure that some fellow here in Cambridge must have been at the bottom of it: who it is, and how he could have communicated so quickly with Tufton, they can't make out. There's no doubt about the note being written by Tufton, none whatever. I've seen it; and you know Tufton had a way of crossing his *t's* that nobody could possibly imitate. Goldie and Hammersmith are perfectly certain that the note, which was signed simply X, was written by him."

"Mighty curious, any way!" said Freemantle.

"So you can't wonder that Tom feels a good deal wounded at the idea of any fellow's going back on him in this way, 'stabbing him in the dark,' as he says. By Jove, I should like to see any man attack him openly! — that's all I have to say." And the high-spirited Pinckney snapped his blue handkerchief viciously in the face of a small freshman whom they met, and in dangerous nearness to the eyes of the young fellow.

"He must be a mighty low-lived fellow, whoever he is!" said Albemarle. "I've no great friendship for Hammersmith, especially now that he's so thick with that reformer Breese; but I like to see a man treated like a gentleman. — And you're right, Pinck: a man as high-strung as Hammersmith is not to be blamed for feeling cut by such treatment. I didn't know before, that he suspected anybody out here of being in league with

Tufton. What a blight that man was, by the way, fellows!"

"Halloo, George," said Pinckney, as Goldie, swinging along at a great stride with McGregor, was passing them on the way to the quadrangle. "What's your hurry? We want to speak to you."

"Speak quick, then! Dinner in five minutes! Must change to the buff before then." And the two slowed down, and walked with the rest.

"We want to know candidly how the crew's getting on," said Pinckney.

"Oh! is that all? — Come along, Mac." And they started ahead.

"No; but hold on!" said Pinckney. And he pounced upon his stalwart chum, still breathing rapidly from his last severe row of the fall, and detained him, with an arm about his neck. "Now I've got you, old fellow. Tell us truly. How is Ladbroke getting on?"

"Mac, are you going to see me throttled in this way, and by such a devil of a giant?" And he made a pretence of trying to get away. "How's he getting on? Well, if I must tell, he's getting on his coat about now — as near as I can calculate."

"Come, come, tell a fellow! How is he going to pull?"

"With his hands and arms, I imagine: some leg-muscle too. — Eh, Mac?" said Goldie, with a twinkle.

"But has he any science?" asked Pinckney.

"Best boxer in college by all odds, I should say, present company out of the ring, of course."

"But how does he do in the boat?"

"Obeys orders, like the rest of us; doesn't he, Mac?"

"Well, has he any staying-power, you reprobate?" pleaded Pinckney in despair.

"He stays about as long as the rest of us, and then he runs away," answered Goldie; and, suiting the action

to the word, he dropped his head suddenly, broke away from his chum, and, running off with McGregor, vaulted the college fence lightly, and made for the quadrangle.

"By Jove! you can't make much out of a boating-man when he don't want to tell you," said Freemantle. "Goldie's in a merry mood to-night. It's all right, I think, or he'd hardly be so jolly."

"Not a bit of it!" said Pinckney. "You can't tell a thing by his manner: George is too old a fox for that. Heavens! he told me after Worcester, last year, that he knew, three days before the race, that we were going to lose it; but you know how cheerful he looked all the time. He's the best stuff for a boating-man that I ever laid eyes on: by Jove, he is!"

"Is Albertson really injured by the Worcester race?" asked Albemarle.

"Afraid he is," answered Pinckney. "Doctor's forbidden his rowing any more, at any rate; and he looks pretty slim, doesn't he?"

"Yes; but who ever thought that Ladbroke would succeed in getting a seat in the 'Varsity! Who was it that brought him out?"

"Oh! Mac, as usual," answered Pinckney. "He has his eyes on every fellow in Cambridge, I believe, ready to pounce on anybody in case of emergency. And Ladbroke is not such a bad oar, either. He rowed to the Isle of Shoals in vacation, with Clifford, you know; and his boxing has kept him in pretty fair condition all along."

The young men talked on thus till they reached the quadrangle, discussing the boating prospects, wondering if Ladbroke could be made to work, and inquiring of each other concerning the progress on a new shell which had just been ordered.

For Ladbroke, heavy and lethargic though he was, given to boxing, horse-racing, card-playing, and carousing with

the wildest spirits of the university, had, nevertheless, a tremendous amount of muscle, which the Argus-eyed McGregor, purveyor of mighty oarsmen for the 'Varsity, had made up his mind could just as well be captured, and made to work for the glory of the university, as allowed to waste itself in riotous living and idleness. Hammersmith had dropped from the crew; and Albertson, taking his place only a few days before the Worcester race, had been so far injured by the great strain of that struggle, as to be forbidden to row by his physician. McGregor, ever alert, had at once seized upon Ladbroke; and, by various wheedling processes best known to captains of boat-crews, had persuaded him that undying fame, and a paradise of pleasure, awaited him, if he would only consent to lend his valuable aid in the 'Varsity. And although his attendance at chapel did not show that regularity of worship which Alma Mater demands of her children; and a fondness for the neighboring race-track at Brighton, with various other dubious influences, rendered it not unlikely that his university career might come to an abrupt termination some fine day,—he was, nevertheless, McGregor's only hope; and the croakers were silenced. McGregor stuck to his man as a ward-politician hangs to the newly-made voter on election day, or as the trainer (in those stables which Ladbroke was fond of frequenting) stays by the racer under his charge, watching him day and night, looking after his exercise, his diet, his out-goings and his in-comings. Already Ladbroke, like many another man of his nature and tendencies who has gone through the same hard training, was beginning to show the good results of the new order of things; and Goldie's manner this afternoon proceeded from a real satisfaction, which he and McGregor had just been discussing, at the good prospects for next year's races.

"Come up, fellows, won't you?" asked Albemarle.

"The crew dines before the rest of us, you know. We've a half-hour yet." And the three sauntered up to Albemarle's quarters, just outside the quadrangle.

"We were talking about Hammersmith and Breese," said Albemarle. "Hang me, if I can understand the fascination about that man Breese! He's about the only man in the class that I can't make out. The way that he sailed into everybody and every thing in that speech of his in 'The Forum,' two years ago, was enough to disgust a fellow. You gave him a mighty good reply, Pinckney, — a mighty good reply!"

"Thank you," said Pinckney. "I didn't think much of what I was saying: I only remember that I was confoundedly mad at his manner, and his way of talking down at us."

"He's an infernal reformer!" chimed in Freemantle. "He wants to take the world all to pieces, and try to fix it up a little better than before, with 'J. Breese, *fecit*,' in one corner."

"That's what takes me!" said Pinckney. "By Jove! the world has got on pretty well for a few thousand years, without going to smash! What's the need of bothering your head about notions and isms, and beggarly reforms! Give me a horse and a gun, and a good square meal twice a day, and I'll let the Devil take your theories and crotchets!"

"It's all very well to talk of having your horse and your gun, and good square meals, Pinck; but there you are hitting on one of the very problems of the age, — how affairs may be so arranged that everybody may have enough to live on, — perhaps not a horse and a gun to every man, but a fowl in every peasant's pot at least once a week," said Albemarle.

"Oh, that's no problem!" said the wealthy young Southerner, who had a stable full of horses in South Caro-

lina, waiting for him to come and ride them. "Let every man do his work, by Jove! squarely and honestly, and there'll be an end to that question. It's the fearful idleness of people, that makes that problem, as you call it, take rank at all."

"That's so!" said Freemantle, rolling a cigarette. "And when you say, 'work,' Pinck, you don't mean that everybody should get to work with his own hands, of course, but should organize and direct others if he can; that is, if he has others that he can direct."

"Precisely, by Jove!" said Pinckney. "Look at our negroes! They are happy, they are contented, they have a fowl in their pots whenever they want. And you can be pretty sure that I don't work, or intend to work, except in directing these negroes, and making two cotton-bolls grow where one grew before. I shall be a benefactor to the human race, eh, on the old definition?"

"Well, I don't intend to discuss the slavery question with you, Pinckney," said Albemarle. "You know where I stand on that question. We've had enough talks,—you and Trimble and I. I only hope to Heaven you may never find slavery a white elephant on your hands; that's all!"

"You needn't be afraid of that, my dear fellow. We know which side of our bread is buttered. But that's neither here nor there. What I object to is the way that a man like Breese goes about trying to find flaws in every thing, and trying to patch up a new religion and a new style of government, a new society and a new university."

"Yes, there's a deused too much of a — what-de-ye-call-it, in the world; a" — said Freemantle.

"Exactly! it only depends upon what you call it," said Albemarle.

"Why, introspection," said Freemantle, "too much introspection, you know, and all that sort of thing."

"I've no doubt of it," answered Pinckney, "though I don't the least know what you mean. But, by Jove! just look at it! What is there that people are not pottering with, from religion down to the thickness of a fellow's shoes? Your old Boston here is the hotbed of half the troubles too."

"Of course," began Albemarle, "there are some very extravagant schemes started; but" —

"Extravagant! I should say there were. Abolition, cracked-wheat, mesmerism, come-outers, animal-magnetism, non-resistance, woman's rights," continued Pinckney, droning out the words in sing-song, camp-meeting fashion. "Good Lord! Will they let nothing rest? What do you think happened to me only yesterday, — no, day before? I was rushing out of the quadrangle, in a great hurry to get to Boston, when I ran almost plump into a tall, gaunt specimen of the *genus femina*, looking at the buildings through a ferocious pair of spectacles, and grasping an umbrella. 'I beg pardon, madam,' said I. — 'Young man,' said she in a tremendous voice, 'do you know where you are going?' — 'Certainly,' said I. 'I'm going to Boston.' — 'No, you're not. You're going to the bottomless pit!' she shouted: and handing me a little book, which I have never dared open, she said, 'Read that:' and I ran off like a shot. Gad! I've dreamed of my grandmother ever since."

"How did she find out so much about you, Pinck?" asked Freemantle.

"Oh, gammon! — I remember now: she asked me if my name was Freemantle," said Pinckney.

"What did you tell her?" asked Freemantle, laughing.

"I said it was not; Freemantle had just been expelled. But I promised to see that you received the book." And, diving into a pocket, he pulled out a small folded pamphlet, and handed it to Freemantle.

"I think you fellows each deserve a separate copy," said Albemarle. "Come, let's go to dinner."

"Are you going to the Fayerweathers' to-morrow evening?" asked Freemantle, as they went down stairs.

"I don't know. Why, it's *A.A.* night, isn't it?" asked Albemarle.

"No: supper is postponed till Monday night, so Hammersmith says."

"What is it at the Fayerweathers'? I forget what they do at these Cambridge toots," said Albemarle.

"German at eleven, I believe," answered Freemantle. "Big time, I hear: Jack Fayerweather's freedom birthday, you know!"

"Well, perhaps I'll toddle up for a while. But no German for me, if I know myself," said Albemarle; and the young men went in to dinner.

Meanwhile, the two men so roundly abused in the above conversation — Breese and Hammersmith — were indulging in exercise quite common to the two in these crisp autumn days. Breese was swinging along the country roads back of Cambridge in a rapid constitutional, brandishing his well-worn oak stick the while; Hammersmith, cantering gloriously through grassy lanes flaming with changing foliage, on the back of the noble bay horse left him by Penhallow, which was kept polished to the sheen of satin by the expectant grooms of Windgall, the stableman.

Why should Tom go cantering off by himself, like a miserable old bachelor, when he might have a fair companion, on a side-saddle, riding at his elbow, and doubling the zest of this grandest of pastimes? Why, if Miss Darby were so fond of riding, and had been in the habit of scouring the country, for a whole year now, with a groom in her train, — why should not Tom relieve the prim menial, and himself act as squire, now that he had a good mount?

Hammersmith had not asked himself these questions many times, you may be sure, before he had decided unanimously that knight-errantry in the nineteenth century was an anachronism, a humbug, and the office of squire and groom-in-waiting infinitely preferable in every way; so that many a sunny afternoon, when he was not practising for a cricket-match, or otherwise detained, he had despatched a brief note to Miss Darby by the omnipresent youngster Glue, — runner of errands, and mender of broken furniture by aid of effective glue-pot, — and shortly afterwards followed his note on the back of high-stepping Baldy.

If Miss Darby could accept his invitation, well and good: he joined her, and they were galloping away in remarkably quick metre. If not, well and good also: he sprang into saddle again, and went for a spin by himself, consoling himself for her absence by putting his horse through a whole series of movements and tricks to which he had been training him, and hoping for better luck next time.

This afternoon she could go. Tom met Glue, on his return from Miss Darby's, whistling a street-boy's air as he drummed the casual fence. He stepped to the curb-stone as Tom was cantering by, and swung his battered cap.

"All right, Mr. Ham-smith! She's a-going, I guess. My eye, but her horse be a-stepping about lively!" And Hammersmith, without pulling rein for the small messenger, nodded, and dashed past. Baldy is feeling his oats to-day.

Miss Darby was just about starting off by herself when the young glueman arrived with Tom's note. She was already mounted, and walking her horse along the semi-rural street, when Hammersmith came up.

"Which way to-day, Miss Darby?" he asked, after lifting his hat, and glancing at her saddle-girths.

"Where you will. I think the Belmont road will be pretty to-day, the woods are so fine!" And they turned their horses' heads westward, and were soon past Mount Auburn, giving their animals a looser rein as they left the thickly settled parts of the town.

We have no intention of following them along their winding way this lovely afternoon, or of setting down all the idle speeches and enthusiastic enjoyment of the two lovers of horses, — lovers of horses like yourself, dear Philippus.

It is a dangerous pastime, this of riding, none more dangerous; not in the earthly sense of a spill, or of broken bones, my dear madam, rolling in your *coupé* elaborately padded, but in the view of far more subtle, invisible dangers that delight to pounce on bounding youth and beauty, torturing them with exquisite pleasure. Perhaps under the critic eyes of the public, ogling in Rotten Row, Central Park, Beacon Street, these dangers may not show their heads, or let the whirring of their light wings be heard. There is an evil-eye which blights many such a tender creature, frowns originality and joyousness into dull conformity, and would look upon such riding as this of Tom's and Miss Darby's more in the light of a pageant and a spectacle than as a bit of romance bright with risk. But riding in country lanes, with the freshness of youth on the cheek, and all the picturesqueness of Nature starting the ready flood of young feelings in rosy-rippling currents, — tell me, all ye mediæval men and women who remember your youth, and who ever mounted a horse, did the roguish little god with the blinded eyes, who shoots regardless of aim, ever find you more vulnerable than when thus riding? No matter where it may be, along the hedgerows and velvet turf of England, trim vine-edged lanes of France, a rough New-England pike flanked with golden woods, or dear brown

hills of California looking seaward, or down a royal purple valley, — tell me if it is not true. Tell me, Philippus — but no! I will not ask you to open that page again.

They were mounting a hill in Belmont, and Mr. Tom was just beginning to say something, in his enthusiastic way, about wishing that he were a groom or a jockey, he was so fond of horses, when he exclaimed suddenly, —

"Halloo, here's Breese!" as they came unexpectedly upon the great scholar, turning into their road from a side-lane.

Tom involuntarily drew in his horse a bit; but, seeing Miss Darby cantering ahead, he let him out, and they bowed to Breese as they passed.

"Why, do you know him?" asked Hammersmith.

"Oh, I've met him!" she answered. "He is reading some Latin plays with my father, you know; and he was introduced to me one evening by father. Isn't this a superb view?" she added quickly. "There is Somerville, and Boston, and Bunker-Hill Monument, and" —

"Breese is a mighty queer fellow, Miss Darby, — excuse my interrupting you, — he's the fellow I was telling you about the other day, that wouldn't go into society, and thinks it's all flummery and nonsense, and spoke about inventing the brass man that I told you of."

"Indeed!" said she.

"I didn't tell you his name, as I didn't know you had ever met him. Did you know that he was at Fresh Pond that horrid day in freshman year?"

"I heard afterwards that he was."

"That was an awful day, wasn't it?" said Tom, taking his left foot out of the stirrup, and turning towards her. "Miss Darby, you can't imagine how a fellow feels, I suppose, when he's been so near drowning a young lady as that?"

"No, I don't suppose I can. But here's a lovely piece

of road: I challenge you to race as far as that oak-tree;" and, without further ado, they were rattling over the hard, rocky road, till Tom, quite ungallantly, came out a length or so ahead at the tree.

"Ah!" said Miss Darby, drawing a long breath, and putting a hand to her beaver. "That was grand! I yield the palm. Beppo and I are not equal to you. — But we don't care, do we, Beppo?"

"Your saddle is loose. Let me tighten the girths; there!" And she was off, and quickly mounted again; and they headed for home.

"If I could only live in the saddle, Miss Darby!" Tom exclaimed impulsively, on the way home. "I'm never so happy as when on horseback, are you?"

"N–no: I'm very, very fond of it. But you would grow tired of it, if you *had* to ride," said Miss Darby.

"I don't think so. Why are the middle ages dead!" he exclaimed, with many a philippic young man before him. "How jolly it must have been to go riding about, with a squire or two, and a sturdy old horse under you, living off the fat of the land, tilting with any fellow you came across, and succoring unhappy young parties right and left!"

"It must be nice to try to succor unhappy young parties, as you say," Miss Darby added quietly. But he was stooping to turn a stirrup, and did not see the look that she gave him.

"Every thing is so cut and dried nowadays!" Tom continued. "That's the very expression that Breese used, by the way, in speaking of society."

"There's a good deal of truth in it," said Miss Darby. "But I don't think, for that reason, that one should rush to the opposite extreme, and make a monk of one's self."

"So I told Breese. But there's no convincing him. I've been at him a dozen times already; but he's as firm

as a rock. Jack Fayerweather has asked him up there to-morrow evening, by the way, and I'm going to do what I can to get him to go. I doubt very much if I shall succeed, though. I'll tell you what I wish you might do for me, Miss Darby, if it isn't asking too much."

"Well?" said she.

"If I get him to go, and it comes convenient, couldn't you pitch into him a little on the subject of society, — show him how mistaken he is, and that sort of thing? You see, my pride is aroused now; and I'm bound to carry my point with him, even if I only induce him to go out with me once or twice."

"And you want me to act as ally and counsellor?"

"Exactly," said Hammersmith, — "if you will. I don't suppose it's exactly the thing to ask of you; but I" —

"Oh! I've no objections, I assure you, if it shall be possible, without appearing to be meddling," said Miss Darby. "I should like immensely to hear what he has to say. Father says he is remarkably clever, and remarkably original."

"That he is, — our head scholar now, you know. You ought to hear him pitch into sports and idleness, and so on, at college. I suppose, when he saw us just now, he said to himself that I was wasting my time riding about the country, and had better be at home studying, or taking a quiet walk like himself."

Miss Darby started just a bit at this speech of Hammersmith's, which was, indeed, frank and ill-considered, and not over-complimentary to the young woman at his side; but she presently went on, —

"I've no sympathy with men who can be so severe as that. I don't think I shall like him a bit; and I do not promise that I will ever talk to him, unless he is very gracious."

"Another spin?" asked Tom; and they cantered rapidly homeward a mile or more, the horses feeling the freshness of approaching twilight, as well as the potent influence of nearing domestic fodder, and plunging and pulling hard at the reins, as they dashed through the lengthening shadows, and over the brilliant fallen mantle of autumn.

"How the old Roman could ever have spoken of 'Black Care that sits behind the horseman,' I never could quite see," said Tom, as they drew near Miss Darby's. "If there is ever a time when Care is shaken off, and thoroughly driven away, it is when you are on horseback; don't you think so? He must be a pretty plucky rider, if he could stick on behind a fellow when he's going like that last spin of ours, eh? — Then you will dance the German with me to-morrow evening?" said Tom, as he was taking her off her horse.

"Certainly, if you wish."

"And you will be my ally in bringing Breese out of his retirement, if it can be managed?"

"Yes, if I can help you at all."

"Thank you very much, — and for a very pleasant ride. Good-evening."

"Good-evening."

Hammersmith tore back to the stable, riding half the time without stirrups, as he had ridden on the banks of the Hudson when a boy, and adding a fleeting element of movement and brightness to the pedestrian student world steering for its evening meal.

How little he foresaw the effect of his light compact with Miss Darby, half in jest as it was made! How little he knew the cause of the suddenness with which Breese answered him that evening, when he entered his room, and said, without prelude, —

"Now, Breese, I'm going to make you go with me to

the Fayerweathers' to-morrow evening, or die in the attempt!"

"I'm going," said Breese quietly.

"What! Ye gods! what have we now? Why this sudden lapsing into the gabble-gabble and hoppity-skip?"

But he received no satisfactory explanation then, or ever, in fact; and only long afterwards was he able, as we may be, to fathom by conjecture, and joining of fact with fact, the cause of Breese's sudden change of manner.

Was he going into the halls of flummery once for all, to see for himself just what it all meant? Was he meaning to act the spy on Tom himself for any especial reason? Was he really converted to Hammersmith's way of thinking? Was he attracted by any particular young butterfly, such as he had spoken of? Was he really beginning to reflect that there was something else in the world besides hard work, and self-abnegation, and a life of cheerless isolation?

All these queries popped into Tom's mind after leaving Breese that evening with his curiosity ungratified; but he was compelled to allow them to remain unanswered and bristling for many long weeks, during which the shifting scenes of their college-life went on about them, themselves prominent actors therein.

. . . . . .

It was an auspicious time for Breese to make his *début* in Cambridge society. Not only was he the head scholar in his class, and already known by reputation as a man of unusual genius, as well as the friend of many men of his class who were favorites in Cambridge circles, but, on this day of the Fayerweather party, the junior exhibition had come off (preceded several days by the students' comical episode of Junior Mock Parts), and Breese had delivered an oration which instantly made him famous in the univer-

sity, by the force and originality, and singular maturity, of its arguments.

He had been assigned a part which did not fall in with his line of thought, or suit his tastes especially, — a heavy Roman theme, with no possibility of a modern application; but at his personal request, made effective and proper by his high rank in the class, he had succeeded in substituting for it an oration on a subject of his own selection. The faculty had hemmed and hawed over the novel suggestion, and turned the matter over in their learned heads for a day or more, seeking pretexts for refusal. But as his subject did not threaten the life or existing institutions of the university, and no fair excuse for refusal could be devised, consent had been given; and, in his proper place on the lists that day, Breese advanced to the platform, and delivered his part amidst intensest interest.

It was an English oration on "The Influence of Republics on the Individual." And, without going into his arguments in this place, we may say, that by its breadth of treatment, ripeness of thought, and a certain throbbing sensitiveness of language, which was the mature growth from the downright fierceness of his freshman style, he did more than bear off the laurels of the day. He made himself an instant name with the authorities and the scholarly Cambridge audience, as a man of far more than ordinary ability, — a name which his future college-career was destined to add to, not mar.

Albemarle was put down for a Greek oration, which he delivered with his well-known grace of manner, — a cold, heavy, classical manner, suiting his theme. Hammersmith and Trimble were joined in a Latin dialogue. Totman, the "Sculpin," outdid himself in an English disquisition on the chronic subject of "The Present Aspect of the Eastern Question;" and a dozen more youngsters stood up in solemn black gowns, and aired their young thoughts on various ponderous world-matters.

What mingling of sense and nonsense, and skilful plagiarism from books, those boyish efforts showed! With what "faces, smug and round as pearls," they stood up before their audience of mammas and cousins, awful university dignitaries, and half-attentive fellow-students, and hurled their carefully-balanced sentences, confident of aim! What invective there was! what sonorous rounding of periods! what laborious copying of ancient models! And the wise smile which spread over scholarly faces when the Latin orator made an intelligible hit; the *honorandi* and *spectatissimi* appropriating their titles with a sweet humility, and the *vos, qui auditis* showing here and there a remarkable attention, as though they said, "Oh, yes! we understand you. *Macte virtute*, my boy! You see, we speak the vernacular." Ah, what ambitious little literary festivals they were! And how can the eye of criticism look back at them with any thing but kindness, any thing but admiration for their charming gravity, and wonderful profundity of discussion! Away with the man who shall say that they were vain, or join with Breese in declaring them a species of mouthing and mimicking of classic ages, bearing no relation to the present!

Breese's oration, then, with its salient points, well given in intelligible English, and its originality, in such striking contrast with the majority of the day's exercises, procured him no small fame with the university and the quite considerable audience from outside the college-walls. Graduates discussed him as they made off to their homes after the close of the exhibition; professors nodded their heads approvingly at him; mammas and young daughters were immensely struck with his earnest, thoughtful manners, and spoke of him as, "Oh, such a clever man!" His own classmates, of course, joined in the general murmur of applause, and were not sorry that they had among them the most original and brilliant man of the

university, — each man feeling a peculiar pride in the possession, as though he were especially responsible, and especially kind in allowing Breese to speak. And Breese, for his part, smiled to himself, to think how easy a thing could change the whole attitude of his fellows towards him; and yet was not displeased at the happy change.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MISS DARBY LEADS A "GERMAN," AND BREESE LOOKS ON.

"Still, as before (and as now), balls, dances, and evening parties,
Shooting with bows, going shopping together, and hearing them singing,
Dangling beside them, and turning the leaves on the dreary piano,
Offering unneeded arms, performing dull farces of escort,
Seemed like a sort of unnatural up-in-the-air balloon-work,
(Or, what to me is as hateful, a riding about in a carriage),
Utter removal from work, mother-earth, and the objects of living."

CLOUGH.

THE gayest party of the season was at its height the following evening, when Breese and Hammersmith advanced to make their bows in Mrs. Fayerweather's parlors, — Breese, the literary hero of the hour, whose oration even the severe Dummer had pronounced the "best-sustained effort for many years;" Hammersmith, his handsome friend, the rescuer of Miss Darby in his first year at Cambridge, the champion of beleaguered young actresses, the proud-spirited young fellow who had even given the faculty a piece of his Hammersmith mind, the oarsman who had been so sadly missed in the 'Varsity at Worcester, and the man who was now distinguishing himself in almost as marked a manner as in the former unhappy episodes by his creditable performance in the classrooms, newly proven by his part in the exhibition of to-day. And with what a lordly air the young gentleman bore himself, looking you in the eye as though he had never known an actress, or a Tufton, or any but the most placid experience in the world!

A half-hour later Breese was standing talking earnestly

with Miss Pinckney, sister of the fiery chum of Goldie's, a radiant beauty, with a certain *élan* and impulsiveness quite disconcerting to the circumspect young women of Boston, among whom she was spending the winter for the sake of certain musical privileges.

"Why are you scowling so at your sister, Mr. Pinckney?" asked Miss Summerdale, as she came out from the dancing-room on Pinckney's arm.

"Confound her!" said Pinckney. "She's talking with that fellow Breese, a regular old reforming humbug, dyed in the wool! Who can have introduced her?"

"Why, what is the matter with him?" asked Miss Summerdale, looking up at him interestedly, ready to hear gossip, or take his part, as the case might be.

"Nothing. But, as I say, he's a regular out-and-out demolisher of every thing under the sun, — the sort of a fellow that we should give a good thick coat of tar and feathers, if we caught him down South, with an old mule to carry him north of Mason and Dixon's Line."

"Gracious, I didn't think he was so fierce as that! He's certainly remarkably clever."

"Of course he is! Those fellows generally are. Anybody can be clever, if he sticks to one thing long enough," said Pinckney. And the handsome young Southerner paced the halls with his fair partner, cooling themselves from their dance, and looking forward anxiously to the German, which was to come off an hour hence, and which they were to dance together.

"I hear you are *such* a great scholar, Mr. Breese!" Miss Pinckney said, continuing her conversation with the young society-hater. "I shall be really afraid to say any thing to you."

"I hope not," said Breese, smiling a severe sort of smile, — why will not people let his scholarship alone, and treat him like anybody else! "I should be sorry to think

myself such an ogre as to prevent Miss Pinckney from saying whatever came into her mind, for that would be a cruelty to her friends." This, by way of his first complimentary sally, surprised him not a little, as he found himself making it.

"Oh, thank you! But I am always afraid of you great New-England scholars, I'm so ignorant myself. I do assure you, I don't know any thing! — nothing but a little music, and history, and French, of course; and, oh! I'm awfully fond of horses. I do nothing but ride and sing at home. And really, Mr. Breese, I don't see any good in studying so awfully hard. What does it all amount to?" And she beamed upon the poor fellow with such a frank and thoroughly captivating smile, that I wonder he didn't then and there abjure study, and hard work, and his solitary mode of life, altogether, and confess that he had made a mistake.

"It's hard to see what any thing amounts to, as you say, Miss Pinckney," he remarked. "But I've set myself certain work to do here in Cambridge; and I think every man ought to stick to whatever he undertakes, if it kills him."

"Of course he ought," said Miss Pinckney; "and I admire you for keeping to what you have planned. But I should think it would be *such* hard work and *so* lonely! I hear you do nothing but study, and go to lectures, all the time. Oh! I forgot to say — but I won't tell you, for you will laugh at me — yes, I will, though: I'm very fond of one kind of books, though I don't suppose you would approve of my taste. I *dote* on poetry!"

"Yes?" he said. "Some poetry is certainly worth reading. But why do you talk of me as though I were a college professor, or some awful literary demon? What poems are you so fond of?"

"Oh, I hardly dare tell you! 'Lalla Rookh,' and some

of" — But she was exceedingly happy to be relieved from what she feared would be a severe catechism, perhaps a crushing condemnation, of her literary powers, on seeing our friend Freemantle, wearing the semi-*ennuyé* air that he was beginning to assume as life began to pall on him, approach them from the ball-room, and say, with his head slightly on one side, and thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, —

"May I have the pleasure of this *galop*, Miss Pinckney?" with the manner of a man who thought, "Well, I might as well dance as do any thing else."

"Certainly," said Miss Pinckney, beaming on him in turn, "if Mr. Breese will excuse me." And Breese bowed gravely at her, and then at Freemantle, turning on his heel with noticeable impatience at something as the two passed into the ball-room, and presently began gliding briskly about in the crush of dancers.

"How can you stand that Breese?" asked Freemantle under his breath, as they danced.

"Stand him! You wicked — man! What — do you mean? He's — very nice — and very manly-looking," she answered, in a broken sort of way, as they darted here and there, and young novitiates in the art of dancing pranced wildly about, regardless of collisions, and all Freemantle's practised skill was required in steering his partner safely through the maze.

Breese, turning, was advancing to the reception-room, to find somebody who would not be in danger of being whisked away from him in the midst of a conversation, when he came upon Hammersmith and Miss Darby, sitting in a passage-way, and talking earnestly. He was bowing and passing them, when Hammersmith called out, —

"See here, Breese! come and be umpire. Miss Darby and I were discussing — a — a — the question of Mock

Parts. She doesn't approve of them; thinks them too personal, ungentlemanly, and that sort of thing; and of course I was standing up for them as a good old custom. What do you think?" And while Miss Darby put on a look of perfect mystification and wonder (and their low, earnest dialogue before Breese came up did not have the appearance, by any means, of a simple discussion of a college-custom), Breese began quite innocently to give his opinion, siding, as Tom knew he would, with Miss Darby, and against the custom of Mock Parts, — a burlesque performance allowing great license in the way of pasquinade and travesty of classmate by classmate.

Miss Darby looked so unutterably surprised, and Breese was proceeding with such gravity to lay down the law in support of his view of the case, that Tom feared he might be caught in his little fib, and, suddenly looking at his watch, said, —

"You will excuse me, Miss Darby, and Breese. It's nearly time for supper; and I must go and see about the favors for the German, which begins right after. Dipton was to have led," said Tom to Breese, "but has just sent word that he is called home suddenly; and Jack has asked Miss Darby and me to lead in his place. — You think a favor figure had better be the first?" to Miss Darby.

"Yes, it's better, I think. The bouquets, before they are wilted. And *please* have our seats somewhere away from the music: it is so deafening!" Hammersmith bowed, and walked off.

"I'm very fond of that man, Miss Darby. He's a fine fellow," said Breese; "the only man in the class that I feel I can talk freely with, without fear of offending him, or of being misunderstood."

"You've proved your liking for him by what you did for him last year," said Miss Darby, crossing her hands in her lap, and turning her face partly towards him. "Has

he ever found out that you came to me about his faculty trouble? I hope not."

"Not from me, on my word, Miss Darby! I don't think he quite understands yet exactly how he came to be saved from being sent off; but I think, from things he has let drop, that he supposes Goldie and your father were the cause. I do not believe he suspects either you or me."

"I am very glad. It would place us all in an extremely ridiculous light," she said, smiling. "He is *so* high-spirited! — But let me congratulate you on your success to-day, Mr. Breese. Papa and I listened to every word of it; and, though I couldn't understand more than half you said, I know it was very clever, for everybody says so. But you must be tired of being congratulated on it, are you not?"

"Almost," he said. "It is always pleasant to be complimented by one's friends, however: Tom, Dick, and Harry is another matter."

"How is it that you happen to be here, though, this evening? The Fayerweathers are more successful than we in drawing you out of your shell — den I believe college-men call it."

"I don't know," said Breese, examining the pattern of some tiles at his feet, near which a little white slipper showed its dainty tip. "I suppose, being such a great man as you say I am, I came out to receive the homage of my admirers;" and he tried to smile unconcernedly, and failed.

"But I thought society and the hoppity-skip were wickedness and abomination in your eyes," she said with equal unconcern.

He turned suddenly, but checked himself, and said, —

"Oh, no! I think a man, or anybody for that matter, can waste a great deal of time at parties. But they are undoubtedly good in moderation, like most else in life."

"Don't you think it's all flummery and gabble-gabble?" she asked drowsily, lifting her *flacon*.

"Miss Darby, pardon me," he said in some alarm, "but where did you get those words? Has Hammersmith been peaching on me?"

"I don't know what you mean by peaching on you," she answered, with an air of mischief. "Mr. Hammersmith certainly told me of a droll man in his class who used those words in speaking of the society of his fellow men and women; but he did not tell me who he was. It cannot be you, Mr. Breese! You cannot have dreamed of sending a brass man to represent you at such a place as this!"

"Don't make fun of me, Miss Darby!" he said, losing what pique at Hammersmith's treachery he may have had, as he saw the merry mood in which she treated it. "I may have expressed myself very strongly with Hammersmith, and used a very bold metaphor; but I must cry *Peccavi*. I certainly used those words, though I did not imagine how ridiculous they would sound when quoted against me."

"Seriously, though, is that the way you think about people in general? If so, you must be a very unhappy man," she said.

"No," said he slowly: "I am not more so than most men who have their eyes open as they go through life. But let us go into the library: it is too noisy here." And, rising, he gave his arm to her, and they went in, finding seats near a *chiffonnière*.

"All I meant to imply," he continued, "when I talked to Hammersmith, — I'll pay him up for retailing my pet opinions in this way!" —

"No, promise me you'll say nothing about it, Mr. Breese! It was entirely uncalled for; and I am very sorry if I have offended in repeating the words, — for, to

be honest, he did afterwards tell me that it was you who had used them, though not till yesterday, when we met you at Belmont."

"Of course I'll not mention it, if you so order," he said. "But what I meant was, that the play is not worth the candle; that there is an immense amount of time and energy wasted, — look at those men struggling in the *galop*, for example! — and no appreciable gain."

"I've no doubt what you say and think is true, in part, Mr. Breese. But really it would be such a sombre world, and we should be such long-faced, lugubrious people, without just such merry-makings as this, for example, that I cannot help thinking it is better not to try to stem the current, but take things about as you find them, and be cheerful. 'Serve God and be cheerful,' as the old bishop's motto was."

"But I'm cheerful enough," said Breese earnestly. "At least, I hope I am!"

"Oh! don't let us be personal," said Miss Darby. "Let us talk of a third person, if you will. I don't like to prophesy, and I don't like to be rude; but I cannot help thinking that a man or a woman who deliberately, for no special reason but a pet theory, goes to work to shut himself off from the rest of the world, must inevitably, sooner or later, repent of it, and cry out for sympathy and re-admission, when it is too late; when he has become so set in his ways, that he can no longer appreciate sympathy, or find the comfortable niche in the world that he might have had."

"You think so?" asked Breese, who had listened carefully to every word of this long opinion. "Must a man give up a great deal of time which he may hold precious, and a great many ideals for which he is living, merely to get this sympathy, as you call it?"

"Merely to get sympathy!" she said. "It shows

that you must be very heroic and very self-contained, Mr. Breese, that you can talk in this way of merely getting sympathy. But I forget: we are not to be personal. A man or woman, then, must be very heroic and very self-centred, who can go on, year in and year out, and not feel the need of just such careless merriment as this."

"But I do not see the connection between this careless merriment and the sympathy of which you speak; of course you use sympathy in its large Greek sense?"

"Of course," she said. "No? You do not see it? Pray, if it is not by keeping the heart warm, the temper cheerful, and the feelings receptive, how can sympathy ever come? And what else would you expect of these young people? You can hardly expect them as yet to be capable of a larger, deeper sympathy, — with the world at large, let us say; to be capable of kindling with tender feeling over abstractions and lofty ideas solely? No, Mr. Breese, — I beg pardon for being such an orator, — it is a difficult task; but it is every one's duty, I think, to mingle with his fellow men and women, even if at apparent sacrifice. Anybody can be a saint in a closet, shut up by himself, away from the things which try him, and against which he prays for strength: the hard thing is to come out with tolerance and dignity, and show one's strength in the crowd."

"I have never thought of it in that light, Miss Darby, or known anybody who cared to put it to me so kindly," Breese said slowly, after a pause; and then he felt sorry almost to have said it, it seemed so to bare his feelings.

Hammersmith returned at this point to announce the German favors ready, and the supper-room opened. But Miss Darby said she did not care to try the chances of the crowd; and Tom went off to forage for her. "Oh! an ice, or something," she said: "I don't care for much." — "Better have some *bouillon*," said Tom, "German,

you know;" and she said, "Very well," while Breese sat near her, turning over some large Roman and Grecian photographs absent-mindedly.

"Here is my position in a nutshell," he said suddenly, as an idea struck him; and he held up several ancient heads, of emperors, philosophers, gods, with their calm majesty and sturdy strength. "This is what I mean: our American society will never produce such men as these, or even men who can chisel them or imagine them, so long as it is founded on such a set of teetotums as now, and everybody is rushing and tearing through life as Americans generally are."

"Oh! that is another question," said Miss Darby. "We cannot discuss such big themes as that at a party."

"Exactly, exactly!" said Breese almost gleefully. "There you side with me, by agreeing that parties are only fit for whirling and inane talking. I think I shall stick to my old 'flummery' and 'hoppity-skip' doctrine. Do you know, Miss Darby, if I were to name this century, what I should call it?"

"I've not the slightest idea," she answered. "'The Age of the Hoppity-skip,' or 'A Hundred Years of Gabble-gabble'?"

"No: that might be as well; but I should dub it 'The Century of Hubbub.' And America I should call 'The Paradise of Hubbub.'"

"Well, I'm glad you have not the naming of the century and the country, then," she added merrily. "They would be fine names to go down in history!—O Mr. Hammersmith! we have been having *such* a wordy war! Mr. Breese will never want to hear me speak again,"—Breese was bowing deprecatingly,—"he's *such* a severe critic! It's really quite awful!" And she played with her ice, and ate it daintily; while Breese, whose whole soul went into every slightest discussion, wondered at the

remarkable adaptability of humankind, who can slip from grave to gay, from matters of moment to *badinage*, so easily, and asked himself why he felt a certain jar in the consciousness of the fact. Not an adaptable man, not a man of a fluent nature, evidently. A man whose thoughts, as his actions, ran in straight lines, and could not accommodate themselves to the quick turns common to nimbler minds. A downright man, who could not see how a fair young woman, that could sit for a half-hour talking seriously to a man, as Miss Darby had just done, could be whirling through the gay German the next hour, and not one only, but many hours, sparkling with enjoyment. Where was the discrepancy? Where was the fault? — In him, or in existing affairs? in John Breese, a junior, or Miss Ellen Darby, the beautiful daughter of the beloved professor?

Beautiful daughter, did I say? I do not know that I have proved it, and I do not know that I intend to do so. In fact, I have never been able sufficiently to wonder at the boldness of biographers or romancers in naming the attractions of a young woman who may come under their hands, describing her in a clumsy, masculine fashion perhaps, and expecting you instantly to fall in love with her, and proclaim her lovely beyond compare. How can I describe the indescribable? How may this blunt pen and these flat words set forth the charms, which if I were a novelist, and not a plain biographer, I should say, in the most emphatic kind of language, with all manner of rosy adjectives, neither the painter's nor the sculptor's art could comprehend and fitly portray?

Who can expect to please everybody, moreover? Who can expect that some would not say this, and some say that, and many a careful young reader, of the softer and the sterner sex alike, exclaim at last, "Why, I don't think she's pretty at all! or he doesn't describe her so, at any

rate!"--how could I undertake such tremendous responsibility, or endure such terrible criticism! And don't I know that her own contemporaries even have their little flings at her, finding fault with this or that feature, this or that mode of dressing her hair, with her manner of smiling, even?—but what beautiful girl is free from this? And still it is enough to make a poor masculine chronicler pause, or turn pale, and at last take refuge in the safe generalization, "beautiful."

For if Mrs. Lacethroat thinks her eyes of too dark a blue, and Miss Dovecot thinks them too light; and Miss Trimmersale says her smile is as haughty as a queen's, and Miss Lillypop declares that she smiles too much, and not only that, but too markedly in certain directions; if the Bantam girls of Roxbury say she is too tall, and Miss Tallcut (who swoops down upon Cambridge society once or twice in a winter, carrying off a student heart or two at her girdle after every foray) insists with emphasis that she is much too short; if Mrs. Sticklewaite of Medford, aunt of the youthful Malachite, thinks her hair too light for her eyes, and Mrs. Dandelion, who has had a pair of corn-colored daughters on the carpet for some years now, (and the market so very, very dull!) declares the same hair far too dark, and that the way it shades off into a lighter color at the ends is very suspicious,—yes, very suspicious,—as are also the lovely rippling waves that cover her head,—how, I say, how, under Heaven, can I hope to reconcile these conflicting witnesses! How can I dare even approach that mysterious shrine, where the awful feminine toilet-rites are performed, and at which Mrs. Dandelion is evidently so devout a worshipper! How can I, a poor male merely, do any thing but fall down afar off, with my face to the ground, and exclaim simply, "Beautiful, beautiful!" as the radiant young devotee comes forth!

No, no! of whatever else I may be guilty, I cannot attempt sacrilege, or dare so much as to touch the crown of her fair head with the patter of my poor words. I withdraw, I throw down the pen, I seek an asylum in the above-named generalization, and in the verdict of the Fayerweathers, the Summerdales, and a host of others, by whom the adjective in question is freely applied to Miss Darby. I refuse to attempt the impossible. I can do nothing but admire, and give thanks before the sweet virginal charms that the old Cambridge elms have seen budding beneath them for some eighteen years now (save the year and a half that she spent in Europe), and wonder again how the young university men can have allowed her all this time to remain — but this is dangerous ground for an old gentleman with an eye for beauty to attempt, and again he draws back.

I can at least, however, refer to these young students so far as to say that their verdict, if asked, would be the same as that of the Summerdales, the Fayerweathers, and that of all sensible people. For I know from undoubted authority, (as well as from a fact which I will never divulge, no, never!) that they thought her most lovely and charming; that the sky seemed brighter, and brave deeds more easy, when they passed her in the Cambridge streets; (happy the man who could lift his hat to her!) that dancing-parties seemed more dignified and stately when she entered the rooms; and that, at this particular party of the Fayerweathers, many a man, and young woman too for that matter, exclaimed, "What a remarkably handsome couple they make!" as Mr. Tom and she led out in the pretty figures of the dance that came on later.

For all these reasons I refuse to do more than repeat the slight hints of blue eyes and fair hair given above, and maintain that I am justified in declaring her beautiful, as you, and you, and you, would declare, if you knew what

I know, and if you had sat, as I have, at her hospitable table many years, ah, how many! after this gay evening.

Every one's own imagination is the best painter in filling in the details of his heroine; and, with the few bits of color which my words and the gossips' have supplied above, everybody may imagine the blue-eyed, rather haughty, young beauty, who has set Breese speculating so thoroughly this evening, and with whom we have lingered rather too long, as she sits chipping the little ice that Hammersmith has brought her.

Supper being over, and while various scurrying students were emerging from quiet retreats in which they had been enjoying cosey *tête-à-têtes*, — from under the stairs, from off the several landings of the broad stairway, from the reception-room, rich in easy-chairs, — Hammersmith advanced to Mrs. Summerdale, only less beautiful than her fair daughter, and said, —

"My dear Mrs. Summerdale, will you be so good? — will you honor us by taking charge of the favors at the head of the German?"

"I shall be delighted, Mr. Hammersmith, if you really want me," she said. Hammersmith assuring her that it would give him the greatest pleasure in the world, she assented; and Tom went off to the ball-room to see that every thing was in order.

Men are now rushing about for their German-partners, escorting them to their seats, which are ranged about the wall, and removing their handkerchiefs from the chairs, where they had tied them by way of pre-emption. The musicians file off to the supper-room; there is a buzz and a murmur of voices; the non-dancers are warned out of the dancing-room, and gather mournfully about the doorways, conscious that they are to be no part of the approaching gayety; and Hammersmith and young Fayerweather are rushing here and there, arranging seats, settling disputed claims, and clearing the field for action.

The musicians come in merry and rosy, the cornet-player twirling his blonde mustache, and surveying the beauties about the room. While the pianist is striking a chord or two, and the violinist is tuning up with that preliminary instrumentation which young Partington thought the finest part of the concert, Hammersmith advances over the crash-covered floor, with Mrs. Summerdale on his arm, carrying in his left hand a sort of May-pole, hung with a number of long fluttering ribbons, together with a mass of tarlatan, in strips of various colors, which hang from his arm, and trail on the floor, as he walks. A servant follows, bearing a huge pyramid of bouquets, arrayed on a frame; another, with a large white-wood box, filled with favors of every sort.

Hammersmith deposits Mrs. Summerdale by the side of the pier-glass: the flowers, ribbons, and other belongings of her pretty office, are arranged about her; while Miss Pinckney, and other young women with an eye for color, exclaim, "How beautiful! I *never* saw any thing half so pretty!" Hammersmith returns with Miss Darby, whom he seats next Mrs. Summerdale. He glances about to see that all are in place, lifts his hand to the musicians; and, as they sweep into the first swinging measures of a glorious Strauss waltz, the first four couples, headed by Miss Darby and Hammersmith, start from their places, and glide smoothly and gracefully about the room.

"A very pretty sight," said Professor Darby to Mr. Gayton Hammersmith, as the two stood in a doorway, looking in. "Your nephew is a *generalissimo* of the first order."

"That he is," chuckled Mr. Hammersmith. "Gad, though! but his mother would be amused, I may say horrified, to see her hopeful leading off in a rout like this. The lines were drawn rather tight in my brother's family. Your daughter is looking uncommonly well to-

night, professor, eh? — Yes, Mrs. Darby, I was just saying to the professor, that Miss Darby was the belle of the ball to-night."

"You're very kind, I'm sure, Mr. Hammersmith," began Mrs. Darby; when the professor tapped Mr. Gayton on the shoulder, and he turned.

Tom had clapped his hands; the couples had stopped dancing, and advanced to Mrs. Summerdale for bouquets and favors. Mr. Gayton turned, and found Miss Fayerweather, standing within the ring of chairs, holding up a bit of red ribbon to him, and saying, as she bent her head, "Mr. Hammersmith!"

"For me?" said the surprised "Duke." "Thank you very much; but I haven't danced for five hundred years, my dear Miss Fayerweather! I" —

"No, no, you must!" she said, shaking the ribbon.

"But I can't! I'm an old fossil! I'm of the age of trilobites! This modern step" —

"Come, come, uncle Gayton!" said Tom, who was handing a bouquet to Miss Barlow, near by; and the young gentleman in front of Mr. Gayton, rising politely, and lifting his chair out of the way, Mr. Gayton passed through, and, with some considerable trepidation, essayed the steps of the trilobite age. The young gentleman who had risen so politely resumed his seat, saying to his partner, —

"Why, in the world, won't these old fellows keep out of the way!"

Miss Pinckney exclaimed, —

"Isn't he fun, though! What a dear old gentleman! Is he Mr. Hammersmith's uncle?" And Breese looked on from another doorway, wondering how a man could make such a fool of himself.

A fool of himself! He was glorious! He was superbly in earnest! He was as gallant as a beau of the last cen-

tury! He was working like a Trojan! He *was* a "dear old gentleman!" But when Mr. Tom, gliding beautifully with Miss Barlow, saw the old gentleman struggling in the crowd, and beheld the agile grace of five hundred years ago, he whispered to Miss Barlow, Miss Barlow whispered to him, and it was the longest, most unaccountably long time, before Hammersmith stopped dancing, clapped his hands, and stood watching the uncle, with difficulty avoiding collisions right and left.

"What do I do now?" asked the "Duke," as he stopped, seeing the rest had come to a halt.

"Take me to my seat, please, near the pier-glass," said Miss Fayerweather; and he offered his arm as he might offer it to a duchess; and, bowing profusely as she seated herself, he said, —

"You know Napoleon was an awkward dancer, like all great geniuses. 'The fact is, beautiful countess,' said Napoleon, leading an unhappy partner to her seat, 'my part is not so much to dance myself as to make others dance.' Now, I can't say exactly the same thing of my" —

"See here, uncle, you're in the way here, — Duke Hammersmith's carriage blocks the way!" said Mr. Tom, coming up as a new set of dancers went whirling over the floor.

"Ah, pardon Tom! I was thanking Miss Fayerweather for the pleasure of my dance," and, bowing low, he turned, and was almost floored by young Malachite, wildest of prancers. But he recovered himself, looked a dagger or two at the young bumper, and made his way out of the room, exceedingly warm and rosy, with the cut on his forehead almost as red as the knot of ribbon that now ornamented his coat.

Meanwhile, Breese was looking in at the doorway on his first German, his first real party-life in Cambridge. It

was a pretty sight, it was an innocent scene. There was an abundance of youth and beauty, and sparkling life, that the most confirmed cynic could hardly withstand. I know one man, at least, who hopes he may never arrive at that age or condition of life when the sight of such joyous merriment shall be other than pleasant and kindling. If he shall ever arrive at such a gloomy period, he will surely feel that something is wrong with him, as he would feel now, my dear Philippus, if he found that he could not do his thirty miles a day on foot, or his fifty on horseback, without wincing.

Breese was not the man, however, to admit a fault within himself, if it could be saddled on somebody or something else. Looking, in a half-sad, half-contemptuous way, at this gay scene, so different from his ordinary evening's sights, he fell to observing the different couples as they sat within view, or moved about through the rooms. Above all, he noted the men, largely from his own class, and tried to discover the especial pleasure which attracted each to such a scene as this. A man, you see, that could not take an evening like this as a simple enjoyment, a mere pleasant episode, but must needs turn it over, and examine it, and ask what it is, what it amounts to, — not an especially pleasant man for an idle moment, lazy country-house life, or a merry dancing-party, you may imagine, and correctly.

Hammersmith, for instance, flying about in every direction, clapping his hands till his gloves had burst, capturing privateers, arranging figures, what pleasure could there be in it for him? Miss Darby, to be sure, seemed happy and tranquil (tranquillity being an essential item in Breese's estimate of the perfect condition), and was the picture of beauty and refinement as she sat talking with Mrs. Summerdale, or rose and danced off now and then, when she was taken out. But there was Free-

mantle, looking by this time quite bored to death, almost lying down in an unusually easy chair in the corner of the room, evidently making satirical remarks to his partner, and patronizing the whole affair most emphatically, — what good was he getting out of it all, Breese asked himself. And Malachite the bumptious, and Fennex the bold, and Goldie, sitting statuesquely with his arms folded, — Breese was glancing at them all in a casual way, when Miss Pinckney stopped before him, holding up a little bell, which tinkled as she shook its ribbon. He looked behind him to see for whom she meant it; but she said, —

"Mr. Breese, Mr. Breese! will you not dance? You shall not stand idle here any longer!"

"Thanks, very much; but I don't dance," he said, feeling confused, as he saw the whole room watching to see whom the gay Southern beauty would take out.

"No, really? I'm very sorry," she said. "Are you joking?" she asked, turning back as she started to go away.

"I assure you no," he said; and as he held up a negative hand, and seemed truly uncomfortable at being made conspicuous, Miss Pinckney sailed away with her tinkling bell.

Breese shortly turned on his heel, made his respects to Miss Fayerweather, had a few words with Professor and Mrs. Darby in passing, and was going up stairs for his coat, when Mr. Gayton turned to him, and said, —

"Going down to the square, Mr. Breese? I will give you a lift, if you like. — Time for such a gay young bud as I to be shutting up for the night, eh, professor? — Good-night, good-night, Mrs. Darby. — Mrs. Fayerweather, a great party, a *magnifique* party! — I congratulate you; congratulate Jack for me; many happy returns all round! Did you see me on the floor? Great swell, eh? Don't

let my youngster dance till prayer-time! that's all I have to say. — By-by, Charlie, by-by. Come and see a fellow when you can! — Ah! thanks, I don't care if I do; I'll smoke it, going in." And with such garrulous talk, which had been kept up the entire evening, only we had not the chance of hearing him, the old philosopher bowed himself away, and was soon muffled up for his ride to town.

"Going to walk down?" asked Albemarle of Breese, in the dressing-room.

"Hammersmith's uncle is going to give me a lift, I believe," said Breese.

"Conceited idiot!" thought Albemarle. "Getting to be such a swell, that he'll have nothing to do with the rest of us soon! Commend me to a *parvenu* for airs."

"Eh, Albemarle," said the "Duke," coming up, "you leaving too? Go with us! Gad, I think we can all squeeze in! I'm a light weight, you know!" And donning a great-coat, whose dimensions gave the lie to his joke, he led the way down stairs. The three were soon bowling towards town over the frosty ground, at a spanking gait, the eldest rattling on about the party, Albemarle thinking him a good deal of an old humbug, and Breese listening with somewhat alarmed amusement to the "Duke's" rather free criticism of different people at the party.

The *bonbon* figure was in progress as the three had come down stairs; its light explosions and small cannonades filling the rooms with a pretty tumult of noise and sham fear. It was as nothing, however, to the tumult and doubt which were filling Breese's mind, and upsetting the tranquil pose of his old opinions, as the "Duke" stopped his *coupé* in Harvard Square, and Breese and Albemarle separated to go to their rooms.

But Gen. Hammersmith and his party went skirmish-

ing far into the morning, with all the bright allies that fresh hearts and spirits, happy faces, and the joyous time of life, can give. Those who will may follow them in imagination, winding their pretty ribbons through the night, and flashing defiance in the face of grief and care, sickness and failure. Ah, that all this freshness must fade, and this gay life put on its weeds! Those who would rather may follow Breese, the successful scholar of the day, the strong, self-centred man, as he had been called this evening, and imagine, if they may, the rack on which his cherished ideals are stretched.

Was she right? Was there danger of his becoming selfish and narrow, cold and unlovable, if he kept to his lonely career? Was it all a failure, this strenuous resolve to which he had lived thus far? Or were these frisky mates of his in the right, and he all wrong? Poor simple questioner, as many simple questioners before him have lived, and racked their brains with doubt, and yet lived on! Is no questioning good, then? "What does it all amount to, this studying so awfully hard?" as Miss Pinckney had asked him. Was he to be separated forever from his fellow men and women by some hard barrier of his own making? And why did everybody labor to convince him that all his pet doctrines were founded in sand?

You miserably correct, who have had no temptations to wander, and so shall have no praise, — in this place at least; you drivelling dandies, who have had no heroic longings, and so cannot so much as imagine a man in Breese's frame of mind; you tape-and-yard-stick men, trained to conformity, and never daring even to try the strength of your chains; all you who are satisfied with the "mush of concession, instead of a little manly resistance," as Breese's Emerson says, — may pass Breese by, or call him a most uncomfortable fellow to have around,

—as you probably will. Let it be so! At the corner bookshop you shall buy for a dime much prim heroic monotony. Go buy! I am not to blame that Hammersmith's life touched, for a certain arc of its circle, upon this *bizarre* man Breese; I am not to blame that he happened in Hammersmith's class. If there be any who feel that a young man's doubts and longings, trials and juvenile struggles, are the making of a stalwart manhood, let them come with us a while, and see what the outcome of this case shall be. And if Breese makes an anthropological study of an innocent merry-making, and would apply the lens of science to everybody about him, let us, too, however cursorily, follow his lead, and study the student.

. . . . . .

One youngster at the party, paired for the evening with the younger Miss Barlow, and radiant, as his own name implied, deserves mention, if only out of that respect which we owe an old friend met after a lapse of time.

When Breese's eye roamed around the parlors, scanning the company, it saw, but instantly left (as the man of the lens might discard an imperfect beetle, let us say), the glowing features of Ruddiman, —Bob, he of the green jacket and youthful bibulous habit, now a Harvard junior, and basking in florid happiness.

A ruse of Ruddiman the father was this; for when that pathetic affair of the donkey had taken place, and the Yale authorities had decided that it was best for all of that stripe to be sent beyond their borders, the parental Ruddiman, banker and broker, No. 51 Wall Street, was no little exercised in mind as to the career of his young hopeful. Bob's mind had not shown that fine edge, or that penetrating point, which might enable him to plough his way in a learned profession, so called; nor were his mathematics of that accurate character that he might

safely be intrusted with a counter in his father's jingling office, and with access to the parental money-bags in the big vault under the stairs. Reports reaching the Ruddimans, however, of Hammersmith's success and creditable progress at Cambridge, there came the query, Why should not Bob be despatched to that ancient seat of learning, with ample largess from the money-bags before mentioned, and orders to engage the most expensive tutor that the place could furnish, as coach?

The youthful Ruddiman was not of that eclectic nature that he must needs stand on the name or location of his Alma Mater, so long as his rather erratic disposition could be borne with, and his vast yearning for knowledge of every abstruse description could be gratified. And although the college from which his donkey experience had driven him forth commuted his sentence of expulsion to one of a year's suspension, — for golden reasons best known to managers of such institutions, — Ruddiman *père* was disposed to try fresh fields and different enclosures for his capering scion.

So it came about, that Tutor Philpot of Cambridge was enabled to bleed the young Ruddiman, and tap the paternal money-bags, for a too brief period; that sundry haberdashers and stable-men in and around the university town had a small rill from the same golden source trickling into their money-drawers for a much longer space of time; and that at last, with much tribulation, and by the aid of the Fates, Bob was through his fresh-junior examinations, and (losing a year in course, to be sure) was admitted a member of Hammersmith's class.

Whether Hammersmith was pleased, or not, at this sudden re-union with his old neighbor Ruddiman I have never heard him say. But as the youth in question had retained a commendable admiration for Mr. Tom, since the day when he had thrashed young Mangul Wurzel, and that

later summer, when they and poor Penhallow had beaten the little hamlet into such a froth of excitement, — an admiration which Tom's late career had tended to increase rather than diminish, — there was considerable genuine heartiness in Hammersmith's welcome of the young fellow. And Ruddiman, to say truth, was much altered for the better since the earlier days when we saw him before, though the permeating effect of the donkey intimacy was destined never to be quite outgrown. Hammersmith, then, took him kindly by the hand when he came up to Cambridge, a classmate (as he honestly and frankly took everybody by the hand who deserved his friendship); inducted him into many of the mysteries, and some of the societies, of the place; and was particularly careful to range him well in the matter of Cambridge families, divining that their influence would be peculiarly beneficial to the young man at this period in his life.

Ruddiman, indeed, was vastly grateful for all this kindness on Hammersmith's part; wrote home the most glowing accounts of Tom's position and fame at the university (retailing many things which Hammersmith would much have preferred should be omitted, if he had had the *visé* of his letters); and in a thousand ways developed a facile devotion and enthusiasm for Tom, which showed him to be a fellow capable of a certain ardent friendship, if he was not a commanding genius.

He had fallen back a year, to be sure; but what was that to a youth hungering and thirsting after knowledge! He had "gained immensely by the rest from his severe studies at New Haven," as his mother was accustomed to remark to sympathizing friends and neighbors; and who shall dispute a mother's verdict on her offspring? We shall be considerably disappointed, then, if we do not see him soon climbing to the very top of the rank-list, and adding still more golden lustre to the Ruddiman name by

virtue of that intellectual rest of which his mother speaks. But disappointment is one of the disguised blessings of life, which take us quite unawares; and we shall do well to be prepared for it in Ruddiman's case, as always.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN OLD FRIEND ON THE WESTERN HORIZON.

"He that is down can fall no lower."—BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

IT was well for Hammersmith that the Fayerweather party came off just as it did: it was well for him, if he wished to enjoy it, as he continued to, dancing far into the morning, and returning to his rooms — plastered with stars and ribbons, and other bedizenment, like a field-marshal — just as a very dissipated old moon, with a fearful leer on its twisted face, was rising over the house-tops.

For, on the Monday morning following, he received from the hand of an important senior a solemn missive, much bedaubed with reddest of sealing-wax. By noon he had carried a number of books, papers, and ink-bottles to the rooms of McGregor, in Holworthy; and by mid-afternoon he was busily engaged on those grim, remorseless rites which lead up to the stately ceremonies, on an ultimate Friday evening, of the Hasty Pudding Club, of sweetest memory in more than metaphorical sense.

It is an elaborate, satisfying initiation, over which the present chronicler would gladly linger, were he not stared in the face by the unhappy fate of some who have dared, in times gone by, to reveal to outer barbarians the secrets and inner machinery of the dear old society. Suffice it, that, before nightfall, it was known throughout the length and breadth of the university, that Freemantle, Hammersmith, and Pinckney were initiating for the Pudding; that

these young gentlemen appeared running excitedly to and from meals and recitations for the space of five days, making painfully perfect recitations and painfully hasty, silent sojourns at their boarding-houses, chaffed the while by expectant classmates; that on Friday evening they appeared going to the club-rooms in elaborate evening-dress; that varied bursts of applause and the noise of a curious metallic rapping were heard issuing from the windows of the old hall during the evening; and that on the following day appeared in Mr. Tom's room, over his door, a mysterious strip of black cambric, with "T. Hammersmith" in white letters upon it, — a badge which has been cherished fondly by that reminiscent youngster, and has travelled with him many a mile in various countries since the night that it first greeted him returning to his room. But more than enough has been said; and the chronicler already begins to quake in his distant exile.

So Hammersmith came to be received into the ancient brotherhood, hobnobbed with the upper-classmen even more familiarly than before in the other societies to which he belonged, and wrote off an ecstatic letter to his uncle Gayton, declaring it the greatest affair that he had ever heard of, "nothing like it in all the world," and calling it by many other enthusiastic boy's names. In succeeding weeks the rest of the first ten from his class were initiated, Goldie the first of the lot. In due time, the management of the club was transferred to Hammersmith and the others; "Senior Farewell" took place; and Tom's class was fairly installed in the first great organization which tied them with their senior year, and caused them to turn their eyes more anxiously than ever to that final period of their academic career.

And Tom's regular college-work all this time? Lord-Chancellor Thurlow had a division of his labors, which may apply tolerably well to this period of Tom's life, as to that

of many another young fellow of his temperament in the full tide of university enjoyment. "A part of my work I do, a part does itself, and a part I leave undone," he used to say. If Hammersmith never again duplicated that famous examination of his freshman year; if he never again carried home a set of prize books, as at the end of his first year, which his mother and sister certainly thought the very finest and most honorable testimonial that the college had ever bestowed, — his success thus far in his university life had been as creditable as most of the men with whom he, as a young man, naturally compared himself. Breese, Albemarle, Totman, — he didn't care a fig for their high rank and academic honors! Were not head scholars proverbially left behind in the race of life? And why should he not follow his natural inclinations, so long as he was sure that they were innocent and natural (to use Breese's own words), and enjoy the fresh and pulsing life about him? Was there a prospect that he should ever be called on to use all the rubbish of Greek and Latin, mathematic formulas and chemical signs, with which the first men of the class were loading their heads?

How fondly we cherish our pet indulgences, and excuse ourselves withal! And Mr. Tom, pursuing his own course pretty selfishly, president of the cosey little *A. A.*, vice-president of the Pudding, second-bass in the Glee Club and chapel choir, round-arm bowler for the Cricket Club, and general favorite in Cambridge society besides, was neither better nor worse than hundreds who have gone before him and shall follow. He did his work as squarely as the average, obtained the respect and often the admiration of the professors and tutors with whom he came in contact, and disarmed much criticism and many "effascinating opticks of envy," to use the words of old Charlton, by a manly bearing and generous temper, coupled with a high spirit, and an impulsiveness common to his

race. We are not presenting him to you as a paragon, or as a pattern even for ingenuous youth to imitate, but rather as a young gentleman who has been singularly thrown on his own resources, who has never turned his back upon a friend, or courted a mean popularity, and who, in the midst of a thousand perplexities and trials, has never lost sight of the sturdy manhood with which he had started, and which will yet carry him through, please God.

It may be hard to confess, too, but yet it is undoubtedly true, that his uncle Gayton was right when he said that his unlucky Boggle experience, and his intimacy with my Lord Tufton, would not operate against him, if the true facts in these two episodes were once known. Shall I say that all the exaggerated stories which the fertile freshman brain had brought forth only piqued the curiosity and the admiration which followed Hammersmith for a long time afterwards? Shut up the page, and call it a slander, my gentle miss, living on in a calm and sinless peace most delightful to behold, or you, my equally gentle reverend sir, filling the world with your little theorems of men, but reflect if it be not so, and if a dash of the devil, and a reputation for tremendous powers of iniquity (even if it be an unfounded reputation), are not a wofully strong attraction in a man otherwise not much unlike the ordinary Tom, Dick, and Harry of the world. And while I have once and again declared that Hammersmith has been grossly maligned in the matters above mentioned, that while he may have been infinitely silly, and a dupe of the most vulgar coquetry and a remarkably well-laid plot, his declaration to his uncle was honest, and his honor and good name as clear as sunlight, I have also declared, and do here again maintain, that, however much may be said to the contrary, all this bitter slander and foolish report only

added to the piquancy of his reputation, and to the number of times that he was proclaimed a dear, delightful fellow by various young creatures, to impugn whose motives would be to slander angels. There was a profound fact, if a bitter acknowledgment, in the reply of M. de Montrond, when reproached with his attachment to Talleyrand: "Heavens! How could one help liking him? He is so wicked!"

When Hammersmith and the rest of the Pudding ten were proceeding to elect other members from their own class, there had suddenly occurred one of those deadlocks to which congresses of men are subject, and which seemed likely to block their wheels for an indefinite period. Hammersmith and four of his friends had set their hearts on securing the election of Breese into their society: the other five would have none of him. High words followed, excited sessions of the Council of Ten, heated canvassings outside and inside the club, frequent rumors throughout the college of this and that settlement and issue from the entanglement. Everybody soon learned the reason why no elections followed. Breese himself was kept posted by the tragic Ruddiman on all the wild gossip in circulation. The dead-lock seemed likely to last forever, till the name of Ladbroke was presented by the opponents of Breese; when Hammersmith and his party seized upon this name, to which they were equally opposed, as a means of effecting a compromise.

More excited canvassing, many days more of club-meetings, — the result of which was, that a compromise ticket of some twenty or more, including both Breese and Ladbroke, was carried through late one night. Immediately afterwards Hammersmith rushed triumphantly to the rooms of Breese, to whom he had been careful to say nothing thus far of the negotiations, though fearful that the news of their progress might reach him otherwise.

"Hurrah, old boy! Let me congratulate you," he shouted. "Pudding man, by Jove! though I'm running a dreadful risk in saying any thing to you about it before you are officially notified."

"Humph!" said Breese. "Missouri Compromise carried through at last?"

"What in thunder do you mean by 'Missouri Compromise?'" asked Tom, checking his enthusiasm a bit as he saw Breese's cold reception of the news.

"I mean to inquire if the estimable Ladbroke and I have been put in the scales together, and found to balance each other."

"O gammon, Breese!" said Tom excitedly. "Don't look at it in that light! I tell you the best fellows in the ten were anxious to have you in from the start; and we had to swallow Ladbroke, because his party was so stubborn, that's all."

"I don't see that that alters the fact that one objectionable man has been let in to offset another equally distasteful. Isn't that about it?" asked Breese.

"But confound it! Forget all that! Why, you don't mean to say that you are not glad you're in, after all!"

"In what?"

"In the Pudding, of course! Didn't I say that you have been elected?"

"But a man isn't a member till he has signified his willingness to join, is he?"

"Look here, Breese, what under Heaven is the row? I propose your name willingly, gladly. Some fellow who doesn't happen to like you as well as I (and we all have enemies) objects. My friends stand up for you; the other crowd gets its back up. We fight away for several days, and at last succeed in putting the thing through by accepting an insignificant fellow that we do not like. You don't say that you are going to repay me for all this work

by refusing to join? It would be putting me in a pretty box!"

"I'm sure I am as grateful to you, Hammersmith, as though every thing had gone smoothly from the start. Your kindness in the matter is the only thing that makes me feel like saying, 'Yes.' But I should despise myself, I should not enjoy my membership, I should feel that half the men in the club regarded me as an interloper, I"—

"But you're not an interloper," said Tom. "You are elected squarely and honestly. Every one of the twenty might feel exactly the same as you do, with equal propriety. And I'm sure you'd find it hard work to make any of them call themselves interlopers."

"I can't help that," said Breese. "I am not responsible for another man's view of the matter. I only know how it strikes me."

"But if you only knew how unanimous the election was!" pleaded Tom.

"Unanimous on Ladbroke and me!" said Breese.

"Yes, and the whole ticket! And if I could only tell you what we do up there, and what a grand old society it is!".

"You're very kind, Hammersmith. Don't think I'm speaking against you, my dear fellow, or meaning to be ungrateful for what you meant as the greatest kindness, I've no doubt. If you had said a word to me before, about this, I might have told you then, as now, that I can't think of joining."

"But the rules of the society," began Hammersmith.

"Yes, yes, I know," said Breese. "I know it was not possible for you to speak to me of it beforehand; neither is it possible for me to do what my own club-rules — a little society of one, that I've had charge of for about twenty-two years now — will not allow. It's no use trying to make oil and water unite, Hammersmith.

There's a set here that never would have any thing to do with me, if their own salvation depended upon me — and Heaven be praised that it does not! Perhaps I've been a fool in trying to keep up an interest in their life and their sports, and in going out at all from the quiet seclusion in which I used to live. I had an idea that a man was better for joining, as far as possible, in the interests about him; and now I begin to see that it is all a waste of time. I might as well go back into my shell, and give up the attempt to unite a studious life with things that have no possible natural relation to it. If I had a little more money, and were a little more of a swell, I might have a different feeling in the matter."

So they argued on; Hammersmith doing his best to convince Breese that he was wrong, that he was slandering many very good fellows, who would be glad, mighty glad, to see him in the club, Breese insisting that he could not alter his decision, until at last Hammersmith gave it all up, and rose to go, not in the best of moods.

"For Heaven's sake, Hammersmith," said Breese warmly, coming forward, and holding out his hand, "don't let us be separated for this small matter! You'll shake hands?"

"Of course I will," said Tom, grasping and wringing the great hand of Breese. "But I'm disappointed, Breese, I'm bitterly disappointed. I had anticipated so much pleasure in seeing you up there among us!"

"Believe me, I'm infinitely more sorry than you can possibly be," said Breese. "But you are the last man to wish me to do a thing that I think would belittle me in my own eyes, Hammersmith."

"Certainly: you're right, I've no doubt, — from your stand-point at least; only I'm sorry that you have such a stand-point."

"But I have," said Breese, "and it cannot be helped.

Thank you again, Hammersmith, for all you've done for me, not only in this matter, but since we have met here in Cambridge. No, don't say you have done nothing! I know better; and I know, that, if you were to turn your back on me, I should be lonely and miserable indeed."

"O Lord!" said Tom. "No danger of that, old fellow!" And, pressing his hand again warmly, he went out, more perplexed than ever at the enigma Breese, not daring to think of the ridiculous position in which he himself would be left, after all these weeks of struggle and this laborious compromise, and not reflecting, that, if he had been in Breese's place, he would have been as stubborn and set in his view as Breese, if not more so. It is impossible to project one's self completely into another's position and frame of mind. Tom could not conceive of a man with so delicate a sense of the proprieties and his own dignity as to allow them to interfere with his personal pleasure and his membership of the Hasty Pudding Club. But then, Hammersmith, with his eager appetite for enjoyment, was not Breese, with his equally keen pursuit of quite other objects, and his delicate balancing of every slight matter in the sensitive scales of his ideal nature; and the two could never, by the slightest chance, be brought to weigh their actions in exactly the same poise of mind. What two men can?

The wonder, excitement, perplexity, aroused by this *ultimatum* of Breese's, not only among the Pudding members, but throughout the undergraduates, were something unprecedented. "What a fool!" "Catch Ladbroke following suit!" "I should think Hammersmith would throw him over now." "Oh, hang him! he only does it to be odd!" — such was the reception that he had among the men about him, for the most part. More calculating heads saw in him a man to lead the opposition to the Pudding in the coming class-elections of next year;

and the anti-Pudding element, always strong, and waging usually a Guelph-and-Ghibelline war, took him up at once. Rival societies applied to him. But no, he would join no society. He was very much obliged; but he had no intention of joining any more college societies. The Institute of 1770 had been enough to show him that they were "mostly a farce," he said. "And I am very much obliged to you, gentlemen; but I cannot join you."

"What a fool to think of refusing to go into the Pudding!" said Wormley, in his senior window-seat.

"Yes, by Jove! You wouldn't have been troubled that way, if they had asked you, would you, Wormley?" asked his chum Rubbadub, smoking a pipe just too long to be lighted by himself. "Here, old boy, please be good enough to light me, will you?" giving him a match.

So Hammersmith failed in his well-meant wish to have Breese with him in the Pudding, and, despite his efforts to the contrary, found himself slipping into the general quadrangle verdict, that Breese was immensely silly to split hairs on such a trifle, and cut himself aloof from what might have been an extremely diverting and useful association for him in many ways. But the world survived the shock of this startling event, which had shaken the smaller college sphere to its centre; and the nine-days' wonder gave place to others equally extraordinary. Breese, who had been the least disturbed of any concerned, settled down into the even tenor of his way, beguiled only by occasional excursions into Cambridge society, to which the Fayerweather party had been the prelude.

"Mr. Hammersmith," said Miss Pinckney archly, at one of the small routs of the latter part of winter, — a mixture of feminine working for the poor, music, dancing, and other diversions which easily suggest themselves to inventive young minds, — "Mr. Hammersmith, you must be an awfully wicked man."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Tom, putting down a piece of music which he was fingering by the piano, and looking inquiring.

"You must be a very wicked man, I say. I have heard such a funny story about you! Did you really run away with somebody last year?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said Tom.

"And did her father catch you just as you were going into somebody's office to get married?"

"Certainly," said Tom, "true as gospel."

"And did you have a duel with him? What fun it must have been!"

"Oh, yes! I had a duel with him, — on the common, parade-ground, you know. Invited the governor and suite, mayor and aldermen, and the whole college, to witness the fun! Old party wouldn't stand his ground. I chased him up Beacon Street, up the State-house steps, straight up the State-house dome; and, just as I was catching his coat-tail on the very top, he gave a jump from a window, and has never been heard from since. I *believe* he landed somewhere in South Carolina."

"Now you're making fun of me!" she said. "But you are only trying to cover it up. You are very wicked, I know you are!"

"How do you know it?" asked Tom.

"Oh! I shall not tell you, I shall not tell you. But, *ciel!* I don't mind it. Most men are *such* tiresome creatures!"

"Yes, and life is *such* a bore!" said Tom, imitating her languid manner.

"They do nothing but dance and flirt in *such* a silly way!"

"In which they have such *silly*, silly company!" added Tom.

"Mr. Hammersmith, you are very queer. Why do you mimic me so?"

"I beg your pardon," said Tom. "I was only trying to agree with you. Everybody seems to know my own affairs so much better than I myself that I thought I would give up my private opinion, and side with them — and with you."

"But I thought you would contradict me," she said.

"I supposed so; consequently I agreed with you."

"Well, I think you are very extraordinary," she said. And the young girl, who was used to having men bow down before her, and meet her half way in her juvenile flirtations, was quite at her wits' end to comprehend this new species of mankind, who treated her light advances as so much chaff.

Miss Fayerweather came forward to sing; and Miss Pinckney and Mr. Tom sat down on a sofa at hand, the brilliant beauty not a little nettled at Hammersmith's obstinate severity. Hadn't half of his class already confessed themselves her slaves? Wasn't Ruddiman, in fact, at this moment, allowing his young heart to burst in yonder embrasure, whence he saw the dangerous Hammersmith talking so earnestly with the young woman whom he worshipped? Collect yourself, my Ruddiman; for Hammersmith has no thought of trespassing on your preserves, but rather is infinitely amused with the small deer at his side, watching her artless gambolling!

"Do you hear ever from your friend Mr. Penhallow?" she asked, when the murmurs of applause that followed Miss Fayerweather's song were dying out. She turned towards him with an almost haughty air, which made Tom smile, and say to himself, "Aha! piqued, by Jove! Didn't bring me down as she meant, eh?" But he answered coolly, —

"No, I've not heard a word from him yet; expecting letters every day. His sister tells me that he wrote from the isthmus, — oh! several months ago; and I am quite anxious to hear from him. Did you know him?"

"No. But my brother used to write very often of him — and of others among his friends," she added, after a pause. "He said he was *such* a nice fellow!" — this with a slight *nuance* of meaning, as though she would imply that some other men, whom she knew and might mention, were not "such nice fellows," but were exceedingly disagreeable and obstinate, and thoroughly extraordinary. Hammersmith smiled to himself; and Ruddiman, who thought that this thing had lasted about long enough, marched boldly across the room, bowed before Miss Pinckney, asked her for the dance that was just beginning, and was soon deep in bliss, whirling about the room.

"What a very droll fellow your friend Mr. Hammersmith is, Mr. Ruddiman!" the slighted beauty whispered as they danced. "I have never met so peculiar a man."

"I wouldn't trust him too much," said Ruddiman the flashy, who really thought Hammersmith a most trustworthy fellow. "Dangerous man!"

"I like people that I can trust, Mr. Ruddiman, don't you?" she said. And he looked up at her with a happy smile, and, oh, such a satisfied air! And she asked him if he were never coming for that horseback-ride of which he had spoken; and he declared — to dance-music — that he should come the very next day, if she would allow him. She said, "I shall be *so* happy!" and what a beautiful horse she had seen him riding. And the little man twinkled with pleasure, and continued to dance faster and faster, and kick out his little legs in a manner wonderful to behold. We can leave him and the rest in this pleasant pastime, beguiling the long-drawn evening.

Something in his evening's mood, and perhaps the sight of Miss Darby refusing to dance, and talking long with Breese at the other end of the room, made Hammersmith leave before supper was announced, paying his

respects to the hostess as unobserved as possible, and making excuses to her for going early.

He was very glad to receive, not many days after his brief crossing of swords with Miss Pinckney, the following merry letter from his old chum, Penhallow: —

SIMI RANCHO, VENTURA CO., CAL., Feb. 23, 186-.

MY DEAR OLD FELLOW, — *Peccavi, peccavi.* What shall I say for myself for letting all these months slip by with never a word to you, my dear Tom? My only excuse is, that I have been in the saddle for weeks together now, pegging over the country in every direction, with Simmons and without him, and that I have hardly touched pen to paper since I struck this glorious country, except, of course, to scratch off a dutiful line now and then to my people in Milton. I shall hope that you have seen some of my letters home, describing my trip out, the wonderful ride across the isthmus, my landing at San Diego, with a man named Harrison, from Philadelphia, the account of my "bucking" horse Diablo, which I bought at San Diego, after he had nearly killed me on the beach, and my overland trip to this place. I have not time to write about all these things now, at any rate; for I have a piece of news for you.

Whom, of all people in the world, as the young women say, do you think I met in Los Angeles? We had come into the place from the south, through its lowest and most un-American quarter, and were walking our horses through the streets, lined with white *adobe* houses, and were reading the odd Spanish signs, *Panadería, Aguila d'Oro, Botica Española,* and so on, when I heard my name called, "Penhallow, Penhallow!" I looked around, and saw at the door of a saloon (the most frequent institution in the country) a fellow with a close-cropped head, and long blonde mustache, wearing the little white apron of a bar-tender. He was beckoning to me; and, as I had not heard my name called so unmistakably for weeks, I turned my horse, and went up to the sidewalk.

"You don't know me?" he asked.

"You have the advantage of me, sir, I'm afraid," said I. But he smiled; and who that has ever seen that wily smile could forget it? It was Tufton, our old pal, our old arch-fiend, Tufton! My first impulse, remembering the roving commission that you had given me, was to dismount, and thrash the fellow on the spot.

But there was something so inexpressibly silly in seeing the old swell standing there, with his shaved head, and spotless bib on, that I could hardly associate him with any thought of revenge. I thought that he had sunk low enough, in Heaven's name, and that you would forgive me if I did not fulfil the letter of my contract. You would have laughed to see the fellow!

He was, of course, immensely surprised to see me out here, asked where I was going, and so on, and insisted that Harrison and I should dismount, and partake of his hospitality. Imagine it, Tom, if you can! — and don't think I am drawing on my own imagination, which this country is apt to stimulate I will allow, — imagine me going in, and seeing this *quondam* dainty swell presiding behind a bar (better by far than most about him, as I could see at a glance; and, to do the fellow justice, he had every thing as neat as wax). But imagine him standing there, and dealing out fire-water and *aguardiente* to rakish-looking Mexicans, and squeezing the lemon of the country for the more elaborate decoctions of Americans! By Jove! it was as good as a play, and I think I had my revenge, Tom, then and there. But, confound the rascal! he seemed to carry it off as though it were the most natural thing in the world, laughing and joking with us about our trip, and showing the same imperturbable *sang-froid* as of yore, when he entertained you and me, and other young fools, in his swell rooms in Cambridge, and ordered about old What's-his-name, his man. Do you know, Tom, seeing him as I did in Los Angeles, and the easy and natural way in which he went through his work, I am more than half convinced that Goldie (dear old Goldie, how I should like to see him again!) was right in thinking that the fellow was an impostor and a fraud from the very start, and had been at this glorious profession of bar-keeping before.

But when he asked if I would not step in and see his wife, and I went into a small, low room in the rear of his place, and was introduced to Mrs. Tufton, — "Mr. Penhallow from Cambridge," — Tom, my boy, you might have knocked me down with a feather. Tufton, in fact, saw my surprise and confusion, and considerately added, "You hardly expected to see us out here, eh?" for on my word, Tom, sitting at a low table, and working at some feminine work or other, looking as pretty as a peach, and blushing as she rose to offer her hand, was the Boggle, by all that's holy! I couldn't do any thing but shake hands with her, — I suppose you know how that feels, you old rascal! — and stammer out something about being very much surprised, and so on (a lot of

rubbish, I dare say), and made tracks mighty soon, you can depend on it, under pretext that I had a friend outside, Harrison having gone back to have an eye on our horses.

What is that for news? as the Germans say. I made a fool of myself, talking to her, I know I did! But I hadn't spoken to a woman for weeks, and I never could carry off such an affair as you could, Tom: I'm not up to it. I was so mightily afraid, too, that something would be said about Cambridge, or you, Tom, when I know I should have lost my temper, and done something foolish; so that beyond telling you that she looked as pretty and trim as ever on the boards in Boston, and that she smiled on me most bewitchingly when I left, and begged that I would come again and see her if I had time, I can tell you nothing. You can form your own conjecture, as I do, about her relation to Tufton, past, present, and future. One thing I do *not* believe, that she is the daughter of old Boggle of the theatre; but I have no reason especially to give for my doubt. I simply feel that she is not, and that she was merely palmed off as his daughter for the money-extracting purpose, which *some* people know more about than I.

Isn't this a pretty go? — to come out here friendless and alone, as I did, and run across two such delightful old friends of yours and mine! I assure you, if it seems odd to you, reading it here in black and white, it seemed queerer still to me actually to see and press the hand (how she *does* shake hands, Tom!) of the woman that did so much to make your sophomore life miserable. I could hardly believe my own eyes.

Tufton, I must own, behaved as well as was possible under the circumstances. He never opened his head about the past, having calculated correctly, as he always did calculate, that the less said the better; and, when I was setting off the next morning from the hotel, he actually appeared, — on a mighty fine mount, by the way, — and insisted that I should allow him to accompany me part way on my journey. But this was a little too much, and I snubbed him roundly for his pains, you may be sure, as I did also, when he had the additional effrontery to press my acceptance of a huge Colt's revolver that he carried. I was not going to be under obligations to the fellow; and, after receiving directions as to my route, I sprang into saddle and was away, leaving him talking with Harrison, who remained at Los Angeles.

Now I have not obeyed orders, Tom, as I know quite well. I will gallop back to Los Angeles and despatch him out of hand, if you say so! But I always did like a free translation, you know,

and so I have not interpreted your instructions *verbatim et literatim*. You would have had your revenge, as I had, if you could have seen him.

. . . . . .

Simmons is a magnificent, dashing fellow: Goldie or McGregor would kidnap him at once for the crew, if they could lay eyes on him; and yet, with all this wild life and danger, he's as gentle as a womăn, and a perfect gentleman. He has had some unhappy experience with somebody in the East, — some young woman, I believe, — and that's the reason he has exiled himself out here; I don't know any thing about it, though, and do not know him well enough to inquire; but I'm sorry for the young woman that could have the heart, or the heartlessness, to throw over such a stunning fellow. He never mentions a woman's name I've noticed. How you susceptible fellows are all, sooner or later, tripped up in the same old way! while as for me, and such as me, a fig for a whole caravansary of the treacherous sex!

I thought that *I* knew how to ride, my dear Tom, and that, when you and I used to scour the fields about Milton (remember our taking old Freeman's fence, and riding down his brood-mare that day?) we were doing some pretty fair riding. But you should see Simmons, and the fellows out here generally! He never thinks of using the stirrup to mount! One hand in the horse's mane, and he vaults, without apparent effort, into the saddle, and is plunging the spurs into his horse's flanks long before he can catch his stirrups. And then the way he tears across country, and up and down hills where we would probably dismount, or go at a snail's pace! It's fearful on horses, though.

. . . . . .

You know how you used to rave about an out-door life, middle ages, tilting up and down the world, and living with your horse and your gun. Well, my dear fellow, here's your chance, and here's your man for squire, Sancho Panza, or whatever you will dub me. Only come, and I will promise to do any thing, be any thing, except to be any thing other than your most devoted old chum and partner as of yore.

You would find us in a comfortable old *adobe* in the midst of a pretty oak-glade; a little brook behind the house, a hammock slung under the trees, the "Boston Advertiser" and "Transcript," with most of the new books, scattered about, a *corral* full of horses for Hammersmith, surnamed *Celer*, to mount, and no end of pipes and tobacco for my lord to console himself withal, when the Machado *Señorita* shall not smile.

. . . . . .

Write me as fully as you can, and tell me all the news. How is Goldie, and Pinck, and your original friend Breese? And are you still holding out about your rowing? They must miss you like sin in the old boat, old boy; and I do not see how you can be so firm. The Pudding elections must have come off long before this, and I am very curious to hear of them. I shall be much surprised if you are not in the first ten, you old rascal!

Tell me, too, who is the successor of the Boggle, and what other rosy and more respectable little affairs you have on hand; for you can no more keep out of them than my old *Diablo* yonder can help stuffing himself with *alfilerilla* when he gets a good chance, and you know it! Remember me to all the fellows, particularly to Pinckney and Goldie, — yes, and Freemantle, and, whenever you can find nothing better to do, just scratch off a line to

Your devoted old chum,

PEN.

How is Baldy? Does he carry you as well as he used to, or do you overweight him a bit now? I would give a good deal if I might pop in upon you some fine day on my little mustang, with my silver spurs as big as a saucer, and my heavily-leathered saddle! It would make a jolly sensation in Harvard Square, I can assure you! But, as I have hinted above, I should be afraid of asking you to join me in a little canter across country, — "three's a crowd," you know; and I fear that Baldy has learned to accommodate his step to some other gentle stepper by his side, long before this, and might tell strange stories of the afternoon pastimes that he has been made a party to, if the old fellow could have his say. Shun 'em, shun 'em, Tom, my boy! or you'll burn your fingers again, without a doubt; and then, when you come out here, I shall have a couple of broken-hearted fellows on my hands, and I shall be the only sensible one in the crowd.

Simmons sends his kindest regards to you, and says, "Tell him we'll present him with the freedom of the city and the ranch, if he'll come out, as many horses as he wants to ride, and a fine sunset for supper every evening of his life." So you'll have to come and take him at his word, though I can promise you that sunsets will not be all that you can have for supper, unless we become immensely more æsthetic than we are at present. By-by, old fellow.

Yours, PEN.

CHAPTER XX.

A 'VARSITY ACCIDENT AND MORE REVELATIONS.

"Mordre wol out, that see we day by day."—CHAUCER.
"Hectora quis nôsset, felix si Troja fuisset?"—OVID.

LADBROKE had been kept to his winter work in preparation for the 'Varsity even more successfully than Goldie and McGregor had dared hope. The most severe of bow-oars, as McGregor was universally acknowledged to be, could not have desired more faithful labor at the dumb-bells and clubs, and a more careful attention to the rules for the crew, than Ladbroke had given. The most expectant and patient of strokes, as Goldie unquestionably was, could hardly have wished for better form and more vicious pulling, as the phrase goes, than Ladbroke displayed at their first row of the following season, when crowds gathered every evening at the boat-houses, every man in the crew was carefully criticised, and, above all, their general working as a crew became a matter of the most eager interest.

Succeed at Worcester? Of course they would! There had been no crew like this, for years, in either college. Men felt sure of it. Professor Darby, looking on every evening from one of the lower bridges as they shot under, had declared it as his opinion; and the university spirits, none too cheerful after the defeat at Worcester last year, were rising day by day as the fresh spring evenings came round, and the crew day by day took on a better style, and pulled together more as one man. Goldie was glori-

ous, as always; Loring, pulling at No. 2, was only inferior to Goldie as a finished, powerful oar; Ladbroke was regarded as the great man in the waist of the boat; and from Goldie to McGregor, chief of bow-oars, every man was equal to his position.

"They're taking a mighty long pull to-night!" said Freemantle in a crowd of men at the boat-houses, one evening. "Can any thing have happened?"

"Oh, no!" said somebody. "Mac is only coaching them; that's all. He likes to get them up above there, where he can have them to himself, and give them a piece of his mind."

"By Jove! I'm glad he hasn't me to give a piece of the aforesaid mind to," piped up a senior, — young Rubbadub, the long-stemmed smoker.

"Coals to Newcastle?" asked Freemantle, turning to Rubbadub. "By Jove! who's that?" he said, looking up the river.

Two men in ordinary dress, and two in the thin rig of boating-men, with bare arms and necks, handkerchiefs about their heads, were seen running towards Cambridge, across the upper bridge, at a rapid dog-trot.

"Lord, it's Hammersmith and Breese! And is it Goldie? And Ladbroke?"

"No, it's Goldie. But that's not Lad: it's Loring!"

"No, — yes, it is: it's Loring and Goldie. — Come along, Pinck: something has happened!" And our luxurious Freemantle, roused by unusual excitement, and interest in the 'Varsity, started off with Pinckney to meet the runners, settling into a steady trot themselves, a crowd following at their heels.

"What is it? What is it? Has any thing happened?" they asked, as the runners were met on their way to the square.

"Upset!" said Goldie, continuing to run; "shell

smashed to smithereens! Ladbroke nearly drowned! That's all."

"How did it happen? Somebody run into you?" asked Rubbadub, puffing after them wheezily.

"Go to thunder!" roared Goldie. "Who asked such an asinine question? Think I'm going to stop here, and catch my death of cold?" And the two crowds of runners, narrowed down now to the original four, with Freemantle, Pinckney, and a few others, came tearing into Harvard Square, to the vast wonder of everybody whom they met.

Two more men in boating-costume soon came jogging across the bridge. A milk-cart followed them at a distance, emptied of its fragrant cans, and bringing McGregor and Ladbroke, the latter lying half prone in a layer of straw, propped up on McGregor's knees. Ladbroke was driven to his rooms outside the quadrangle. The milkman would listen to no offer of reward for his services. "Well, then, old man, I'll see you again some day," said McGregor. "Thank you very much for your kindness." And the news spread like wildfire throughout the university, that the crew had had a bad upset at one of the upper bridges, and Ladbroke had been nearly drowned, only saved by Breese and Hammersmith dashing in after him as the two were taking a constitutional in that direction.

"Well, how was it George?" asked Pinckney, as the old hero was dressing in his rooms. A great splashing of water in a tin hat-tub was heard from an inner room; and out of the midst of the noise came Goldie's voice to the few men in waiting in the outer room: —

"Simple enough. That confounded bridge with the crooked draw! I wish some friend of the college would have the blamed thing made straight! We were shooting it all right, with considerable headway, when Mac turned

his head and saw one of those beastly, low coal-barges sticking its nose right across the draw on the other side. 'For God's sake, hold her hard all!' he shouted. And we held her as well as we could; but it was too late, though Mac put the rudder hard port, and repeated his command to back her. We struck the old barge with a tremendous crash. As much as ten feet of our bow must have been smashed to splinters; and, before we knew where we were, one of those whirling eddies had caught us, we were thrown back on the piles, and every man of us was struggling in the water. By Jove I don't believe in these toe-straps!—at least, in having them so tight. I thought I should be drowned myself, at first; couldn't get my feet clear of the straps for a terribly long time after the boat was on its side. I did so finally, however, and struck out as well as I could.

"The fellows were all about me, Loring astride of the boat, Mac treading water amidships, holding on to the shell, and the oars bumping about in every direction. We could all swim but Ladbroke, you see; and each fellow had so much difficulty in looking after himself, that what with the swift current, which pulls through there like a mill-race, the boat and oars bumping into us, and the stretcher-straps (which bothered Loring and me, at any rate, a good deal), we had as much as we could do to look after ourselves. But when I came up and looked about me, I sung out, 'Where's Lad?' and Loring, sitting on the shell, was looking about him on every side. 'There he is!' he shouted, pointing to the lower end of the bridge; and, plunging from the shell, he joined me, and we struck out down stream. We could see his arms thrown up in the air, and then disappearing,—good God, how it makes me shiver to think of it!—and the current was hurrying him along so, as he struggled, that we feared we might not reach him in time.

"We hadn't taken a dozen strokes, however, — much less time than it takes to tell it, — when we saw somebody run out on a long plank projecting from the bridge, give a tremendous spring, and take the most magnificent header that I ever saw in my life, Pinck, coming down within five feet of where we had last seen Ladbroke's arms disappear. It was Breese! And if that man isn't a glorious fellow in the water, my dear boy, I never saw one — that's all! Hammersmith jumped in after him; and, before we had reached Breese, he had come up with Ladbroke, who must have gone down for the last time. Hammersmith and we swam about him; and it took us but a moment to land him on the marsh, and set to work on him. The other men were out by this time. The bargemen helped us out with the shell; and, by the time Mac had captured a wagon of some sort, Breese and some of us (by Jove! he seemed to know exactly what to do, and was worth all the rest of us put together) — we had brought Lad to sufficiently to risk bringing him back to Cambridge; and we put him in, and started off."

"Think there's any danger for him?" asked Freemantle.

The old stroke, beaming and fresh from his exercise and his bath, here came out in a loose shooting-jacket, and, ramming his hands into its pockets, strode about the room as he continued to discuss the accident.

"That's more than I can say. I hope not, I hope to Heaven not! He has a magnificent physique; but he looked almighty bad when we had him out on the marsh."

"Can't he swim at all?"

"Not a stroke," said Goldie. "Great shame! It ought to be a *sine qua non* on a man's entering a crew; and I'm surprised the thing is not insisted on."

"Shell a perfect wreck?"

"I fear so. I looked at the old thing on the bank, and

don't see how it can possibly be fixed up. We'll have a pretty time raising subscriptions for a new one, eh?"

"I'm afraid so," one of the men said.

"Freemantle, let's go round and see if we can be of any service at Ladbroke's," said Goldie. — "Fellows, make yourselves at home: we'll be back presently."

. . . . . .

It was no light matter, this severe ducking that Ladbroke had received. He seemed quite himself that evening, to be sure, when he had had a little food. He saw many men who called, talked with them freely on the accident, thanked everybody for his kindness in the matter; — though all insisted that Breese and Hammersmith alone deserved his gratitude, — and the doctor prophesied a little fever, possibly a week's illness, and a speedy recovery.

"Will it be safe for him to row again, doctor?" McGregor had ventured to ask after a day or so.

"That depends. I think so, if you men will allow him perfect rest and quiet, and not let him attempt too much after he's first up." The medical opinion was immediately made known; and McGregor became almost as good as a lackey in the hall of Mrs. Ripraps, Ladbroke's landlady, so anxious was he that men should be kept away from him to give him the perfect rest.

The second day, as the doctor had prophesied, fever set in. It became much worse on the third; and his mother was sent for from Providence, and came posting, full of anxious solicitude, to her boy's bedside.

Ladbroke, unconscious at first of the danger that he was running, lulled, perhaps, by the treatment which he received, lay for some days in a state of semi-stupor, only rousing himself at intervals to inquire if his mother were near him, and appearing resignedly happy if she were. When the fever seemed breaking, he sent often for one

man after another, — Goldie, McGregor, Breese, Hammersmith, — anxious only to see them, and feel the touch of their great brawny hands.

His mother's watchful tenderness and careful ministering, too, — ah, how it comforted him, after his life of excesses and selfish pleasures, only lately interrupted by this renovating boating experience! He seemed entirely content to follow her with his eyes as she busied herself with one tender duty after another; and you may be sure that all his past wild life came crowding its bitter memories into his mind as he lay and watched this loving presence moving about him noiselessly, anticipating his wants. He talked with her about his Cambridge friends, his professors, his duties, (Heaven knows his letters home had been infrequent enough!) and he was filled with pleasure when she shared his interest, and spoke approvingly of this or that manly young fellow who had just left his bedside.

Hammersmith had been as frequent a caller as many another, no more, no less. When Ladbroke's fever had been apparently broken with effect, however, and he was allowed to see people more freely, it was Hammersmith, Hammersmith, for whom he continually asked, till his mother suggested, with timid emphasis, that she feared Mr. Hammersmith might be interrupted in his work, or feel that he was giving too much time to her boy. But no, he must see Hammersmith again and again. And Tom, for his part, looked upon it as exceedingly odd, and almost an indication that Ladbroke's old wandering fit had come upon him again, that he, who had been on barely speaking-terms with Ladbroke for months now, should be so frequently summoned to his side.

But could he refuse if he would? So, day after day, evening after evening, he came and sat by the feverish young man, bringing him news of the outside world, —

how the Cricket Eleven was just about playing a match with the "Aristonicans;" how the crew was practising only every other day now, with Albertson temporarily in Ladbroke's place; how everybody was anxious for his getting out again; and how Goldie had declared that they were just as sure to beat Yale at Worcester, with Ladbroke, as they were of the sun's rising on the day of the race. The poor fellow was delighted and refreshed by all this breezy intelligence, coupled with such praise of his own powers. His eyes would brighten, and he would ask Tom to tell him again of Farley's famous drive for six on the Boston's cricket-grounds, and what changes Yale had made in her crew, and so on; but Tom could see that his mind was working at something, planning something, — what he could not imagine.

Hammersmith was not surprised, therefore, one evening after Ladbroke's fever had returned rather alarmingly, to receive a note from his mother, saying that her son wished particularly to see him, and would he come round at once?

"Mother, will you step into the next room for a few moments, please? I have something special that I wish to say to Hammersmith," he said when Tom entered.

"Certainly, my son. But you will promise not to excite yourself? — He is a little feverish to-night, Mr. Hammersmith: you will not allow him to talk too much?"

"No, indeed, madam! — Hadn't I better come to-morrow instead, Ladbroke?" asked Tom.

"No, no, I want you now!" and he pointed to a chair near him. His mother went out; and Hammersmith sat down.

"Hammersmith, I've been wanting to tell you something for a long time," he began, talking hurriedly, and then waiting for breath, as in all his conversation of the evening.

"Well, my dear fellow?"

"And now I must tell you, because I'm going to die. Yes, yes, I am: you do not know as well as I do. I'm never going to walk out at that door again; I know it, and I am trying to be prepared for it. I have been such a fool, Hammersmith, such a worthless fellow! I wonder anybody has ever thought me worth speaking to! But the kindness of you men these last days has been almost too much for me to bear. I should not dare say how I have thought over it all, and all my past follies, and prayed, in my poor way, that the Lord might spare me a little life,—just enough to show that I *can* live a good life, if I have a few friends to keep me up to it."

"Of course you can, Ladbroke; of course, you can! Come, don't run on in this way, old fellow. I *know* you're going to get well. You *must* get well. Everybody says you are picking up wonderfully, and you'll be out yet to give old Yale the biggest kind of a defeat."

But the hot hand which Ladbroke laid now and then on Hammersmith's, and his unnaturally high color and bright eyes, belied the cheerful augury; and poor Tom felt strangely uncomfortable.

"No, no! You're very kind, Tom,—let me call you Tom to-night: I hear all the men calling you so, but I have never dared to; you know why,—you're very kind; but I know it can never be. I am going to die; but I *must first* tell you, I *must* tell you what has been on my mind so long that it has almost driven me wild, especially since you have been so kind to me, coaching me in the boat with the rest, and saving my poor life just now in the river. Yes, of course, Breese too, and the rest; but you with them. Tom, it's about Tufton."

"Oh, no, no! don't mind about him, my dear fellow! That's passed and gone long ago," said Tom.

"Yes; but it has not passed out of *my* mind," said

Ladbroke; "and it is not what you think, perhaps. You know that we had some words once in a freshman's room last year, you and I"—

"But that's all passed too, Ladbroke. I'm sure I've forgotten all about it long ago," pleaded Hammersmith.

"But I've not forgotten it," answered Ladbroke. "And, first, I want to beg your pardon for what I did and said that night, Tom. Yes, I do; and I insist that it was beggarly mean and disgraceful in me! There, I feel better already, though I would never have been able to say it, probably, if it had not been for all that has happened in these last few days,—thank God for them! That evening, and the words that we had, seemed to put me on the wrong track, somehow; and I pass over all those miserable weeks and months when I was such a wretched fool, and you and I never spoke. I am sorry for it now; but I thought I was all right then, and only standing on my dignity.

"Then Tufton and you were so thick, and I was pretty intimate with him too, the infernal scoundrel! (God forgive me for calling any man such a name!) Then you and he fell out. But, for some reason or other, the fellow seemed to make a good deal of me, and I suppose I was flattered, and so stood by him.

"Your Boggle affair came to a head at the same time, I suppose; and, when Tufton left Cambridge, he talked to me about you, and at last made me promise to do any thing that I could to injure you. I was a fool and a villain, I own, Tom, and I beg your pardon for what I did; but I promised him and swore to him (we were together in town at the time) that I would do what I could. And he told me all his plans,—how he was going to leave Cambridge the first rainy day, have his friend Crosby go off to New York with that Boggle girl (well, you know what *she* is), and he himself wait about in town a week

or more for some money that old Boggle owed him. Can you forgive me for knowing all about your affairs in this way, Hammersmith, and making such a dirty promise to injure you?"

"Certainly, I can, Lad! Here's my hand on it! I know, to my cost, how insidious that old Tufton was, my dear fellow! I've some news of him himself that I'll tell you when you are through, — from Penhallow, my old chum."

"Well, then that Bradstreet scrape came on, and the faculty order threatening to decimate the class if the perpetrators did not come forward. It was a miserably thin trick, I own, Hammersmith; but I said to myself, Here's my chance! and rushed in to tell Tufton, who got up that note to the faculty, saying that you and Goldie were at the bottom of the affair: you've seen it, of course? Yes; and, to make it seem as if it came from somebody out here, I, fool that I was! brought the note out with me, and dropped it in the mail Sunday evening, when there was nobody in the post-office. And — Tom, I felt like a thief, or a murderer, or anybody else that's low and mean; but I had promised to do it, and so I mailed it, and felt that everybody I met on the way to my rooms must see by my face that I had been doing a dirty trick. Can you forgive me, Tom? Thank Heaven that your friends, some of them, were successful in saving you, at any rate!"

"Come, come, don't get excited! We'll have a jolly old laugh some day over the whole thing, and break a bottle of champagne on it yet," said Hammersmith; and he seized one of Ladbroke's hot, wasted hands in both his own brown hands, and added, "Of course I forgive you, old boy! You'll get well, and have a great time at Worcester; and next year you will be such a swell in Cambridge, that" —

"Aren't you talking too long, Harry dear? — Excuse

me, Mr. Hammersmith," said Ladbroke's mother, putting her head in at the door.

"No, mother; but we're just about through now. I do feel a little tired, though.—Are you going?"

"I'd better go, I think," said Tom. "I'll be around here in the morning again; and I know I shall find you immensely better, and already calling out for your boxing-gloves, or perhaps even for your seat in the boat,—who knows?"

"Oh! by the way, Tom, I want to leave—I want to give you something. I haven't much up here to give you; but I wish, I really wish, that you would let me make you a present of my boxing-gloves. They're a very fair set, a particularly good set old Molineaux says; and I'm sure I shall not be—I'm sure I'm never going to use them again" (Mrs. Ladbroke was looking down anxiously and inquiringly at him).—"I'm such a great boating-man now, you know, mother, that I shall never have time to box any more, I mean.—You'll take them, Tom?"

"Not a bit of it, not a bit of it!" said Hammersmith. "What, put my unskilful fists into the gloves that you have made famous, my dear fellow! Can't think of it, Lad: I should be afraid of disgracing them."

"Ah, Tom, but you will!" But Tom would not, though he continued to banter and chaff the invalid in a pleasant way about his famous gloves; and at last, catching up his thin hands in his own, he said to him, "Well, old fellow, I'll see you in the morning, and we'll have another bout with the gloves, eh?" and went out suddenly, waving his hand to him in a cheerful way as he opened the door, and bowed to Mrs. Ladbroke.

. . . . . .

Two nights later Ladbroke died. All the awe and mystery which wait on death came to impress with sudden power the young and cheerful circles where Ladbroke had

so recently moved, as fresh, as sturdy, as full of vitality, as any. It was the first time that pale thoughts of death had entered the class of Hammersmith; the first time that one had gone out from their number never to return alive. At the class-meeting which was held the next day in the "Institute" rooms, where the usual resolutions of respect and condolence were passed, the hushed silence, the young men sitting and moving as with a sense of some awful surrounding power whose presence they had never fully realized till now, every thing, testified to the sudden emphasis with which the mystery of life and death had been brought home to them.

A deeper meaning, an unexplained tenderness of grace, seemed to fill all the old familiar scenes where Ladbroke had lived and moved, rejoicing in his strength. The very elms appeared to rustle above them in more solemn whispers. Could it be the same quadrangle as before, the same sunny society, the same groups of confident youth appearing to defy dissolution? Men spoke in low tones of poor Ladbroke: it was so sudden, so unexpected! they could not believe it. Only yesterday, as it were, hearty, active, stronger limbed than almost any of his mates; to-day, dead, the life gone out of his glorious muscles, his classmates asking themselves whither had fled the informing spirit which yesterday made a man, to-day leaves him clay. What sage, what philosophy, what preacher, can entirely answer them?

At the services held in the chapel the following day, Dr. Brimblecom made no labored attempt, no learned treatment of the awful mystery of life and death, no threatening deductions from the present event which had come to startle them with its suddenness. His sermon was simple, impressive, homely. What were we to learn from the lesson of youthful health and strength and confidence snatched away in the fulness of its power? What was

the reason of the wider vision, the greater longing, the deeper purpose, which the preacher felt sure had come to each one among his young hearers under the influence of this removal of their classmate by the hand of God? We were to learn that at all times, everywhere, we were to be prepared for his quick summons; that the young man only just polishing his shield, and hardening his muscles for the battle of life which awaits us all; those in the thick of the fray, dealing stout blows for the causes which they hold just; the aged, weighty with wisdom and experience, or bending with infirmities; the merry schoolgirl, the anxious mother, the innocent child, — all were liable at any moment to hear the mildly stern voice of God, and to be called away from their earthly careers. Yes; and the idle reveller, the scoffer, the fool who would see no nobler end in life than personal gratification and luxurious idleness, the false at heart, the mean in spirit, — sooner or later they must be confronted, as were the preacher's hearers to-day, with the great questions, How have I labored with the powers which I have had given me? Have I done all that I could to make my own life pure, simple, aspiring, effective? Have I done what I could to make the life of those about me more cheerful, more comfortable, happier? Why am I here? For what am I laboring? Am I laboring for any thing?

Simple, straightforward questions, which the preacher proceeded to answer for his hearers, arousing all that was manly in them by the warm sympathy of his manner and the plain directness of his language, showing them that life was merely lent to us, not given; that the earth was a battle-ground, where only cowards refused to take their part, and only weaklings cried out that there was no battle; and that the young men within his hearing were doing their duty, and worthily preparing themselves for the greater struggles awaiting them in the world, if they were

doing their work squarely, living purely, giving a hand to their brothers who needed it, fearing God, and leaving the result to him.

And, approaching the event of Ladbroke's accident and death more nearly, he went on to say, that much as he had thought, and read, and discussed the matter, on one side and the other, he could not bring himself to believe that the sports which flourished among them, through one of which Ladbroke had met his death, were harmful, if properly conducted. On the contrary, he believed that what the world needed as much as any thing else was a stalwart manhood, a strong-limbed Christianity, which could make its way against turbulent opposition, and which early muscular training was calculated particularly to foster, if it were only regarded as a means, a divine means, not an end. In conclusion, he begged the young men, with all the authority of his sacred office, to heed his words, to go on to make their sports and exercises all serve the end of a sturdy, God-fearing life, and not allow them to lapse into excesses, and mere animal pastime. And he urged that Ladbroke's death would have taught its lesson, and served the purpose of the Most High, if it should make his young hearers more thoughtful, more careful of life, more strenuously earnest.

Not a young man present but felt that he was better for the dear doctor's sermon, and made bravest of resolutions to stand by the good words of the preacher, who had spoken to them as a father, and seemed to know so well what their young thoughts and trials were, and to sympathize with them so keenly.

A sweet anthem was sung by the Glee Club in the organ-loft; a benediction full of tenderness was pronounced by the beloved preacher; and many a man went out from the chapel that day, filled, as he never had been before, with a sense of the beauty of correct living, and the manliness of stout endeavor.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GREAT QUINSIGAMOND RACE.

"Put your hand upon the oar," says Charon, in the old play to Bacchus, "and you shall hear the sweetest songs."—HIGGINSON.

"'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he;
'But 'twas a famous victory.'"—SOUTHEY.

JOY, joy unbounded, in the rooms of Goldie, where a meeting of the Harvard Boat Club was in progress.

Before that meeting, called to devise ways and means of replacing the three-hundred dollar shell destroyed in the late accident on the river, Goldie the glorious. Goldie the never-despondent, Goldie, the mighty oarsman, produced a letter, and it ran as follows:—

BOSTON, June 2, 186–.

To Mr. GEORGE GOLDIE,
President Harvard University Boat Club.

Dear Sir, —Word has reached me that the shell of the 'Varsity was rendered unfit for use by the unhappy accident on the river several weeks since. Knowing as I do, from some slight experience in boating matters at Cambridge in the small days of the sport, that the subscription-list is by no means a popular or remarkably successful document among undergraduates, I desire to say that a number of gentlemen, mostly *alumni* of the university, take this means of offering to the Harvard Boat Club a shell of such pattern and equipment as shall be decided upon, and from whatever maker may be desired.

Trusting that the sad loss of Mr. Ladbroke may not be irreparable, and that, if the club shall decide to accept this offer of a boat, I may have word to that effect as soon as is convenient,

I am, my dear sir, very respectfully yours,
GAYTON HAMMERSMITH,
For a number of friends of the University.

A second letter laid before the meeting, which had been received two days before from Yale, read as follows : —

NEW HAVEN, May 29, 186-.

ROBERT MCGREGOR, Esq.,
Secretary Harvard University Boat Club.

Sir, — At a meeting of the Yale Navy held this day, it was unanimously resolved, that the sympathy of the navy and the college be extended to the Harvard University Boat Club for the loss of Mr. Ladbroke of the university crew, and an expression given to the hope that it may not result in the abandonment of the race at Worcester in July. If any accommodation in the matter of time or boats is desired, I am instructed to state that the Yale navy places its fleet of boats at your disposal, and will agree to any change in the date of the university race that may be found convenient for both crews.

Renewing the expressions of condolence for the loss of so valuable a member of your crew, and requesting to be informed at as early a day as possible if any change or accommodation is desired, as stated above, I am, with much personal regard,

Your obedient servant,

F. P. TERRY,
Secretary Yale Navy.

No wonder that there was vast joy on the reading of the first of the two letters, and that the motion was immediately put, and carried *viva voce*. No difficulty, evidently, in replying to the friendly offer of the "Duke" and his friends.

But what should be said to Yale? And what possible prospect was there of replacing Ladbroke? A crowd of a dozen or more men, bound together by a loose organization called the Harvard University Boat Club, was gathered in Goldie's rooms at this suddenly-called meeting, debating these two immensely important questions. A boat was ready to their hands so soon as the builder could put it together; and McKay was noted for his despatch in turning out work for the university. Five men, as splendidly trained as ever men were trained so long

before a race, were ready to step into it and take their seats, the moment it arrived in Cambridge waters. But who could be found to take up that mighty oar at No. 3, and fill at all worthily the place of poor Ladbroke, whose superb strength and ever-improving form of rowing had given the crew such power and the whole university such hope?

What answer, then, was made to the polite note of Yale, and who it was that took up that oar at No. 3, to the delight of the crew, the university, and Harvard men generally, may be inferred from later developments, which we are permitted to witness, together with whomsoever is interested in athletic rivalry and the success of the old 'Varsity.

. . . . . .

Red, red, red, blue, blue, blue.

Red at the throat of beautiful girls, blue in the hats of beautiful girls. Red on dainty parasols, blue on the whips of Jehus. Red on the heads of horses, blue on the canes of dapper young students. Red and blue, the colors of Harvard, the colors of Yale, everywhere about the shores of Quinsigamond, a pretty wooded lake in the neighborhood of Worcester.

All the ruddy pigment of flaming sunsets, all the blue ether of mid-summer heavens, seemed to have been borrowed for this gala-day by the merry young people on the borders of the lake, and to be adding a flowery fringe to the woodland, in whose afternoon shadows they were waiting for the great Harvard-Yale race of the year. If the sun, looking down, mistook all this radiance for a sudden efflorescence under its July warmth, and wondered at the gay petals blown here and there along the banks, he was not far from right. For it was a great red rose from the Cambridge hot-houses that had burst upon the still town and quiet rural pond that afternoon; and the abundant

blue, that outshone the blue of the waters, was an exotic growth from the direction of the tropics, where it flourishes vigorously on the borders of the sea, and whence it yearly comes to match its colors with those of its bright-ribboned sister of the north.

To a group of students chatting with the Darbys, Miss Hammersmith, and Miss Fayerweather in their landau, come Breese and Pinckney, walking rapidly up from the direction of the boat-houses.

"How are they? how are they?" asks Freemantle, from the box.

"All right," answers Pinckney. "Loring was a bit under the weather yesterday; but he's feeling tip-top now. Oh, they're in beautiful condition!"

"Mr. Pinckney, how is my cousin?" asks Miss Darby.

"Goldie! Did you ever know him when he wasn't in training to row a race! He's as fine as silk!" said Pinckney.

"I'm very glad," she began — but Breese was saying to Miss Hammersmith, on the other side of the carriage, "Oh, your brother is in magnificent form, Miss Hammersmith! He'll do his share of the work to-day, you may depend." And Miss Darby turned towards him to hear what he said. Her eyes brightened with pleasure as she heard his words, and as Breese went on praising Mr. Tom and the rest. How was Breese to know if their brightness meant pleasure that he was there talking to her, or pleasure that the news he brought was good news of Hammersmith?

"You're sure Tom is well and strong, Mr. Breese?" asked Miss Hammersmith, looking earnestly at him.

"I assure you yes," he answered. "I never saw a man in better form in my life, 'pon my word! You'll see, you'll see." And Ruddiman approached, and made his bow, bedaubed with red from head to foot, and

chaperoning a small dog, copiously provided with the same color.

"Miss Mabel, what do you think of it?" he asked.

"Of what, Mr. Ruddiman?" she returned. "The dog?"

"Oh, no! But he's a beauty, isn't he? — Here, Spot! Down, I say! — What do you think of the lake, and every thing?"

"It's very pretty, very pretty indeed! But I'm *so* anxious for the race to begin! And I'm so afraid Tom will work too hard!"

"Oh, nonsense! He'll take care of himself. By the way, — I came near forgetting it, — here's something he sent up to you. I've just seen him at the boat-house." And holding on to his six-inch dog with one hand, with the other he fished into a side-pocket, and brought up a couple of little wild rose-buds, sadly withered, and somewhat odorous of Ruddiman tobacco.

"For me?" asked Miss Mabel.

"I suppose so," he said. "Tom didn't say. Oh, yes! he said, 'Take these up to show 'em I'm still alive.' — Down with you, you beggar you! Stop your snuzzling!"

Miss Mabel took the buds, and handed one to Miss Darby, who was arranging it at her throat when Breese turned from talking with Professor Darby, and saw the little adornment: the merest shade passed over his face, for he knew the famous wild rose-bush by the boat-house, which the crew tended so carefully. But every thing else was forgotten when Freemantle suddenly shouted, "Here she is! Here's Yale!" as a blue-topped crew came swinging under the bridge, and shot past the crowds on shore, spurting a bit, to warm themselves up.

"Oh, isn't it beautiful!" said Miss Hammersmith. "How perfectly they row!"

"You just wait!" said Ruddiman. "You'll see something finer than that yet!"

"By the way, Mr. Ruddiman, what a traitor you must feel like to-day, to be talking against your old college!" said Miss Hammersmith, "and wearing your new love's colors!"

"Wearing what? Oh, yes, exactly!" he said, blushing a shade more, if discrimination were possible, and withdrawing his eyes from a neighboring carriage in which were Miss Summerdale and Miss Pinckney, with Mrs. Summerdale and her sister from Worcester. "Ah! 'red is the color of life,' you know," he added.

"And blue is for hope, is it not?" she asked.

"Yes. But hope without life isn't good for much; is it, Miss Mabel?"

"Is life without hope any better?" she asked, glancing, as if casually, towards the carriage of Miss Pinckney. She was a quick-witted young woman, this Miss Mabel, if this was her first introduction to college-scenes, or college-men rather; and she had not needed Miss Darby's information to be aware that the heir of all the Ruddimans had a vulnerable spot in his armor, which the utmost ingenuity of the lad could not conceal. Nay, I doubt not he had a secret pleasure in letting all the world see the havoc that a certain young Southern beauty was already making with his coy affections, and felt that it was a noble spectacle, — the sight of Ruddiman wasting away in the fires of a grand passion.

"Well, life and hope each seem to need the other pretty badly, Miss Mabel," he said. "Halloo, there's Harvard! Now you'll see some rowing, Miss Mabel! Hooray!"

"'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!" came from a multitude of throats, as the old 'Varsity, pulling leisurely, with beautiful rhythm of stroke, glided out from under the causeway, and took a turn, as Yale had done, up the lake.

Goldie heard the well-known cry, and quickened his

stroke a trifle; the six bodies rose and fell as regularly as a trip-hammer; the six crimson-covered heads went forward and backward in perfect time, with absolutely equal sweep.

"Isn't it wonderful?" said Miss Darby.

"I never *saw* any thing like it!" exclaimed Miss Mabel. "It's like a machine!—Which is Tom, Mr. Ruddiman?" But she turned to find Ruddiman gone, fled to the Summerdales' carriage; and Breese answered her question.

"That is your brother, three from the rear,—Goldie, Loring, your brother."

"Good old Tom!" she said, riveting her eyes on the crew, and scarcely breathing as she watched the perfect motion with which they sped over the lake.

Two guns,—boom! over the lake; signal for the boats to come into line.

Yale and Harvard paddle slowly down to the judges' boat, and draw for place. They move off to their positions; and the rudder of each boat is held in line by a friend in a skiff.

"By Jove! Yale has the inside!" said Freemantle, surveying the boats from the box of the landau.

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Freemantle?" asked Miss Hammersmith.

"It's a mile and a half up to the turning-stake, a mile and a half down, of course. They turn from right to left around the stake; and the boat on the inside, you can see, has the greatest advantage, that is, if the boats are abreast all the way. If the boat on the outside can put clear water between its stern and the bows of the inside crew, they are allowed to draw ahead, and turn first, besides giving the rear crew its wash, and otherwise impeding it."

"But can Harvard put—what do you call it?—clear water between itself and Yale?" asked Miss Darby.

"Trust Goldie for that!" said Freemantle. "A Harvard crew's strong *forte* is a quick start, and a spurt for a little distance, till it is clear of the other boat. If nothing happens, Goldie will be in the lead almost before they pass us here: see if I am not correct! But there they are: they're off!"

The report of a pistol, a quick flashing of oars by the two boats, just a little spray thrown into the air, and the great race is begun.

The crowd grows quiet; the young ladies stand up in their carriage, and look eager-eyed at the straining crews; and suddenly Harvard men break into prolonged cheering, as Freemantle's prediction seems being fulfilled, and the old 'Varsity, fairly leaping through the water under the powerful stroke of its six young oarsmen, creeps up, up, and is almost clear of Yale as they pass Regatta Point.

"'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!" "Oh, well rowed, Goldie!" "Well rowed, three!" "Clear water already, by Jove!" "Yes, but look at Yale!" "It's nobody's race yet, I tell you!" "What a magnificent spurt of Harvard's!" and a thousand other cries are raised as the crews fly past.

A crowd of men on foot, yelling, cheering, waving hats, shouting vainly to the crews, dash by the carriages, following the boats from the start, and skirting the lake for a distance, till the nature of the shores prevents progress. The Darbys' horses plunge, the young ladies give pretty little screams of fright, and Freemantle announces, —

"Yes, by Jove, Yale is picking up most tremendously! Will you look through my glass, Miss Hammersmith?"

"Thanks! Oh, she is, she is! *Do* you think Yale will beat, Mr. Freemantle?"

"Hard to say," answered Freemantle. "They've the

finest crew that they've turned out for years; but so have we, — thanks to Goldie and your brother, — and I think it will be a mighty close race."

And a mighty close race it seemed to the excited groups looking on from shore, from boats along the banks, from the little steamer which punted and screeched along in their wake. Yale was most emphatically crawling up, slowly but surely. Was Goldie allowing it, merely to shake her off again, and spurt once more for the lead before reaching the turning-stake? Or was his crew already exhausted by the powerful work at the quick start, and already out-rowed by Yale?

We may trust Goldie, as Freemantle had said. He has not set his grand stroke for this crew for months now, and tried every exhausting trick of quick start, repeated spurt, long, many-miled pull, and final burst of speed, all to no purpose. He will pull a glorious race to-day; and, if he is beaten, he will be fairly and squarely beaten by a superior crew. It will be a crew with a head to it, too, that will beat him; for Goldie's work is as much of the head as of the muscles, and you may be pretty sure that he has gauged the capacities of Yale, as well as his own crew, long before this, and knows perfectly what he is about when Yale seems to be out-rowing him, and fighting for the lead.

But the crowds on shore are in a fearful excitement: the betting fraternity rush about wildly to "hedge" their bets; Yale stock is perceptibly advancing; and a buzz of wonder, inquiry, excited talking, runs through the mass of people straining their eyes up the still lake.

Meanwhile the crews are thrashing the water far up on their course, spurting alternately for the lead. The surface of the water is as quiet as a mill-pond. Nature seems holding her breath, like the interested young women on shore, and looking on in anxious suspense at the two

crews of her young heroes, striving in friendly rivalry. And surely the light ripples seen on the upper borders of the lake are but the result of the quick breathing of water-nymphs and startled deities of the woody neighborhood, peering out from leafy retreats upon the manly young invaders.

Five minutes, eight minutes, ten minutes, pass, — short enough periods to careless spectators, if any such there are, but amply long for the tense oarsmen, bending to their work like the athletes that they are, putting in practice all the skill and muscle, and dogged plucky perseverance, that they can command. Only McGregor glances now and then out of the boat to mark their course, and note the progress of Yale: the rest, with clinched teeth, and eyes glued to the backs of the men in front of them, give all their care to the strength and unison of their stroke, which Goldie the glorious, most perfect of oarsmen, is setting them.

Ten minutes, twelve minutes, pass. The crews have been many minutes out of sight, a wooded point cutting off the upper end of the course from view, and increasing the anxiety and wonder of the crowds below. Field-glasses are levelled at the woody headland, the band stops playing its bucolic misery, and at last a shout is raised, —

"Yale, Yale!" "No, Harvard, Harvard, Harvard!" as a boat appears far out in the middle of the lake, pulling powerfully on the return.

"What is the color of their handkerchiefs?"

"Crimson, crimson!"

"No, blue, blue! Yale, Yale, Yale!" and the Yale crowd grows frantic with excitement.

"Is it blue?" asked Miss Hammersmith. "*Is* it blue, Mr. Freemantle? Please tell me quick!"

"It looks very much like it," he answered. "But I can't see very well, — the reflection, or something. Will you take the glass?"

"It *is* blue, it *is* blue, Ellen," she said mournfully, putting down the glass. "Why did I ever come here? And where *is* Harvard? Poor Tom! — Can any thing have happened, Mr. Breese? O Mr. Breese! *can* they have been upset?"

Breese shook his head dejectedly. "I don't know," said he. "Something has surely occurred." The young ladies looked, oh, so pretty and interested as they stood gazing up the lake, breathing quickly! Ruddiman sung out to Freemantle, "I say, Free, will you take my dog up there? I'm afraid he'll get stepped on." To which Freemantle returned answer, "Go 'long with your pup! Take care of your own live-stock, can't you?" And Harvard men generally were a good deal of Freemantle's petulant frame of mind, when the very air seemed to split with a tremendous shout from five hundred throats, —

"Harvard, Harvard, Harvard! There she is! Harvard!" as the 'Varsity suddenly appeared hugging the very shores of the headland, and so concealed, until now, from the sight of the crowds below. Yale was in the centre of the lake, pulling beautifully.

"She's ahead!"

"Who's ahead?"

"Harvard!"

"No, Yale."

"Yes — no! Jove, but it is close!" And the two crews, almost exactly abreast, and apparently putting every pound of weight on their strokes, came gliding and leaping down the course, heading for the line, somewhat below Regatta Point.

"I thought Goldie knew what he was up to," said Freemantle. "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!"

"It isn't over yet," said Breese. "But I think we have them." And the cool philosopher climbed on the box with Freemantle, and looked down upon the struggling crews now nearing the point.

"Yale, Yale, Yale! Yale has them! Beautifully rowed. Yale!" was now the shout, as the two boats were nearly opposite the point; and Yale, though a length in the rear, her bows lapping the rudder of Harvard, was gradually but visibly leaping to the front, and lapping more and more the 'Varsity boat.

Can it be that Harvard's men are out-rowed and out-generaled? Have their repeated spurts, and that tremendous struggle to turn the stake first (in which they were successful), used up all their magnificent reserve of power? It was cruel; it hardly seemed possible: but anybody, looking on from the shore, could see that another minute of such rapid gaining, and Yale would be in the front, crossing the line, the victor.

But what is this?

If an inquisitive water-god had pricked up his subaqueous ear somewhere near the ever-watchful McGregor, in the 'Varsity boat, he would have heard him say quietly and slowly, "Now, George, hit her up!" He would have heard Hammersmith pass along the word, "Hit her up, George!" And the next instant the old chieftain had quickened his stroke three or four to the minute, laying his broad back down to the oar, and feeling his fine crew answer his effort with increased vim.

"Ah, well rowed, Goldie!" "Superbly rowed, Loring!" "Harvard, Harvard!" "Now for a spurt such as you read of!" "Hammersmith, Hammersmith!" "O glorious!" were some of the shouts about the young ladies, as the 'Varsity picked up the quickened stroke of Goldie, and jumped away from Yale almost immediately, showing clear water between them.

"Dear old Tom!" said Miss Mabel, seizing Miss Darby's hand. "How he's working away! Isn't he? Isn't he a dear fellow?" And Miss Darby, hardly noticing the double question, turned and beamed on her.

Breese smiled down from the box. Pinckney, returning on a run from the headland with a crowd of excited men, passed them, shouting, "How's that! Isn't that glorious, Miss Ellen?" Ruddiman extricated his crimson pup from a fearful combat with a blue-ribboned terrier fired to vengeance by defeat; and with a crash of music from the band, and a rain of cheers and shouts from the mass of their friends, Harvard crossed the line a couple of lengths in the lead, after one of the closest races on record.

. . . . . .

Men were still screaming, cheering, hugging each other, throwing their hats in the air, when Ruddiman cried out, "Can't stand this any longer! *Must* go and hug somebody!" and dashed off, with his pup in his arms, to find consolation in the embrace of some hilarious classmate longing for the same relief to his feelings.

The young ladies laughed as the little red man rushed off. The two crews were shaking hands over the sides of their boats, down at the finish; and presently Harvard came rowing slowly and beautifully to the point, carrying the champion flags.,

The band has been playing, "Lo, the conquering hero comes!" It stops. Somebody calls out, "What time, fellows?" — "Eighteen fifty-three!" shouts McGregor. And a line of six bronze-backed young fellows turn their faces shoreward, and grin with delight, — grin like a row of Roman soothsayers, — while the air is filled again with shouts and cheers and the dear old name of Harvard.

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The great race is over; and yet it is not over. An almost severer trial is on hand for the young heroes, when they enter the Bay State House in the evening, coming up from the boat-houses, and find a surging, boisterous crowd of men, from all the colleges within easy reach of Worcester, talking, shouting, prophesying already for next year's races.

Goldie is seized, Loring is seized, Hammersmith, McGregor, each member of the crew, is seized, and mounted on the shoulders of enthusiastic students, who parade them up and down the halls, cheering each in turn and calling vainly, "Speech, speech!" But nobody will speak. McGregor says emphatically, "No, I'll be hanged if I'll make a speech! What! pull like a demon in the boat, and then come up here to be made to speak a piece! Not if I know myself!" But he laughed while delivering his truculent words. The crowd shouted, "McGregor, McGregor! Three cheers for Mac!" and felt that they might well afford to excuse him from speaking, if he would always give as good account of himself in the boat as to-day, — and when had a McGregor of the line ever done otherwise?

But presently "Speech, speech! Goldie, Goldie!" was called; and the old warrior, mounted on the shoulders of Breese, Pinckney, and others, was cheered and invoked, and cheered again, till he had to stop bowing and grinning at the crowd, and in self-defence attempt to say something.

"Well, fellows, I don't know what I can say." ("Oh, any thing, any thing! Three cheers for Goldie!" 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!) "I can't say I thank you for the honor conferred," ("Three cheers for the 'honor conferred'!" 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!) "because I feel that every man in the crew is as much entitled to the credit of to-day's victory as I." ("Three cheers for 'to-day's victory,' fellows! Now!" 'Rah, rah, 'rah!) "But I can say one thing, fellows, and that is this," ("Three cheers for 'one thing'!" 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!) "that, after the loss of Ladbroke two months ago, there was only one man in all the college that could fill his place, and help us win the victory that we've won to-day; and you know who that is as well as I do." ('Rah, 'rah, 'rah! "Now, fellows, three times three for

Hammersmith!" 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, rah! "And three cheers for his uncle!" 'Rah, 'rah, rah!) "And I know that every man in the crew feels the same about it that I do," ("Three cheers for 'every man in the crew'!" 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!) "or I should not dare to speak of it. Now you've done a lot of cheering," ("Three cheers for 'a lot of cheering'!" 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!) "and I want to propose a cheer. It's a great thing, fellows, to have a good square race, isn't it?" ("Yes, yes!" 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!) "And we've had a good square race, and we haven't a single word to say against Yale; I hope Yale hasn't a word to say against us." ("Three cheers"—) "Hold on!" said Goldie. "I say, I hope they haven't a word to say against us. Every man in their crew has behaved like a gentleman towards us, from the first day that we met on the lake; and I believe every man in their crew believes that they were fairly and squarely out-rowed to-day, and is ready to acknowledge it, as I'm sure we should have been ready to do, if we had been beaten." ("Three cheers for"—) "Hold on, I say! It's a good thing to have a fair and square race,—no fouls, no tampering with boats, no hard feeling on either side. We've had such a race this year, I think I can say; and I want all you fellows that are coming up to take our places to remember what I say, and see to it that you have just such downright, straightforward, out-and-out honest races as we've had to-day. Everybody feels better after it; and the University need not feel ashamed of us; and try to put a stop to boating among us, if we only behave as we ought, and conduct every thing on the square.

"Now, fellows, I've made a long speech for me" ("No, no! Go on, go on!") "but I can't help thinking a good deal on the subject, because I believe in these things most emphatically. I want to see boating, and every thing

else that's manly, flourishing among us; and I think it's a downright shame to let it be broken up or degenerate, because two crews cannot meet and have a perfectly fair trial of strength and skill, as we've had to-day. Now, we couldn't have had this kind of a race, if Yale had not met us half way, and treated us exactly as well as we treated them. So what I want to propose is three times three for Yale, — her crew and her men generally. Let them be regular top-lifters!" And the old stroke waved his hat; and I query if ever the broad corridors and halls of the Bay State House had listened to such hearty, reverberating cheers as the whole concourse — Harvard, Yale, Williams, Amherst, Brown — gave in response to Goldie's call.

The Yale stroke was called on for a speech, which he gave most gracefully, after the manner of Yale men, among whom off-hand speaking receives more attention than it used to receive in Cambridge in Hammersmith's day, and returned the compliment of Goldie by leading off in an answering chorus of cheers for Harvard.

Then another attempt was made at Harvard oratory; and Hammersmith, blushing profusely, was hoisted aloft, and the halls rang again with cheers; for the handsome young fellow with the brown eyes and the broad shoulders, that had done such execution to-day, did not need Goldie's praise to arouse the ample enthusiasm with which he was received. Why he had not rowed the year before, when Harvard was so unhappily beaten; how he had forsworn rowing most persistently, and given in only when Ladbroke had died, and Goldie's personal intercession had been added to his own growing conviction that he was called on to make good Ladbroke's place, after the peculiar relation of Ladbroke and himself to the 'Varsity crew in these two different years, — all this was known to Yale almost as well as to Harvard men. When the

stalwart young fellow was lifted up, therefore, and both colleges looked on the man who had had so peculiar a history, and had done such sturdy work in the boat to-day, no wonder there were excitement and enthusiasm.

He was not expected to say much, and he did not disappoint the expectation: —

"Thank you very much, fellows, for your cheers; but I can't take any great credit to myself for the day's victory." ("Oh, yes, you can! Three cheers for Hammersmith!" 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!) "You see, I had to make up for last year, and" — ("You've done it, you've done it!" 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!) "and so I confess I put every pound of muscle I had on my oar to-day," ("Three cheers for his 'oar to-day,' fellows!" 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!) "and I intend to be on hand in future, whenever I'm wanted." ("We'll always want you, shall we not, fellows?" 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!) "Now, I don't know that I've any thing more to say. — Put me down, won't you, Breese?" ("No, no! Give us a sentiment, give us a sentiment!") "A sentiment? I don't know any sentiment! Well, I think we've cheered about every thing to-night, fellows; but there's one thing that we have not cheered." ("Out with it, out with it! Give us a rouser.") "I propose three times three for Boating, fellows, — Boating with a big B, — and for everybody that is fond of pulling an oar." And great manly cheers were given for the favorite sport of the day, — cheers which filled the house with echoes from cellar to attic, and went whirling out of doors and windows into the night air, till they must have reached the God of Boating himself, resting on his oars in the neighboring lake; and I wonder that he did not come up with all his rosy-muscled crew to return thanks in person for the young fellow's sentiment.

Hammersmith, then, was put down, and Loring and

others were swung up, and made to say a word, whether they would or not. The cheers, the merriment, the boisterous noise, were kept up till everybody was tired, and everybody had exhibited his exceeding joy over the day's victory.

Gradually the crowd melted away. A few hilarious notes were still heard issuing from upper windows of the hotel, where convivial celebrations were in progress. A few attempts were made to utilize the chandeliers as gymnastic apparatus by jolly acrobats fond of swinging. A few hastily-organized companies of infantry paraded the corridors, with monotonous tramp, and strenuous effort at melodious music. But the speeches, the toasts, the celebration proper, were over; and most of the men, with hoarse voices, and faces red from cheering, left the hotel, and appeared later at the grand ball given by the citizens of Worcester in honor of the sports.

If Miss Mabel had been excited by the race and her dear Tom's achievements on the lake, she was dazzled by the ball in the evening. The merry dances, the champion flags set up on the stage, the music, the fair women and fairer girls; the bevy of young squires hovering about her, attracted by the star-like radiance of her beauty, and a certain girlish frankness such as might be expected in a Hammersmith maiden; yes, even the blithe Ruddiman, released now from canine care, but still flamboyant with his "new love's colors;" and the severe Breese, taking another lesson in microscopic analysis,—all went to make up a pageant quite bewildering to the young girl from the banks of the Hudson.

But when, late in the evening, the two crews entered, with a number of friends, and the hall rang with cheers (as the whole town had been ringing for half a day now), and Tom and Goldie came up, and received the congratulations of the Darby group, blushing ever so becomingly

through their brown cheeks, and looking so immense and strong among the pale dancers and non-boating men, Miss Mabel's cup was more than full.

"Dear Tom, I'm so very, very glad for you!" she said as Tom was shaking hands: he had not seen them since the race.

"Oh, it's nothing!" answered the young hero, smiling. How white his teeth looked, in contrast with the deep brown of his face and neck! And what a destructive grasp he gave with his great hand, only squeezed into gloves this evening with the utmost difficulty!

"Aren't you almost tired to death, Tom?" she asked.

"Pooh!" said Hammersmith. "Not a bit of it! — Miss Darby, can you allow this beautiful waltz to go unimproved? Will you dance?"

"With pleasure," she answered, "if you aren't too great a hero to condescend to frivolities." But Hammersmith exhibited a remarkable condescension. Breese looked on, and wished to Heaven that he were a boating-man. Puny men envied Mr. Tom his magnificent strength; and Ruddiman the flashy confided to Miss Mabel that Tom was a "most confounded lucky dog!" Miss Mabel didn't like the expression in the least, but thought him the handsomest and strongest and best of brothers.

They brought her word, also, of the great demonstration in the hotel halls, — the speech that Goldie had made, complimentary to Tom; and how Tom had been lifted upon the shoulders of his friends, and had made a speech himself, and been cheered and cheered by both colleges. Later in the evening Mr. Tom was made to take his place in the Glee Club, on the stage (he had been greatly missed at their concert the evening before), and was cheered again as he stepped on the platform. So that the young girl was quite bewildered by it all, — the race, the dazzling ball, the ovation to her dear Tom, and the whirl

of excitement in which he was caught up and carried along, while he seemed all the time to keep his head, and look about him as though it were the most ordinary matter in the world. "What a cool old Tom he is!" she thought to herself.

And when it was all over, and Tom and Breese had escorted the ladies to their hotel, — Miss Darby thanking Breese for his kindness, with an excess of earnestness which was quite feminine, but quite incomprehensible to Breese, who was not aware that anybody but himself had regarded the secondary position in which, as a non-boating man, he had been placed during the day and evening, — when it was all over, and Tom and Breese had walked off together, the young women, you may be sure, sat a long while, after the manner of young women, talking it over, and crooning, as is their fashion, over this "bright, bright day."

"I *never* had such a pleasant time," said Miss Hammersmith at last. "And I'm *so* happy that you asked me to come with you, Ellen dear. I had no idea that Tom was such a great man in his college, though! Why hadn't you told me? Ellen, what are you thinking of?" she asked, as she saw Miss Darby sitting, with her hands folded in her usual manner, looking before her into vacancy.

"Oh, nothing!" she answered, rousing herself, and giving Miss Hammersmith one of those looks which are said to be common with young women, and are believed to mean a great deal. "I was thinking that you must promise me you'll come on to Class Day next year, dear Mabel. You will enjoy it *so* much; and he will — your brother will be so glad to have you! You shall stay with me, and your mother too; and come as long as possible before Class Day: it's so delightful in Cambridge in June! I shall admire to have you."

"You're very, very kind, Ellen; and I shall be only too happy to do so if mamma will consent."

And so the two young people sat talking far into the night, and cementing a friendship which had existed only in a spasmodic correspondence since the days of Miss Darby's Fresh Pond accident, and in a few days' intimacy before the Quinsigamond race. And I envy the little rosebud, sadly withered and faded to be sure, which Miss Darby took from her hair, and placed in a glass on the mantel, whence it looked down upon the two, talking themselves to sleep in ever briefer and more languid speech, — for it must have been a pretty sight.

CHAPTER XXII.

A MOUNT DESERT EPISODE.

"Nature will not be stared at." — MARGARET FULLER.

"Likewise Glorious Followers, who make themselves as Trumpets, of the Commendation of those they Follow, are full of Inconvenience; For they taint Businesse through want of Secrecie." — BACON.

DID Mr. Gayton Hammersmith ever forgive his coercive nephew and the too urgent Darbys for luring him to spend two mortal weeks at Mount Desert during this junior vacation of Mr. Tom's? — Mr. Gayton, who might have been taking his comfort at his club, or been made much of by those dear, delightful Minturns at Nahant, or been gadding about from one grand country-house after another, ever welcome, ever garrulous, and ever well fed. And here he was at Mount Desert, which then as now, to be sure, was glorious in mountain gorges, grand towering precipices, and wave-beaten cliffs, but which recalled too closely that Swedish inscription of Thoreau's, "You will find at Trolhate excellent bread, meat, and wine — provided you bring them with you." How the old "Duke" thanked his stars on the day when he escaped from the thin banquets of mine host Higgins, and came in sight, on the following day, of the yellow dome of the State House, and was sure of a good dinner at his club, with Antoine — God bless Antoine! — to wait on him!

I know that it is all changed now. I know that cockneyism and civilization have carried their manners and

customs to the lovely island, into its every nook and corner; that huge caravansaries have supplanted the primitive rookeries of the days of Hammersmith the discoverer; and that the abundant Robertses, Rodicks, and Higginses have retired on the profits from corner-lots, on many of which Mr. Gayton's nabob friends have erected comfortable cottages for their summer life. Ah, what serenades and glees we have sung on their broad piazzas and in their ample parlors, when the Glee Club was present in force, and the picnic party from Schooner Head had returned, and the moon was full! But this was some years after the martyrdom of the "Duke." I know, too, that acres of Harvard men have since that date explored every cranny of the wild little island, from South-west Harbor to Bar Harbor, — paradise of Higginses, — and have talked breezy nonsense with many a short-kilted young creature, rosy as to her cheeks, startling as to her trig mountain-dress, on every peak, through every glen, of the place. Have I not heard since then, in every drawing-room from Boston to San Francisco, these same young women raving in a sane, feminine way, over the glories of the many-featured island, and the "wonderful combination of sea and land attractions"? No wonder that a clever Bostonian recently concluded that the artesian flow of adjectives was about exhausted, and that a fresh word should be employed to describe the charms of the place, as well as to rebuke extravagant praise of nature by bursting youth. "Yes," said he, "it is neat: Mount Desert is very neat."

It was essentially a new land, with a primitive population, a primitive mode of life, and a primitive style of feast. in the year when the Darbys, the Summerdales, "Duke" Hammersmith and his nephew, Breese and Ruddiman, with a few others, — the Flamingoes and Scurrys of New York, the Bludsoes from Boston, and several

blistered youth who rowed thither in wherries, — came to molest the ancient solitary reign of the natives, agog with wonder at the invasion.

The "Duke" and Mr. Tom had come and gone, the "Duke" thanking his stars, as has been said, at the termination of his martyrdom, Mr. Tom not quite so eager as he to leave the hearty life of the island; and the name of Mount Desert might not have appeared at all at this stage of the chronicle, had it not been for a certain excursion, made a day or two after Mr. Tom's departure, which indirectly exerted quite a decided influence on the young fellow's subsequent history.

The Darbys, the Flamingoes, the Summerdales, the Scurrys, gorgeous in petticoat and jaunty hat, and numerously escorted by the young men of the party, were climbing and exclaiming, and running pleasant little dangers up among the slippery rocks and the shadowing firs of the glen, — a fine bit of a steep cañon between Green and Dry Mountains. Ruddiman was on hand, elaborate in knickerbockers and costly walking-shoes, many colored as to his raiment, — a striking chromo-lithograph, as he marched ahead boldly, grasping an alpen-stock, and offering superfluous aid to the younger Flamingo, also bright of hue. Young Pynetop, from Bangor, and his friend Brickerbrack, the elder Albertson, who had just arrived, Breese, stoutly shod and soberly dressed for the scramble, and Professor Darby, were also there. The latter was in charge of a numerous caravan, consisting of Mrs. Darby, Mrs. Summerdale, a spinster Scurry of remarkable ambition, but very short breath, and pretty Miss Edith Summerdale, by no means a mighty pedestrian, but fired with emulation to keep up with the stronger-footed, and going off into merry little screams as she was helped over a fallen tree, or had to jump the brook, clamber up a mossy rock, or perform other brave deeds on their way up the

ravine. Miss Darby, in trimmest of blue walking-suits and stout shoes, with a simple knot of garnet-colored ribbon at her throat, — which shone fair and white, set off by her dark blue collar, — and with a sensible, broad-rimmed hat of commonest straw, trudged quietly among the foremost, helping herself over difficulties by means of a long walking-stick, and seeming not to need the aid of Breese, who yet hovered near, and was ready to offer it when he thought fit.

"What a chattering lot those Flamingoes and Scurrys are!" said Breese, with some spirit, as they were nearing the head of the glen.

"They are. But I suppose they enjoy themselves in their way; and that's what they came for, I imagine," said Miss Darby, balancing herself, with outstretched arms, on a wet log by which she was crossing the stream.

"Be careful there, Miss Darby! — But they seem such an incongruous element in a place like this!" added Breese. "They might as well come out in their ball-dresses to coquet with old dame Nature, for any good they'll get out of a tramp like this! Look at Miss Flamingo, *la plus jeune!*"

"*Chacun à son goût*," said Miss Darby, looking back at the party some distance below them, and at the Flamingo in question, who was receiving a wild flower, captured at great risk to his precious neck by the nimble Ruddiman, and was going off into a series of extravagant exclamations, —

"I *never* saw any thing half so sweet! I *never* saw any thing so pretty! Look, Sue! *N'est-ce pas? Merci!* Mr. Ruddiman, you are *too* kind! How very brave you are!" And Ruddiman the brave, sweeping a magnificent salute with his hat (and disclosing sundry suspicious green spots in his light-colored trousers, as he climbs ahead), mounts a prominent rock, and accomplishes a

terrific *jödel*, — a peculiar war-whoop of his own invention, which he has raised several times during the afternoon, when his pent-up feelings were likely to smother him unless allowed escape.

"What a fool that Ruddiman makes of himself!" exclaimed Breese, as the *jödel* went echoing up through the glen.

"How severe you are, Mr. Breese!" answered Miss Darby.

"But doesn't he?"

"He is a funny little man most assuredly, — *très drôle*, I heard Miss Flamingo call him last evening. But he's a harmless creature; and I really think he's quite a picturesque addition to the landscape."

"So would a red cow be, or a donkey, for that matter," said Breese. "I can't see what business such people have, what right they have, in a place like this."

"But you wouldn't chain them up at home!"

"I would lock everybody like the Flamingoes and the Scurrys, and our young *jödeller* here, into some place, — New York, we will say, — and not let them see a forest, or a mountain-peak, till they would promise to look at them in a decent way, and to leave their simpering city airs behind them."

"But who is to decide what the decent way is, as you say?" asked she.

"You or I, or anybody who knows that Nature is not meant to be patronized," returned Breese quickly. "Anybody who feels that Nature is a great mystery, to be looked upon with awe, in silence."

"Oh, gracious!" said Miss Darby. "Where do you get such gloomy ideas, Mr. Breese? Shut everybody up in prison till they can promise to sit down, and never smile in the face of Nature, or look upon her as any thing but awful and fearfully mysterious! That's worse than

your 'Century of Hubbub' doctrine. I am afraid you are a very sombre man at heart, Mr. Breese."

"No, I'm not; no, I'm not," answered he almost sharply. "But tell me truly, doesn't it grate on you to see a crowd like that flirting and chaffing and coquetting in such a lovely spot as this?"

"Of course I think that's all very silly," she answered. "But, if you will excuse me, I think your great mistake in looking at the world in general, is in thinking that it's made only for the choice spirits and those with lofty ideals of every sort, leaving no room (in your world) for us poor creatures who mean well enough, perhaps, but don't exactly know how to set to work."

"Please not class yourself with the 'poor creatures,' Miss Darby," he said.

"I don't know why not," she answered. "I may not like 'that crowd,' as you call it, or approve of much that they seem to enjoy; but I can't pretend that I have fathomed the secrets of Nature, or have any right to lock my fellow-creatures up among brick walls till they come to my way of thinking, I'm *very* sure!"

"Oh! that's only my way of putting it," said Breese. And she continued to call him a very severe critic, and he objected that he thought he was only looking at the matter as any impartial man would view it. But the waning sunlight warned them that they must make haste to descend through the glen homeward.

Ruddiman's *jödel* was already sounding the retreat; and that jocund individual was to be seen perched on a bowlder, waving his hat to those in the van. Albertson and others were ahead of Breese as they were going up. Breese passed the word along, and they all began descending; Breese and Miss Darby soon being left quite in the rear, as they continued more intent on their wordy war than on making haste out of the ravine.

"Imagine a party of Greeks of the best era going out for an afternoon in a beautiful Attic ravine, with such a flock of Flamingoes and Ruddimans in their wake!" said Breese, laughing, as they were descending.

"There, again, you are thinking of only the select spirits, Mr. Breese. Of course, we only hear of the great men, the illustrious, among the Greeks, or the Romans, or any people. But you cannot mean to say that there were not simple, silly, frivolous people, of the Ruddiman type, — if I may be so severe, — among the Greeks, as well as among us, Mr. Breese?"

"Certainly not," he answered. "But which are we to follow, — the silly, or the illustrious? Or don't you believe in an ideal of any kind?"

"You are very unkind! I shall not answer that question; for you know that I do, if I can only be sure that my ideal is correct. Of course we should copy the illustrious, if possible," she continued, "but not give the silly and the weak over to outer darkness because they are silly and weak. I don't believe you have a particle of sympathy in your composition," she added, forgetting herself for a moment, and rather nettled by his severe manner of regarding every thing.

"I assure you, Miss Darby, you are overstating the case," he was beginning, when Miss Darby suddenly slipped from a smooth, moist rock on which she was stepping, and came down in a little heap at its base, with a sharp cry of pain.

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Darby!" exclaimed Breese, jumping to her side in an instant. "Are you hurt?"

"Oh, no! I think not," she answered. "If you will get my stick — thanks! Yes: I can walk all right. But how silly I was to make a mis-step! I *am* a silly Greek, don't you see?" and she took up her stick, and continued descending carefully, Breese keeping a sharp eye on her, unobserved, and at last saying, —

"You are in pain, Miss Darby. Are you sure you are not hurt? Shall I go for help?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" she answered. "I should be ashamed of myself to put any one to trouble! But I think I'll sit down here a moment," and she sat down in a patch of sunlight, and winced just a bit when she moved one of her feet. Breese looked a moment at the fair figure sitting there, dazzling fair in the sunbeams, and then said, —

"Hadn't I better call for somebody?"

"No, no!" she answered. "But if you do not mind looking to see where they are?" And he went ahead a bit, and had a view down the glen, while she loosened her boot, and began to feel better. He reported nobody in sight. She was sure that she could walk perfectly well now; and they made their way slowly out of the ravine, into the thick wood at its base.

"I'm very sorry," she said, as they emerged into the footpath among the trees; "but I must sit down again. I shall be all right in a minute."

"If it is your ankle," said Breese boldly, "the shorter you stop, the better: it's always best to keep moving, if you can."

Presently she started again, and kept up pluckily, darkness coming on apace, and Breese looking a bit anxious. Again, however, she was obliged to sit down, and again she went on, till Breese saw that they could not make much further headway at that rate; and Miss Darby consented that he should call for help.

He ran quickly to a turn in the path, shouted as vigorously as a robust young American can shout; waited a moment, no answer; hallooed again, no sound but the light breath of the trees in the air above him; and he came running back.

"Too bad!" said he. "Couldn't raise a reply to save my life! How do you feel?"

"Nicely, thanks; perhaps I can walk a little more now." But five steps convinced her of her error; and Breese, with some alarm, saw her sitting down again on a leaf-covered mound.

"If you could lean on me," Breese began.

"How far is it to the nearest house?" she asked.

"Over a mile to the mill; but there's nobody living there now, you know. It must be a mile farther to the next house."

"Were the carriages to meet us?" she asked.

"No: your father sent them back after the lunch. Shall I run to the first inhabited house?"

She looked up at the darkening heavens. A rising wind swept through the tree-tops; a night-bird screeched overhead; and she answered, —

"No: I shouldn't like to be left here alone. What a bother I am!"

Breese whistled under his breath to himself a moment, and struck the ground several times with his walking-stick.

"Well?" said he finally. "Could I" —

"I don't see," she began.

"I might" — he continued. "Miss Darby, I don't see but that I shall have to carry you," he announced decisively.

"But I should kill you! You don't know how heavy I am!" she answered; and she laughed at the dreary perplexity of the situation. The laugh re-assuring Breese, he caught her up in his arms, after more expostulation on her part, and started to carry her down the woody pathway, — a novel *rôle* surely, for a man who had been accused of having not a particle of sympathy in his composition; who had so little a while ago been forming brave resolutions not to be drawn into making the acquaintance of distracting young women in Cambridge; and who a month

ago, a day ago, would have thought it as likely that he would be dining with the Czar of all the Russias, or flirting with an empress, as that he would be carrying a young woman in his arms through leafy woods like these, and that young woman Miss Darby.

"You *mustn't* carry me so far without resting, Mr. Breese! Aren't you almost dead?" she asked, as Breese put her down for a moment, and drew a long breath, making it as short as he could.

"Oh, no!" said he, "you're as light as a feather." She laughed at the idea (you might have seen a pretty blush on her brown cheeks if there had been light enough); and presently Breese was carrying her again down the hill towards the mill, glad now that he had kept himself in such splendid training, but feeling that it would take him about all night to carry this plump young woman to the nearest house, and yet not appearing to dislike the strenuous labor.

Not an easy task this, one would say who knows what it is to be carrying a hearty young American girl in his arms for a mile or two in the dark; though you do relate, my beloved scholar of Old England, how you transported in like fashion a disabled pedestrian countrywoman of yours, rising ten stone and a half, for Heaven knows how many miles across your green island fields!

So, with rests and expostulation, slight expressions of pain from Miss Darby, and commiseration from Breese, who strode onward as fast as ever his legs would carry him with his fair load, they reached the old mill. They sat a while listening to the night-sounds, — the water running idly past the old building, the moaning of the wind through the trees about them, — and watching the clear stars flowing in under a black tide of clouds that was rolling up from the east. Fully a couple of hours must have elapsed since the accident in the glen.

"I am so sorry for you, Mr. Breese!" said Miss Darby. "I shall never go on a picnic or excursion again as long as I live! I think I had better be chained up at home, as you were suggesting, and not allowed to come out till I can take care of myself. I am a perfect Jonah always, I do declare! What time is it? Wouldn't you suppose my father should be coming out by this time?"

"It is only a little after eight," he answered. "Oh, we're safe enough here! I feel sure that somebody will come soon; and, if not, I can easily run down to the nearest house and get a team. How is your foot now?"

"Nicely, thanks; but I can't bear a particle of weight on it," and, putting it to the ground, she winced again with the pain.

Nobody appearing, the clouds rolling up blacker and more threatening, and Miss Darby still objecting to be left in the lonely woodland spot, Breese caught her up again in his arms, and was crossing a field near by, when the *jödel* of Ruddiman was heard in the distance, and lights soon appeared bobbing towards them. An ancient vehicle, creaking and wheezing through the night, presently drew up alongside of them, and the professor jumped out in great excitement.

"Heavens, Ellen, what a fright you gave us! What is it? And how did you get lost?"

"We've not been lost, papa dear. I sprained my ankle in the glen. Mr. Breese shouted and called for you, but all in vain; and he — we've just succeeded in getting as far as here," she said. "Mr. Breese has been as kind as he could be," she added.

"Whoa, back, you beasts!" Ruddiman was shouting to his alarmed animals, which had never dreamed of such a pace as that to which they had just been put; and the asthmatic conveyance was turned, Miss Darby was lifted carefully upon the cushions, and the four drove

home slowly, to the relief of the startled horses, and the far greater joy of the party gathered on the steps of the Higgins establishment, and consumed with anxiety.

It was not a dangerous sprain. A few days of graceful invalidism, a few days of smothering attention and Flamingo gorgeousness of sympathy, and Miss Darby was quite herself again, and equal to almost any thing but hard pedestrian work.

Some idea may be had of the extreme sensitiveness of Breese's nature, however, when it is said, that, long before Miss Darby was able to join the various excursions which went on day after day, he had left the place, and returned to Boston; to coach a freshman who was coming up to fall examinations, he said, but really to avoid the pointed allusions, the good-natured chaff, and the semi-sentimental innuendoes which his connection with the glen mishap brought upon him.

Miss Darby was kindness itself in her reference to the affair, thanking him ever so gratefully for his ready aid; and Breese could not admire sufficiently the womanly tact she showed in never allowing the matter to be discussed when he was present. Nor could he sufficiently applaud her great good sense in never alluding in the slightest way to the precise manner of her conveyance from the glen to the old mill, of which everybody soon knew, of course, — thanks to Ruddiman, and the natural love of gossip common to such resorts, — and which became the basis of most of the chaff and nonsense aimed at Breese. It was strong and womanly in her not to make prudish, absurd objections when he had proposed to carry her, and she saw there was no other way of leaving the woods; it was kind and thoughtful to make light of it, and pass it off with a joke, while he was trudging along with her, and feeling so pleasantly uncomfortable in her behalf; but it was the height of strength and thoughtfulness, and

all that is sweetly womanly, never afterwards to allude to it in the most indirect way, though by no means chary of her thanks, spoken and unspoken.

But the others, or many others of the party, bah! And Ruddiman! Breese could not endure it all. If he had not entertained the slightest sentimental regard for Miss Darby, if she had been no more to him than the most exclamatory of the Flamingoes, he would have had the same loathing of the underbred way in which his name and Miss Darby's were associated, and in which people made merry at her expense and his.

It would have been vastly better if Breese could have carried Ruddiman away with him, or muzzled him effectually before he left, — better for Breese, better for the absent Hammersmith. For as every slight affair of Ruddiman's own soon grew to most abnormal proportions by virtue of the young fellow's quickening imagination, and love of an audience, so the most harmless events transpiring about him were fanned into greatness by his abundant gossip and inflating spirit. Men stood aghast at their own histories as they heard them noised about the Cambridge halls, until they were traced to Ruddiman the romancer, when they lifted their eyebrows, and said quietly, "Oh, Ruddiman!"

So the brilliant historical romancer was busy now with this last episode in Breese's life. Hadn't he had an important part to play in it himself? And was a charming bit of biography to be lost to the world, merely because of the trouble of composition? Hadn't he had the distinguished honor of rescuing the young couple in question? Hadn't he heard the young woman tell her father in the carriage, on the way home (*sotto voce*, to be sure, but what lightest whisper can history disregard, else what were history?), — hadn't he heard her inform her father that Breese had carried her down from the glen in his

arms? And what more inviting topic could that Ruddiman intellect, of which his mother had spoken so rapturously, find anywhere to amplify into credible history, than this same fact?

Before, and long after, Breese had left the Darby party on the island, therefore, the nimble Ruddiman intellect and the rosy Ruddiman imagination were at work upon this theme, ornamenting it with all manner of flowery addition, driving Breese into exile, then drawing fertile inferences from the very fact of his going away so suddenly, and, altogether, preparing quite a spicy little romance for the edification of the college-world during the coming solemn senior year.

The first thing that met Hammersmith, then, when he returned to Cambridge in the fall, was this delightful bantling of Ruddiman's, which had waxed and grown remarkably lusty during the few weeks of the young man's tendance, — a romantic bantling, which was calculated to raise quite a different interest in Breese, the severe scholar and self-sufficient philosopher, now thought to be going the way of all men, after all.

What regard Hammersmith paid to this latest romance of Ruddiman's, what was the moving cause of Breese's abrupt withdrawal from the Darby party, and what further effect the meddlesome Ruddiman had upon the fortunes of the two friends Hammersmith and Breese, the course of this history will tend in some slight way to exhibit.

Happy Ruddiman, prancing gayly through life, trampling down every thing that comes in his way! Unhappy those on whose tender fields, and into whose careful preserves, his destructive tread shall come!

CHAPTER XXIII.

SENIOR YEAR, AND ANOTHER PLUNGE BY BREESE.

"One who surpasses his fellow-citizens in virtue is no longer a part of the city. Their law is not for him, since he is a law to himself." — ARISTOTLE.

"Scaliger said of Erasmus, 'Si minor esse voluit, major fuisset.'" — SELDEN.

"Everybody knows what whippings are; but nobody has as yet found out what love is." — HEINE.

SENIOR year, — the last brief resting-place, under the shadow of Alma Mater's protecting elms, before the youth puts on his harness, and plunges into the whirling fight without. Ah, me! the great plans, the close friendships, the profound gravity, of that final year!

The verdancy, the simplicity, the ardent spirit of frolic, of his earlier days are passed; and the young man stands clothed with the mantle of dignity and maturity, counting himself already as one of the great company engaged in the world's warfare outside the college-gates. How eagerly he listens now to the shouts and the clang of that warfare, viewing it from his sheltered niche! How easy to win seem its victories, its rich spoils, its comfortable places, to the youth untrained in its bitter reverses, its sad irony of reward, its unequal conditions of battle! The world! — what is it but a second college *campus*, where the youth has but to march forth high-hearted, resolute, and, lo! all its honors and prizes, and satisfying applause, are his again!

So the peaceful hum went on in the old quadrangle, throughout the time-honored halls of the university; and all the country roundabout listened to the high resolves

and friendly vows of the youth as they paced its walks and lanes, its distant hills and woods. Could there be any doubt of the future, when this man at your side, and many another like him, on whose friendship you could rely, was joined to you by indissoluble bonds, and had declared, if not by words, yet by eloquent devotion, that he would stand by you, whatever came? And the arm that was linked in yours as you paced the fair college-walks, or the river-bank at sunset to see the crews come in, or sauntered on moonlit evenings by the houses of your friends, and talked in a princely and sentimental way of this or that fair inmate, dreaming happily, let us hope,—could this arm ever fail you? Would it ever be withdrawn entirely, or forget to return the generous pressure of those steadfast days? Ah, happy, happy augury! Confident hope and artless trust of young manhood's time! What of later, more suspicious confidence can equal your undoubting sincerity and buoyant strength?

. . . . . .

And Breese, all this time, while his name was being connected so industriously with Miss Darby's?—thanks to Ruddiman and kindred gossips. How shall I express the change, sudden, and yet not sudden, that had come over the severe student, the aspiring philosopher, the man strongly intrenched against the light attacks of contemporary men and women? How, in the short space that can be allotted to it in this biography, may I indicate the effect of the long acquaintance, the frequent interviews, the many meetings with Miss Darby in the social world of Cambridge, which have been not so much mentioned as hinted at in these pages? Or shall I say at once,—what you have long ago surmised,—that Breese had dropped his shield, and lowered his lance, confessing himself conquered by Love, the all-conqueror?

Yes, Breese the all-powerful, Breese, the crusader

against society, Breese, the man "without a particle of sympathy in his composition," had fallen victim to the same wide-shooting urchin that brings us all down sooner or later. He was burning with the same light fever which shall fasten upon you, my pretty miss, please God, and set your little heart ablaze for a certain dear object, let us hope, to be faithful and steadfast, and finally to find a little answering blaze lighting up the dear object for whom you are consuming yourself: else what a sacrifice and a wasteful conflagration we shall have!

Stern warrior as he was, accustomed to dispute every inch that he gave an invader, he had many a stout tussle with himself, many a flag-of-truce and parley with the freebooter Love. It was of no use. Tell me, you who have fought against it, and cried it down, and would have none of it, is it an easy victory that you have sought? And you who have fled to the uttermost parts of the earth, forswearing its very existence, — a vessel touches on your coast, a queen from out the East steps grandly ashore, you look into her eyes, and down go your vows and yourself at her feet: is it not so?

No, you can no more escape it than ducks can keep out of the water, or the pretty birds help twittering and mating in the spring-time. It is a law of nature; and, for one, I am infinitely amused at the awful profundity of youth, with their "curly, gold locks," who are so fond of declaring their superiority to the tender passion. It is vastly diverting as a spectacle; but, lo! a turn of the kaleidoscope, a little change in bits of color and lace, a droop of the eyelids, and the interesting sceptic discovers new beauty in life, and sighs and ogles, and momently expires, with the weakest and most eager of us.

And if you are a young woman, a very young woman, of course you do not assert your superiority to this tender influence: what young woman ever did? You may be

dying from it; but, oh, how carefully and gracefully you conceal its terrible effects on you! How religiously you cherish every slightest word that the dear object has spoken to you! And that little box, always locked, on your bureau, — how full it is of light souvenirs! — bits of ribbon associated with him, rosebuds and posies of every color under heaven, perhaps a curl or two of his beloved hair. Yes; but you are so modest and sweet, and entirely correct with it all! And you might go on and die, with your pretty secret wrapped about your heart, before you would tell a soul of your consuming trouble. But let us hope that the dear object may spare the world so sad a spectacle, and you so lingering a death, and may dash up on his fiery charger (of course he keeps a noble charger, and rides most beautifully, like a — like a — what would you call it? — like a centaur), and whisk you away, scarcely listening to your remonstrances. For that is as it should be, unless we wish that the faithful female heart should continue to yearn and burn, and at last sigh itself out in tender sobs, — that is as it should be, I say; for certainly we men would not wish it otherwise: nor, whatever views we may have about your "rights" (of which you will hear enough later in life), would we wish you, in these matters, to be other than the modest, secretive, and thoroughly charming creatures that you are, loyal to yourselves, and suffering the shears of the Fates rather than to attempt a bold or forward thing.

But Breese was not a gallant young fellow, prancing about the country on a charger, seeking lively adventure; nor had he overmuch knowledge of young women in real life, their ways of thinking, their unconscious duplicity, their equally unconscious habit of destruction. His acquaintance with "the ladies," as my Lord Tufton was wont to call them, was largely drawn from history and literature, — most dangerous sources of instruction on

this head, — and his experience in Cambridge life had been with singularly straightforward and ingenuous young women, who certainly had not tried their wiles on him, and might have failed most disastrously if they had attempted to throw their pretty lassos over the head of the grave scholar.

Every thing with Breese was subjected to analysis. We have seen him standing in the Fayerweather party, trying to probe the motives of the gay crowd, analyzing the effect and the proper use of natural scenery (if I may use such an expression) in his Mount Desert talk with Miss Darby, dissecting his own feelings so nicely in the matter of the Hasty Pudding election; and so on, in many other cases that I might instance. Every thing was subjected to analysis; every thing was weighed in the delicate scales of his sensibilities. Many a man, indeed, had been known to shun him, for fear that Breese might bring his pitiless lens to bear upon him. It is all very well for a man to be aiming at an absolutely correct life, an absolutely correct estimate of every thing and everybody about him; but a personified conscience continually at your elbow, remarkably clear-eyed, remarkably relentless, is hardly an agreeable companion for any of us, much less so for a body of impetuous youngsters rather fond of having their own heads, and doing their own analysis when the time comes.

The first question, then, naturally, with so sensitive a man, was always, "What is right in the present emergency? What should I do if I were absolute master of myself, and not afraid in the slightest measure of the opinions of men?" That double question he tried to answer fearlessly; and all the world could not alter the action which was sure to follow, swift, decisive.

What, then, was the present emergency? And what was his duty to Miss Darby, as much as to himself,

when he thought of the many-tongued rumors that came to him now and then, every time louder, linking his name so bewilderingly with Miss Darby's?

His duty to Miss Darby, as much as to himself, urged him to see her, to give her an opportunity of saying if this gossip should continue or not, and if he should have the authority to silence the busy tongue of rumor one way or the other. Only a coward, he felt, would sit down quietly, and let the rumors fly. How could he know what their effect might be on Miss Darby? How could he know any thing, except a certain very precious fact, which he hardly dared name to himself until he had seen her on whom every thing depended?

We do not need to follow the tiresome, analytical man further in this juncture, therefore, or insist that this was an emergency greater than any in which he had been called upon to act: that goes without saying. We do not need to accompany him to all the Cambridge gatherings, of one kind and another, where he and Miss Darby were brought together again in the fall after their Mount Desert experience. We do not need to say that it was only after long debate, and many changing answers to the double question above mentioned, that he decided upon seeing Miss Darby, and settling his fate one way or the other. We can imagine the quandary. We can imagine the embarrassed attitude which Miss Darby and he were forced to maintain towards each other. We can imagine how this embarrassment was increased greatly when Mr. Tom happened to be present, as was frequently the case; and how it became more awkward still, as the gossip, growing by what it fed on, buzzed more and more about their ears, and made capital out of every casual meeting and most commonplace *tête-à-tête* of the two.

We only need to know that somewhere in the latter part of the fall, when the mottled leaves were falling i

showers from the college elms, and the fingers of cricketers were numb and tingled as they caught the hard ball in their games, and the crews on the river were taking shorter pulls, and meeting white-caps oftener in the basin below, Breese left his rooms one quiet evening, and walked briskly to Miss Darby's, slackening his pace as he neared the house.

He entered. She thanked him for a beautiful basket of flowers that stood on the centre-table; and an interview took place whose sanctity preserves it from explicit mention in this place: its nature we shall learn when Hammersmith is first allowed to learn it. Then, too, we may be permitted to know why it was, whether from overpowering joy or tumultuous grief, that Breese was seen, a couple of hours later, by the casual policeman, running fiercely down to Harvard Square, his hat on the back of his head,—seen, as well, by another person, soon to be mentioned.

He was leaning out of his window late that night, looking up at the tracery of the elms against the sky, when a number of men passed down Church Street, singing a great chorus on their way home from a society meeting.

"Halloo, Breese!" shouted somebody from the street; and Breese stepped back, drew his red curtains hastily, and stretched himself before his light coal-fire, refuge of the student alike in contemplative pleasure and gloomy grief, inspiration of his sentiment, kindler of much of his literary work.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH A GREAT MANY PEOPLE ARE BOWLED OVER.

"The charming *Robert* has no mind, they say;
I prove *he* has: it changes every day." — LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Quale caput, sed cerebrum non habet." — SUIDAS.

"Will you not, when you have me, throw stocks at my head, and cry, 'Would my eyes had been beaten out of my head with a cricket-ball the day before I saw thee!'" — EDWARD PHILLIPS, *Mysteries of Love and Eloquence.*

THE gallant Ruddiman, whose last active operations we have seen in the memorable glen excursion at Mount Desert, many weeks ago, has been by no means idle since that day bright with gay Flamingoes and rapid Scurrys.

Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine that ardent and interesting young gentleman in any other state than one of the most bustling activity, so feverish and excited did his successive all-absorbing passions render him. Only at night could he be said to enjoy the quiet which such restless natures need. And yet it were hard to call that quiet, which was broken by the youth's troubled dreams of this or that fair face, and this or that pair of distracting eyes (whose color changed with every moon), and which often left him in the early morning sitting, propped up in his pretty bed, smoking gloomily, and ogling a small photograph hung up in a little shrine not far from his couch, — a photograph which also went into eclipse with every moon, and was followed shortly by another, by a different artist perhaps, and of quite different style, which waxed and waned, and disappeared utterly, like the rest.

If I were to give a list, in fact, of the various Mauds and Marians, Belles and Belindas, Lucys and Leonoras, which came and went in that pretty shrine set up in the midst of flashy sporting-pictures, spirited views of French life in colors, favorite actresses, and disconsolate females by the score, it would make a Leporello's roll, most bewildering to behold, only less so than the dazzling sirens themselves, if they could all be marshalled at once, and come to upbraid the false but funny Ruddiman in his den. What an array they would make, to be sure, with their blue, black, hazel, and nondescript eyes! And how the bold Ruddiman even would be forced to tremble before their united beams, to each of which, in turn, he had consecrated himself, and vowed eternal devotion! — or else death!

But, bless you! he was no abandoned rake or hardened villain, like many a man whose elbows he brushed as he jostled his way through life. He was a harmless, funny, egotistic young gentleman of fashion, convinced that every young woman that smiled upon him was already far gone with the Ruddiman fever, and gratifying his tastes and his desire of amusement in as innocent ways as anybody could well wish. If the pile of opera-checks on his mantel, or the rows of the same stuck into the edges of his mirror, with the files of theatre-bills suspended alongside his fireplace, showed that much of his time was spent in the pleasure-halls of the neighboring capital, was it not well? Was it not meant that these two years of his at Cambridge should give room for him to inform his mind on the noble tragedy and the frisky farce, the tender vaudeville and the inspiring opera, only to be enjoyed in the theatres of Boston? And why not preserve, as he and many others like him did, the programmes and the checks, and the books for the opera, as diplomas, as evidence of graduation in this Thespian College?

Let us not be too severe on him, but rather be glad, that, in the halls that sheltered a melancholy, sober-minded Breese, — and so many more that were making life a sombre and a serious thing, — there could be a place for this funny gentleman of the *jödel* (which, by the way, he had taken to shouting fiercely in the quadrangle, of nights, since its success at Mount Desert, to the no small dismay of proctors and tutors); and let us be thankful that his interesting existence was not entirely crushed out, or frowned into dismal silence, by all the learned gentlemen and habits about him. For Ruddiman, when he was silent, and other than his own merry self, was the most dismal and utterly mournful sight in the world, after the manner of his type.

It was often, then, of a morning, after a night passed in dreaming of the particular fair face enshrined for the month, that these sombre fits caught him. Just about when Breese, or Hammersmith, or any sensible fellow, was springing from his bed, and dashing into his bath with a shout, preparing for his day's hearty work, this love-sick young gentleman was yawning on his couch, stretching out his hand for a pipe or a cigar, and continuing to puff away most dejectedly.

It was often, too, when thus propped up among his pillows, enveloped in smoke, and casting piteous glances towards his place of worship (perhaps, in order to be sure, who was the saint enshrined for the time), that his man Waddle, opening the door softly to summon his lord for prayers, and to varnish the little rows of shoes in his closet, spied him smoking there in gloomy grandeur, and trembled; for the number of pillows and shoes, books, canes, bags of tobacco, and other missiles that the unhappy Waddle was made to dodge, when his master was in a morose mood, was something beyond counting. Much matutinal dodging had given the squat Waddle a

commendable agility, however, which he proceeded to put in practice so soon as the door was opened and the dismal smoker was discovered; the labor of evasion being only varied by the reflection as to what the especial style of missile was to be for the morning in question.

So the proctor in his entry continued to remonstrate, as the bang, or the thud, or the rattle of Ruddiman's morning salute, was heard in the great man's room in the corner; and Ruddiman continued to be dejected, and to take it out upon Waddle, who dodged and ducked, and came up smiling, and yet returned morning after morning to repeat the performance; for Ruddiman was best of paymasters, withal, and Waddle was not free from a share of menial pride in serving so wealthy a young buck, — "no end of a swell," as Waddle confided to the gentry of his station in life outside the college-walls. What fragments of book-learning Waddle had appropriated, moreover, were pleasantly, let us hope profitably, employed many a time, when his young lord was away at prayers or elsewhere, in deciphering the elegant little notes, in all shades of ink, with every manner of tremulous flourish, that lay about upon the tables and shelves. Waddle's artistic eye, too, in no wise satisfied with the sight of the inexpugnable "goodies" against whom he stumbled as they went their rounds, was delighted to roam over the chaste gallery of art that ornamented his master's bower, and especially to scrutinize the little faces which appeared successively in the velvet shrine of his devastating lord and paymaster. Many was the knowing leer that he gave to the pretty pasteboards (which would have blushed fearfully, if it had been possible), and many the time that he remarked to himself, "My eye, but she's a stunner! He's a-going it, bless me if he ain't!" with other such complimentary criticisms.

Now, we might suppose that a young gentleman so

tender, so sensitive, so given to fits of gloom and despondency, would be wofully torn and maimed by the havoc that all these eyes, and smiling faces, and deep passions, had wrought in him. But, bless you, no! There is no more pathetic fact in natural history than the ease with which healthy youngsters like Ruddiman survive wounds like his, and, directly they hear the old familiar call of the bird, are up and off for the enchanted woods again. And the sport is by no means confined to youth of Ruddiman's age or experience, indeed: it is apt to be carried on by elderly sportsmen, who have to be dragged to the woods in coaches, and strapped on their horses, and almost to have a bell rung for them when the game comes in sight, like the blind hunter mentioned by Saunders.

The Waddle warfare over, and our noble Ruddiman arrayed for the day, his gloom seems to slip away as easily as — what shall I say? — as easily as the memory of his last flirtation. You shall see him presently issuing forth in all the splendor of youth, patronizing mighty boating-men and cricketers, and now and then an unappreciated scholar whom he cannot avoid, and only toward nightfall, as the pensive twilight comes on, and he reflects how he shall pass the evening, beginning to relapse into moodiness, and give way to changing visions of loveliness.

How one small frame could endure all this carnage, and one small heart unduly tested could carry all its weighty cares, forever changing their object of anxiety, is hard to say. I am convinced that the little man would have been too small for the emergency, that he would have exploded some fine day, and perished miserably from off the earth, with his hand on his heart, had it not been for one fact, which connects him, indeed, with Hammersmith, and is the main reason for his association in this biography.

For it is incomprehensible, with all his crowding affairs of the heart during these two years at Cambridge, that he

would ever have found room for half of them in his small frame, if he had not made use of poor Tom, and poured off into his ears many and many a harrowing history and stifling fact which he could no longer hold. There was Miss Pinckney, enslaver of men, at whose belt Ruddiman had dangled picturesquely for a brief while; Miss Gordon, Letitia Gordon, Letitia, the joy-bringer, whom he had rescued from a ferocious drove of cattle in Harvard Square, and from whom he allowed himself to receive joy for a second brief season, with the approbation of her mamma, who had just brought her pretty daughter to the Cambridge market, and whom nobody knew. Then there was Miss Axlehurst, the daughter of a local wheelwright, about whom he was simply wild, only prevented from a summary elopement by counsellor Hammersmith, who had a poor opinion of runaways of such a character. Next the Flamingo had burst upon him in all her glory; and, if you wish to know the sighs and vows that that gay chirper called out from young Ruddiman, you must go to Mount Desert, and ask the groves and cliffs and favorite haunts of the two. I have no doubt, I may say in passing, that he is largely to blame for the long line of his successors in the deadly pastime on that ecstatic island; the example is so infectious! Then the Flamingo had disappeared on the western horizon, waving a graceful "*au revoir*, my funny little man," to him as she sailed away; and Waddle had gazed fascinated at several other round little faces in the cherished shrine, before the present occupant of the velvet frame had appeared, — Miss Dora Malachite, second sister of our old friend Samuel.

"This time there's no use talking, Tom!" Ruddiman had exclaimed, when his passion was a few hours old. "I'm gone up completely. Can't sleep, can't eat, can't think of any thing else!"

"Who is it this month!" asked Hammersmith blandly.

"What! Who—O gammon, Tom! You're making fun of me. Don't!" urged the young fellow. "I tell you it's no laughing matter. You think I'm joking too, perhaps. But I tell you, Tom, a thing like this doesn't strike a man but once in his life, and"—

"You're sure of that? You ought to know," said Tom.

"Don't, I tell you!" pleaded Ruddiman. "Tom, you are getting to have a most confounded sarcastic and cynical mood of late; and I—I don't like it. You think I'm a little beggar that doesn't know his own mind, I suppose, just because I have chosen to have a good time when I could, and amuse myself. But I swear to you that every girl I ever met before in my life might be sunk in the middle of the sea, and I wouldn't mind!"

"You're very ferocious," said Tom. "Every girl you ever *met!* That's very comprehensive."

"Well, I mean my—my—those—oh, you know what I mean, Tom! You can go on laughing, and making sport of me; but some day you'll hear that I've perished, Tom,—perished miserably. You'll come round to my rooms, perhaps, and find a few charred remains of a once happy existence, and you'll wonder who it is; and at last you'll say, 'Ah, it's Ruddiman, poor Ruddiman! I didn't suppose he had taken it so to heart.' For I tell you, I'm wild, simply wild, my dear Tom; and I think I shall certainly die, if I don't—well, if she doesn't smile on me."

"That's what you said about the Axlehurst," interposed Hammersmith quietly, as he was busy at the fireplace, brewing a favorite decoction.

"Oh, hang it!" said Ruddiman. "Let bygones be bygones, eh, Tom? Shall I keep reminding you of the Boggle affair, my dear fellow, that everybody has heard so much of?"

"Yes," said Hammersmith, facing about, "when I come to you, and take on about a new girl every month, you rascal!"

"Well, Tom, I'm a bore, I know it. You must excuse me, though. I should burst if I didn't tell somebody my troubles. And who can I go to but you? Freemantle is too high and mighty for anybody nowadays; Goldie never looks at a woman, though they do say he was uncommon sweet on Miss Pinckney for a day or two; and Breese, — ugh! he'd give me a Greek play to read, I suppose, or one of his everlasting books of philosophy that you speak of."

"Ugh! You needn't be afraid of that!" said Hammersmith. "I don't think he would!"

"Why, what do you mean by that? I never can more than half understand you of late, Tom. Oh! by the way, did you know Breese was engaged?"

"Now, see here," said Tom, walking up to him with a pair of lemon-squeezers in his hand, "talk about yourself as much as you please. If it saves you from explosion, why, come here and fire away, whether I'm here or not: you're quite welcome to my rooms. But don't let me hear another word of a man like Breese, or anybody else. He is quite able to look after himself. And I'm afraid, Ruddiman, you're a most confounded gossip and gadabout."

"Everybody knows it," put in Ruddiman. "Everybody's talking about it. I thought you might like to hear it, that's all. I was down at the florist's yesterday, and saw a most tremendous basket of flowers, nothing but roses and heliotrope. 'Going to Miss Darby,' the boy said when I asked him; and there was Breese's card stuck in the top of it: 'For Miss Darby, compliments John Breese.'"

"Well," said Hammersmith, "what of that? Can't a man send a young lady a basket of flowers without being engaged to her? Haven't you ever done it yourself?"

"Yes; but that's different. Breese" —

"Yes, I know it's different, devilish different!" answered Hammersmith harshly. "Ruddiman, I advise you to let other men alone a little more, or you'll get yourself into trouble. What right have you to go about prying into Breese's affairs, asking whose basket of flowers that was, and so on?"

"I don't go prying about," said Ruddiman. "I couldn't help seeing the flowers. I had a perfect right to ask whose they were: if the fellow didn't want to tell me, it was his business, not mine. I didn't go prying about last evening, either, when Breese passed me on a dead-run on Brattle Street, with his hat on the back of his head, and jumping posts as he ran. A man doesn't run tearing through the streets at night, jumping horse-posts, for nothing, I tell you!"

"Jumping posts! Breese! Did you see him jumping posts?"

"Well, I saw him jump one, — a low one!" returned Ruddiman.

"Yes, one: perhaps he didn't jump that! And that's the way your stories grow," said Tom. "I've no doubt that story will be coming back to me from New York soon; and the next edition of 'College Words and Customs' will mention as a peculiar and edifying fact the habit that engaged men at Harvard have of running out, and jumping posts and fences in the dark by way of celebrating their engagements. Did you ever jump a post, Rud?"

"I don't — I don't think I ever did."

"No, I thought not! *Ergo* you are not engaged: *ergo* you never will be."

"Come, Tom; don't make such a row about it! I meant no offence; and I assure you it looked deused queer to see Breese pegging ahead in that way, after ten — yes, nearly eleven o'clock, coming from the Darbys' direction.

Wouldn't have thought any thing of it, if I hadn't seen his basket of tea-roses and heliotrope, and if it wasn't the common report."

"Starting from we know whom," said Hammersmith. "Well, never mind; drink that, and forget you said any thing at all." And Ruddiman accepted the grateful punch, and probably had a fervent secret toast of his own as he drained it; for he suddenly relapsed into the most pronounced Ruddiman gloom, and hugged the arm of the sofa in the most dejected way imaginable.

Tom, meanwhile, had taken down a pipe, and was filling the room with fragrant fumes of Latakia, as he sat before the fire, thinking of what Ruddiman had told him; for, behind the fellow's extravagance and gossip, there was unmistakably a truthful fact or two that did not tend to his tranquillity of mind.

When, therefore, after much hugging of the sofa-arm, and many piteous looks for sympathy from the impassive Tom, Ruddiman broke out again about his own troubled affairs, "Tom, old fellow, I tell you I'm in a bad way, I don't know what to do," Hammersmith, recalled with a jar to the trivial world of Ruddiman, blurted out, —

"Oh, hang it! Go home, and go to bed."

But Ruddiman put on so dolorous a face, and looked so unutterably miserable, as he lay coiled up on the sofa, that Hammersmith, bursting into a loud laugh, and coming over to him, felt of his pulse, and went through many other mockeries of medical anxiety, all which the young swain received with the gravest possible air, convinced that he was really in a bad way, — in a bad way with the same pleasant tortures that had shaken him many times before, and shake us all once or twice in our lives, but which we manage to survive with remarkable success, as is well, and as Heaven has wisely ordained.

The unhappy patient, cheered by this apparently genu-

ine sympathy, imparted many interesting facts concerning his attack, and amused Hammersmith not a little. All his talk was of Miss Malachite's incomprehensible behavior. He told how he had taken her out to dinner at the Minturns' a few days since, and she had deliberately set herself to entertaining Freemantle, who was on her other side, so that he, Ruddiman, could hardly have a word with her through the whole dinner; what misery he had endured at the Glee Club concert, three evenings ago, when she had come out with a party from town, with Witherspoon, McGregor, and a lot of graduates, in attendance, and he had only been able to stand staring at her from a side-aisle as she talked with the men of her party, out of his reach; how he had rushed wildly to the door to have at least a bow from her as she went out, but she had passed him on the arm of Witherspoon, without even noticing him; and, later, he had seen that famous boating-man handing her into her carriage, looking entirely bewitching in her little pink hood, "and I standing in a crowd of fellows, ready to choke with disgust," he had added. "I could have touched her as she passed, Tom. But I don't wonder she didn't look at me: I'm a poor devil, who hasn't a thing to recommend him but his money, more's the pity! And I'm going to die, and put an end to it all. If I was only clever, or a boating-man like you, or could do any thing but smoke and dance, and play billiards, I might have a better show. How does a man get to be clever, Tom? It must be jolly to be clever, and be able to say things."

"I don't know, Rud, I'm sure; never had any experience: but I can tell you one thing, it isn't by dropping into the dumps, and swearing you're going to die whether or no. All the women in the world aren't worth that; at least, no such girl as you and I are thinking of, that can play a fellow on a hook and line just to see him

squirm. Let me give you another piece of advice," he said, as Ruddiman at last was leaving. "I don't ask any thing for it, you know: you can take it or not, as you please. But why don't you go into cricket, or a double-scull, or walking, or any thing except this infernal hanging about parties, and dawdling after girls? It would set you up wonderfully, my dear fellow; and you would learn to snap your fingers at the whole female sex."

Ruddiman showed a feeble glow as Hammersmith went on in his enthusiasm; but the idea of ever being able to snap his fingers so comprehensively was too much for him, and he shook his head dolefully. He felt cheered by Hammersmith's talk, however; and although protesting that he was good for nothing, "only a deused little fool of a gold-bug," as he expressed it, he promised to think of it, and try to do something to ward off his frequent blues.

"Old Waddle will be as glad as anybody, if I succeed," he said rather ruefully, as he was opening the door to go.

"I should think so," answered Tom, "if the old bird is bombarded so frightfully every morning as you say. I say, come down to the Bostons' ground to-morrow, and see our match with the Eleven. You might as well pick up a little knowledge of the game. You would make a tiptop fellow for point or slip, if you could learn not to shut your eyes when a hot ball comes. I'll lend you 'The Cricket Field,' if you wish: best book on the game that's out. Say you'll come."

"I'll try. We have a few games of the billiard tournament that we were intending to play out to-morrow afternoon; but I think they can be postponed. Good-night, old fellow. Will you excuse my boring you, and taking on so?"

"Don't speak of it," answered Tom. "Good-night." And Ruddiman marched off, feeling already as if he were

a famous cricketer, who had carried his bat out in numbers of closely-contested matches. Tom sat a while with his waning fire; and at last, as he arose, and drew the curtains, said to himself, "Well, old Hammersmith, this will never do. You must find out about this matter pretty soon, and take a decisive step one way or the other. Which way will it be, I wonder?"

. . . . . .

The close-clipped turf of the Boston Cricket Club's grounds in East Cambridge, kept rolled between wickets as smooth as a parlor-floor; the simple club-house of the day, surmounted by the club-flags, and swarming with cricketers, tough, brown-checked fellows, forever trying on pads and gloves and wonderful cricket-shoes, and handling their favorite bats with a fondness which only a cricketer can appreciate; the groups of partisans ranged about the field; the quiet and methodical progress of the game, broken only by the cries of the umpire, "Play," or "Over," or "Stumped," or "Not out," as the case may be; and the applause of the spectators as a hit is made, and the ball goes flying over the field, while rapid movement takes the place of watchful repose on the part of the players, — how can justice be done in these already too numerous pages to the beauty of such a scene, such a well-ordered cricket-ground on the day of a great match?

Old cricketers of the "Aristonicans," the "Harvards," the "Nonantums," who may now be standing up to quite different bowling, and making quite different hits from those of your spryer days, grant an ex-member this indulgence, and pardon him if he lingers a while over the attractive features of the game which we played together in the days before the flood, when base-ball was rounders, still in its round jackets, and the senior's dignity, even, did not prevent his joining in the most graceful of field-games. And you who never fingered a springy

cricket-bat, or stood up before the bowling of the Newhalls? — well, I'm sorry for you; and I hope you have some other happy sport of your youth to play over again in fancy, recalling the hearty zest of those earlier times, when you were slighter in build than now, but with, oh, such an inordinate capacity for enjoyment!

It was after a very close game on these grounds of the Bostons, in which the Harvards were beaten by a half-dozen runs, and Mr. Tom had nearly succeeded in "carrying out his bat;" after the ride home in the coach, when they sang their way up to the Square, causing many a curtain to be drawn, and many a face to appear at the windows, as the familiar college-choruses were heard; and after a rather uproarious supper at Kent's, bespoken by Freemantle and Ruddiman, who had ridden ahead on finding that the Eleven were to be too late for their own dinners, — it was after all this merry afternoon and evening of sport and conviviality, that Hammersmith, flushed with his success and the "warm rain of punch" at Kent's, came, still in his cricket-uniform and in a mood to defy anybody and everybody, to look in upon Breese. To look in upon Breese, and see if any thing could be made out of that severe and scholarly old party: this was about the way that the thought ran in the mind of Mr. Tom at this rather nebulous stage of the evening. It might have been much better for all concerned, had he waited until some clearer moment, when he might have shaped both his thoughts and his speech in somewhat more distinct form.

"Halloo, old boy!" he shouted, bursting in upon Breese, and slapping him familiarly on the back.

"How are you, Hammersmith?" answered Breese, gathering hastily some small manuscript on which he was busy.

"Come to get your congratulations! I'm cock of the walk to-day, old boy: give us your hand!"

"So I hear," answered Breese. "I'm sure I'm very glad. I should have gone down myself to see your famous batting, but I had a cub to attend to. So you made the score of the day, eh?"

"Oh, yes, by Jove!" said Tom, as his eyes flashed; "batted 'em all over the field. Nobody could bowl me down till they put on an infernal old corkscrew bowler; and he took me first pop. Talking of pop, have you got any thing on tap, Breese?"

"I believe my ale is not out," said Breese; and he fetched a couple of glasses and a plate of biscuit; and the two fell to talking of the day's sport and the play of the different members of the Eleven.

Tom relapsed into rather gloomy quiet after a bit, gazing into the fire, and chewing at a cigar that had gone out. But when Breese proposed the health of the Eleven, and filled up Tom's glass, it seemed to give him an idea; and he shouted out, —

"Oh, hang the Eleven! I know a toast that's worth two of that, old cove. Here's to Her!" he said, with a wink at Breese which made him start, and change color like a girl.

"I don't know what you mean! What do you mean, sir?" he asked abruptly, putting down his glass.

"Oh, come now! we understand each other. Here's to Her with a big H! Here's to you! Here's" —

"Hammersmith, stop where you are! I suppose we do understand each other, as you say; and I suppose there are other people that understand each other. But I don't think that this is the way to refer to young ladies of our acquaintance, even if they were most casual acquaintances; and I don't think you are in the condition to talk of this matter as calmly as it deserves. It is particularly disagreeable to me at this time, and I forbid your saying another syllable about it!"

"Who says I'm not in a condition to speak calmly of this matter? what matter? Who mentioned any names?" shouted Hammersmith, sober in an instant. "What authority have you to forbid my talking of what I please?"

"No matter what authority," said Breese calmly, rising, and folding his arms. "I forbid you: that's all."

"What if I prefer not to mind your command!" exclaimed Hammersmith, flinging his cigar into the fire, rising, and facing Breese under the gaslight, his eyes snapping with excitement, and the two making a startling picture of impetuous rage and calm indignation. Heavens, what a tussle it would be, if these two friends — the great boating-man, with his nerves tingling like electric cords under the effects of his fury; and the athletic scholar, every muscle hardened like a whip-cord by three years, yes, a young lifetime, of hardy exercise — were to lay hands on each other, here in the dead of night, in Breese's isolated room! But one at least is too cool and sensible for that. Submitting to Hammersmith's glaring gaze for a moment, Breese turned on his heel, threw the entry-door wide open, and, stepping back, answered with cutting politeness, —

"In that case I can only assert the authority that every man has over his own rooms; and I know that you are too much of a gentleman to deny that."

Hammersmith's face darkened: he looked as if he would spring on him, as he would have done if Breese had said another word. Breese was probably conscious of this certainty, as he said not another word, but stood leaning against the table, his hands at his coat-collar, looking placidly at his book-shelves. Hammersmith took out a fresh cigar, lighted it slowly with a taper at the fireplace, puffed once or twice, took up his hat, and, without a word, went out at the door, and so home. Breese stood a moment, listening to him as he whistled an operatic air on his way down the entry, and then closed the door.

You may be sure that there was some very elaborate analysis in that room before Breese closed his eyes in sleep, and a very rapid verdict pronounced in the room of Hammersmith, as Mr. Tom made up his mind, in a hazy sort of way, that it was all true, — Ruddiman had only announced correctly, and Breese was not presumptuous in claiming authority to speak for Miss Darby, and forbid her name to be lightly referred to.

Both young men were, of course, quite settled in their own minds that they were right, each for himself, in the evening's actions, and had only behaved as they should have behaved under the circumstances. But one of them sat up long, analyzing his own thoughts, and endeavoring to imagine some way by which the bad effect of their mutual words might be remedied. The other fell off quickly into deep sleep, trying to believe that there was not a woman in the world worth thinking about, and yet proving how difficult it was, by hating and envying Breese most emphatically at the same time.

CHAPTER XXV.

A WORLDLING'S ADVICE, WITH A SPEECH FROM MR. TOM.

"It is an olde proverbe, that, if one dwell the next doore to a creple, he will learn to hault: if one bee conversant with an hipocrit, he wil soone endevour to dissemble."—JOHN LYLY, *Euphues*.

THIS, then, was the result of Breese's plunging into the social life against which he had set himself so steadfastly at the beginning of his college-course. This was the result of that light compact between Tom and Miss Darby before that fatal night at the Fayerweathers', — a compact entered upon in a spirit of fun and curiosity and friendliness combined. This was the outcome of all Hammersmith's friendship with Breese, which had been much more close than these pages have been able to indicate, and of Hammersmith's long intimacy with Miss Darby.

As the gossipy stories which had driven Breese on to propose to Miss Darby, giving her an opportunity to accept or reject him, had been the first thing to reveal to Breese the depth and strength of the feeling that he had for her; so this midnight quarrel, and the rather imperious way in which Breese had carried himself, and presumed to speak for Miss Darby, first opened Tom's eyes to facts which had been but dimly seen before. Mr. Tom now appreciated, though with different intensity from Breese perhaps, that this girl, with whom he had danced and sung and ridden, skated and walked and talked, with never a thought of what was to come of it all, had made

for herself such a place in his heart, that he felt singularly alone and cheerless when he awoke to the sudden consciousness that she had been taken away.

Why, then, did he not go boldly in, and attempt to wrest her from the conqueror Breese? Why did he remain contented with the somewhat slight evidence that he had of their engagement, and not rather plunge in, and ascertain the truth for himself, like a true Hammersmith? Like a true Hammersmith, do you say? Out upon it! You are ill acquainted with the Hammersmith character, if you hold this an emergency calling for recklessness and impetuosity, headstrong daring, and all the other sturdy qualities of the tribe. What, try to wrest from a man a prize fairly obtained! Try to persuade a young woman to break her word, change her mind, and transfer her affections to a Hammersmith! It is ridiculous! A fair field and no favor, a race just begun, an up-hill game, any equal or vastly unequal conditions of rivalry, and our young Hammersmith would be found fighting and contending with a spirit worthy of his name; and let the best man win, as he would say. But the race already run, the game already played, and the prize taken away from before his very eyes, before he fully realized that there was a rivalry or a contest, even before he had made up his mind that he was to enter the lists at all, — why, that was a very different matter. If stubborn tooth-and-nail perseverance and emulation are marks of the old Hammersmith stock, none the less so are a cheerful acquiescence and a calm looking in the eyes of Fate, when once the struggle is over, and the day has gone against them. I am sure that Hammersmith (Mr. Tom) was in no whit behind his most punctilious ancestors in matters of courage and honor alike. And I am happy to think that he had too much regard for himself, if for nobody else, to descend to intrigue, or underhanded means, to deprive

Breese of the fruits of his victory when once they were his.

It was very odd for Hammersmith to reflect, as he did not a few times after his quarrel with Breese, that he had been preparing a text for himself when he coined that advice for Ruddiman about snapping his fingers at the whole race of young women. It was very odd for many who chose to watch his course, to see the gradual change from the enthusiastic, impetuous Hammersmith of several months ago, to the young man of increasing cynicism and indifferentism, who was taking his place.

It might not be uninteresting, if space sufficed, and if the scrutiny were an agreeable one, to follow the young fellow on this new path of his. It might not be uninteresting to follow him as he was trying to accustom himself to the idea that he, Hammersmith, with such an opinion of himself as the Hammersmiths were apt to have of themselves, had been supplanted by Breese; a man, — well, we will not divulge Hammersmith's private opinion of him in this time of their troubled relations; a man, at any rate, whom he had not looked upon, until now, as likely by any possibility to deserve well in the eyes of young women, much less to capture the most conspicuous of them all, in Mr. Tom's mind, from out the midst of the Cambridge world.

We might follow Hammersmith as well in the lordly disdain which he suddenly acquired for the quiet little Cambridge world in question, that had been so kind to him since he had chosen to enter its parlors. We might show how the spirit of worldliness and a comfortable cynicism got possession of him, about this time, in the person of his uncle the "Duke," under whose tutelage he began more and more to frequent the grand houses and larger area of the metropolis Boston; how he was trained by that master's hand in many of the maturer mysteries

of life; what crushing mobs of parties he frequented; what delightful little theatre-parties, with an after-supper and a dance perhaps; what solemn heavy dinners; what dazzling Germans at Papanti's, or assemblies at Horticultural Hall, where his uncle was a patronizing figure-head of the most elaborate type; what a round of calls and charming evening visits he made now and then, with his beloved Mentor; and how, gradually, he came to regard the lesser university town and its smaller routs, its less cosmopolitan belles, in a complacent, *de haut en bas* manner most interesting to behold in a youngster of his remarkable experience. His mirror was quite surrounded now with cards of invitation, and summonses to this or that grand entertainment, where the pleasure of his company was requested. His uncle's *coupé*, a most delightful little equipage, wherein the old gentleman was wont to take his ease while rattling from one gay meeting to another, often whirled out to Cambridge late at night, with our young swell in a semi-doze on its comfortable cushions, smiling benignly over the thought of this or that ravishing beauty whom the evening's festivities had consigned to his attentions, and picking up his hat and gloves with a start, as he found himself in Harvard Square, before his rooms, the driver opening the door, and calling to his horses.

It was so different an experience, so vastly pleasanter a mode of life, from any he had tried before! What a start it gave him, though, one evening, — almost the first time that his uncle had sent him bowling out thus in his *coupé*, — as he suddenly remembered that it was only two years ago (yet how crowded they were with life!) that he had been rolling over the same roads in my Lord Tufton's drag, that ingenious diplomate at his side, bound for those earlier diversions in town, of which we have had a glimpse! Bah! what a young fool he had been! and what a

deal of the world he flattered himself he had seen since then! From the very reflection, therefore, that caused him this twinge of memory, he drew consolation for himself, and fresh food for the sneering habit that was taking possession of him about this time. "By Jove!" he would have been likely to say, in a rather languid way for a Hammersmith, "I should like to see him try his wiles on me now, the scoundrel! I've learned a thing or two since those greenhorn days; and I flatter myself that I could give him points in a few things where he thought himself most uncommonly clever. Bah! what a silly episode that was, though! it makes me sick of life to think of it!"

An impressive cynicism in a healthy youngster who has been but a year or two from the maternal roof is always a charming sight. Your faded gentlemen in club-windows, sucking the ends of their canes, and ogling the too anxious, bustling world without; your veterans from many a well-fought social field, coddling themselves in domestic hospitals; those who have made a miss of it in life; the hopelessly repressed; the suddenly blighted; lights that have forgotten to shine; wits and beauties that have lost their homage, — one may pardon the spirit in them that would say, "Go to! I've tried you all, and you are nothing but a delusion and a snare, all you bright allurements of life! I'll none of you!" But a youth of one and twenty, hearty, healthy, attractive, intelligent (as our Hammersmith assuredly was), — such a spirit in him would have been a pitiable spectacle, if we were not convinced that it would be short lived. It would be too miserable a theme to dwell upon, if we did not believe that sooner or later he would rouse himself, and confess that this was the very silliest period of his life, and this cynic's mask the most unbecoming that a Hammersmith youth can put on.

Why, however, such a listless, indifferent manner as Hammersmith took pains to assume for some weeks after his Breese quarrel, should find favor with the young of both sexes, is hard, very hard to say. I am not preaching sermons, but attempting a biography, as I have several times declared; but I set down here the plain fact, which anybody can have noticed, that your young fellow who saunters through life as Mr. Tom was now doing, walking into your party as if he were a bit doubtful whether it was all worth while, taking every thing as a matter of course, and repressing as far as possible the enthusiasm of which everybody can see that he is capable, — that such a young fellow meets with an unbounded popularity and reputation for wisdom, which make a livelier, a less *blasé* man open his eyes in wonder. Certain it is, at any rate, that this new phase of Hammersmith's character provoked much comment, and brought him no small share of fame, linked, as it was, with his known ability, and his equally known excursions into the gay world of Boston with his uncle. His reputation as a man of the world, a dangerous man, a perfect enslaver of women, if he chose to exert himself, became prodigious among undergraduates; and the records of his prowess were even more ample, more visionary, and more flattering, than those earlier legends during the Tufton *régime*.

You may be pretty sure, too, that the matter was quite fully discussed in the outer Cambridge world, and that exclusively feminine gatherings seized upon it as a delicious bit of contemporary history. And those little sewing-bees and reading-clubs, four-hand musical *séances*, and water-color mornings, were made lively and interesting beyond technical limits by the *pros* and *cons* of the great question, whether Hammersmith was more delightful and thoroughly charming now or then; now as a rather listless saunterer; then as the enthusiastic Ham-

mersmith of his junior year, — this, of course, along with other great questions of the day, which kept abreast of the literary, or musical, or artistic frenzy of the moment.

"Tom, my boy," said his uncle one evening, as they were sitting in the "Duke's" grand apartments in town, "this is all very well, — this feasting and dancing, and so on. I had my own idea in drawing you into it; and I'm happy to see that you enjoy it, and are yourself a success, — yes, yes, you are! Don't deny it. I'm happy to think you're making such good friends, I say. Gad, sir, why shouldn't a man have a plenty of stanch friends, with good balances at their bankers, on whom he may call in the time of need?"

"But I never should," urged Tom the innocent.

"No, no, of course not. Let us hope not, at any rate. But it's a deused comfortable thing to think of, to have such a list of nabobs at your command as Minturn and Tappington, Lambrekin and Bludsoe, — though Bludsoe, bah! I hear he's going under, poor fellow! Too much splurge, too many horses, silly wife driving him crazy, girls that must have Worth trumpery, — the same old story, my boy. And I've been thinking, — I've been thinking a great deal about you, my young man, and I've made up my mind you ought to settle down as soon as you leave college. You ought to settle, sir, and get to work at once, and — well, I might as well put it as it has occurred to me, Tom; I'm a blunt old fellow, you know — you ought to be looking about — for a — you ought to be thinking of getting married."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Tom. "Excuse me; but I beg to differ from you. I shall never marry."

"What, my boy! Never marry! Come, come! A youngster has a notion of that sort once or twice in his life, I know quite well; but it passes away when spring comes round, as a rule, unless — you don't mean to say

— you know the French judge, whenever a criminal was brought before him, invariably asked, 'Who is she?' — you haven't been hit, Tom? Boggle affair left its mark?"

"Not at all, not at all," said Tom. "That was too silly to affect anybody, too unutterably silly! But I never shall, uncle, I never shall. I don't think it pays."

"Well, I'm glad you've no more serious objection. I was afraid some of your Cambridge sirens had been singing to you from the off shore;" and the uncle eyed Tom narrowly.

"Oh, bless you, no!" returned Tom, putting his chin in air.

"Gad, sir, but I shouldn't have blamed you! Most uncommon nice girls you have out there, most uncommon clever as well. There was a time — Miss Darby, you know. Well, I didn't know but that you and she had an understanding of some sort."

"Miss Darby! Jove, no!" answered Tom. "Didn't you know she was engaged to Breese?"

"Breese! Miss Darby! Good gad, no! *Vraiment?* Perhaps he's cut you out, you young rascal! No? Well, a good thing, a good thing for Breese. Uncommon clever fellow, make his mark some day, and deused sweet, charming girl, but Darby exchequer a trifle low, eh? — a trifle low. Gad, sir! why shouldn't a fellow capture a young woman that can bring him a good pot of money, eh? Gad! it's no more trouble to fall in love with a rich girl than a poor one."

"But, good gracious, uncle! you seem to consider that a man can regulate the matter for himself, — fall in love, as you say, at command. So much money, so much love. That's not my idea of the matter, I assure you, uncle. If I ever do marry, — which I greatly doubt, — it will be from no such consideration as that you suggest, you can depend upon it!"

"Oh! well, love and a cottage is all very sweet to think about; cosey little time, snug little rooms, — deused snug! — and all that. But I tell you that it's no more trouble to run a fine establishment than a little box of a hut in the suburbs, if you've only the sinews of war; and it's a deused sight more comfortable! Gad, man, why shouldn't you have the sinews of war?" And the old gentleman, in evening-dress, smoothed a pair of white gloves upon the centre-table, and threw himself back in an arm-chair. "Why shouldn't you have a fine establishment some day, and keep up the old Hammersmith name? We've been a wandering set for the last generation or so; and, gad! I'd like to see the old family taking its place again, and making its mark in the world. You'll have a pretty little fortune of your own in a few months, — no thanks to you! — and with care and economy, and such an arrangement as I propose, there's no limit to the ambition that you might set for yourself: you could do any thing you chose, my boy."

"What arrangement do you speak of?" asked Tom carelessly, yet not averse, in his present frame of mind, to see what plan his fond uncle might have been devising in his worldly old brain.

"What do you say to Miss — you must have found — charming girl, such sweet manners! — what do you say to Miss Malachite?" asked the uncle.

"Charming enough, but a most confounded little flirt! that's all," answered Tom.

"Ah, but that will wear off, that will wear off," said the uncle, "like the radicalism of your friend Breese, or the various *penchants* of certain very estimable young gentlemen that I might mention," he added, with a knowing look at Tom. "Gad, but you young fellows are not fond of being put in strait-jackets, I believe! You must have your fling out before you settle down. Would

you deny a clever, lively young woman the right to the homage and the devotion, yes, dammy, and the destruction (it's no more than fair), that follow in her train? It always takes two to make a foolish bargain, you must have observed." And the uncle many times reverted to this rather mercenary subject of his, impressing his views with all manner of worldly arguments, that were quite novel to Mr. Tom.

On one occasion, indeed, Mr. Gayton broke out, in a wild, sad sort of way, with an account of his own cheerless condition in his old age. "A worthless old beggar, Tom, a worthless old beggar!" he said, "whom nobody cares about, nobody loves; shunted about from one corner of the world to another; feasted and toasted now and then by some reminiscent friend, to be sure, who is happy with his wife and his youngsters, but no account, no account, Tom! Gad, how lonely I am, — how lonely! Take warning from me, — a miserable old fellow who might have had quite a different life, if I'd had somebody to talk to me at your age." And instinctively his hand travelled to his forehead, in the neighborhood of the scar, which was growing fainter with age; and Tom felt again like asking him for its history. But his uncle looked such a picture of dejection, as he lay sunk back in his chair, gazing into the fire, that Tom dared not allude to what he felt must be a tender subject, and, instead, did what he could, in a young man's way, to comfort and cheer the old worldling.

Many such conversations made no appreciable impression on Mr. Tom, except, perhaps, to draw his mind more away from Cambridge, and to plant a few worldly weeds within it. Mr. Gayton, though he was a bit chagrined that his nephew did not readily fall into his plans and mode of thinking, was not displeased, withal, to find that he was an orthodox Hammersmith youngster, bound to

have his own way, and fight his battles unaided, even if they left him covered with scars such as marked his own aged forehead.

Such blunt references as the uncle's, however, could not fail to pique Tom's curiosity keenly as to the attractions of the Miss Malachite alluded to, as well as to make him weigh more carefully than he had ever weighed before the comparative and distinctive pleasure that the society of a girl like Miss Malachite, and a girl like Miss Darby, gave him. We are not concerned in watching the balances in this rather Bœesian operation. We may know, however, that one result of the inquiry was a most turbulent state of mind in our fluctuating Ruddiman, — somewhere near the middle of the winter, — when he beheld Mr. Tom devoting himself with unusual perseverance to Miss Malachite on the evening of a great dinner at the Lambrekins'; taking her in to dinner (not that he was to blame for that), sitting in absorbed *tête-à-tête* with her afterwards, while the music was going on, and, as Ruddiman very much feared, making fun at somebody's expense. At whose expense he did not trust himself to think; but he was painfully aware that several mischievous glances were directed to his quarter as he sat dumb with a Miss Mayflower in a corner; and he was quite sure that he had heard his own name mentioned just before a light burst of laughter from Mr. Tom and Miss Malachite.

Ruddiman had strong thoughts of calling Hammersmith to account for it, in fact, and did actually summon courage, several days afterwards, to suggest to him, with considerable emphasis of sarcasm, that he thought, for a man that professed to ignore the whole female sex, Hammersmith was making himself "most deused devoted" to a certain young lady whom he need not mention. Tom had laughed it off, and pooh-poohed the idea of Miss Malachite's taking his devotion for any thing serious. But

Ruddiman didn't know: Tom was a most dangerous fellow to have about one's young lady friends. And this aspect of the Ruddiman-Hammersmith-Malachite question was not slow in finding its way to Cambridge and its numerous gatherings, you may rest assured. The particular medium by which this gossip reached Cambridge, no one can doubt; only, as Hammersmith was now a party to the case, it chanced that poor Goldie, "working like a horse," as he expressed it, for a commencement part, was selected for the repository of the overflowing Ruddiman's secrets and griefs. This was a relief, an infinite relief, to Hammersmith, and yet eventually a cause of trouble; for Goldie, best of fellows to be sure, was yet extremely friendly and gossipy with his cousin Miss Darby; and Ruddiman's desperation was too unprecedented and laughable for Goldie to keep altogether to himself.

Many weeks had passed since the quarrel of Breese and Hammersmith; during which the two had not spoken, and had but rarely met, — in class lectures occasionally, and at the Cambridge parties at which Mr. Tom condescended now and then to look in. There was nothing in the attitude of Miss Darby and Breese, so far as Tom could discover, to confute the report of their engagement that had gained currency. If Breese did not have as monopolizing and devoted a manner as several weeks ago, what of that? Once a man is engaged, who expects him to be fluttering and hovering as eagerly as though he were not sure of his prize? If Breese's class-work was not quite so accurate as before, and his articles in "The Harvard Magazine," of which he was an editor, were not quite so numerous, why, how could you expect it of a man in love? Ruddiman could have explained it to your satisfaction, — Ruddiman, whose literary work was of quite another character, as we shall see.

Several weeks had passed. Goldie was working like a

Trojan, as has been said. Hammersmith, in spite of the languishing air, quite new to him, was doing better work than ever since his freshman year. Breese and Albemarle and the rest, who were certain of their commencement parts, were working well, to be sure, but by no means so hard as a body of men, not mentioned in these pages, who were fired by the new order allowing commencement parts to be obtained on senior work alone. These men were working with all the vim which comes of long rest and athletic lives; and their example was so infectious, that there was hardly a man in the class who did not feel its force, and rouse himself to make his senior work more creditable than any that had gone before.

Ruddiman continued to hurl, and Waddle to dodge, as of yore. But the squat menial now and then stole a march on his lord, and crept quietly in and out with a pair of shoes, without so much as being observed, while the little man sat gloomily in his bed, a pipe in his mouth, but now often with paper and pencil in his lap — doing what? If you are remarkably curious to know, and will look into the numbers of "The Harvard Magazine" that were current at the time, you will see various slender poems, mostly of an erotic or a settled melancholy style, with the simple signature "R." They are not pretentious: they are merely spontaneous gushings, unavoidable overflows, from the great Ruddiman heart, — "The False Fair One," "*Ad Ministram*," "The Heart that is always True" (this of his own organ), "To a Flirt," and many others, which appeared month after month in the proper place, alongside of trenchant leaders by Breese, heavy disquisitions by Albemarle, and lively epics by Trimble, who had the lightest touch in verse of any man in college. Heaven only knows how many more went to swell the pile of rejected manuscript in the *sanctum* of the editors, and were handed about and laughed over by those severe officials in

their moments of levity. How gloomy, how misanthropic, how wildly desperate, they were!—copied and paraphrased so carefully from the whole range of literature, ancient and modern. "Every clever man, such as Leibnitz or Kant for instance, must have written verses in his youth," says Jean Paul; and if every clever man, then, of course, every Ruddiman! What tender versicles they were, when they chose to be tender! But, as Hood says, writing on a certain baby, "I cannot write any more on him, he is so soft, and I have only steel pens."

It was while Hammersmith was in the frame of mind imperfectly outlined above, that the all-important class-elections came on, and the various societies, secret and open, marshalled their forces, and prepared to make a sharp fight over the distribution of the spoils of war. There had been button-holing and canvassing, secret meetings and forming of "slates," and all the preliminary pulling of wires, of which Americans are fond, for many weeks now. Men had been begged to consent to run for this office, societies to allow this name to go on a ticket. The records of candidates were scrutinized as carefully as if the elections were to decide the government of the universe for an entire century; and Mr. Tom, for his part, was thoroughly disgusted with the thought of all the subterfuge and undue rivalry, the jealousy and the probable enmity. His peculiar condition of mind at this time, his diminished interest in the petty wrangles of college-life, and his more frequent absence in Boston, tended to this feeling of disgust.

It was quite natural, therefore, that, when the meeting for the elections came off, he should saunter, with the rest, into Holden Chapel, after supper, and expect nothing but a long evening of bargain and sale, crimination and recrimination. He was not disappointed.

The secret societies, which have not, to be sure, such

prominent publicity, or such flamboyant insignia, as at other colleges, are capable of wielding great power at such a time. Great power! — one would say that a congress of nations was in progress, and that the talk was of some vast and earth-shaking combination, instead of a friendly meeting of youth to elect their officers for class-day, the seniors' day of farewell. I must look at it all from the young man's stand, I own, and must admit the fact, that the secret societies, the Pudding, the O. K., with a numerous body of men called "The Outs," had spent a large part of the evening in excited discussion of plans for distribution of the offices, of compromises to please all parties, and in fiery speeches only kept within due bounds by the extremest exercise of power by the chairman, Albemarle, when suddenly Hammersmith stood up on a back seat, and called out, —

"Mr. Chairman."

Men were talking, shouting, moving about, making motions, after the manner of the national House of Representatives on a field-night. But at last Albemarle recognized Mr. Tom, rapped with his gavel, and called out, —

"Mr. Hammersmith. Gentlemen will be kind enough to preserve order. We shall never be able to finish business, if quiet is not maintained. Mr. Hammersmith has the floor."

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," began Hammersmith, "I've been sitting here a couple of hours now, listening to what's been said, and trying to see some way out of the snarl that we've gotten into. I want to say, in the first place, that I am not a candidate for any office, and I haven't been a party to any of the schemes that have been on foot to secure offices for this or that society. Having said this, I am more free to put what I have to say to this meeting.

"Everybody present knows, I suppose, how universal

this custom of canvassing for offices has become here in Cambridge, in the middle of senior year; and how a whole class is cut up into sets and parties by this squabble after a few beggarly honors that are held to be very important for a few weeks, and then are past and gone. Everybody knows all this, and knows how, for weeks now, men have been rushing about like maniacs, pledging other fellows, and getting their votes, bargaining this office for that, pitching into this man, and cracking up that, and doing all they can to set us all by the ears, and make our last few months here as much of a hot-bed as possible. If anybody doubts this, let him reflect on what has been going on in this chapel for the last two hours, and consider if the turmoil and bitterness will not be vastly greater before we are through, if we go on in the old way.

"Now, I say all this is wrong. I am a Pudding man, and I'm glad of it! I have a good many friends in the club; and I think we have some suitable men for the class offices. You are O. K. men, some of you; and you are doubtless glad of it: you think of your own club and men as I do of mine, and it is very natural. But I don't think it is right, I don't think it is right at all, for the Pudding, or the O. K., or any other society, to gobble all the offices, or divide them up among them to suit themselves. It is making unpleasant feeling; it is not fair to the large body of outsiders; and what is the use of all this quarrelling? There are men enough, good enough men, in the class to fill all the offices; and a man isn't any better because he happens to belong to a society, and has a badge hanging up in his room; not a bit of it. We are all classmates; and I tell you right here, that if this squabble goes on, and one party or the other forces its ticket through, it will make a state of things that we shall all regret most emphatically; and none more so than the men who have been engineering these different jobs, —

or else I don't know what I'm talking about: and I think I do.

"Now, what do I propose? I move, Mr. Chairman, that the sense of this meeting be recorded as against any combinations, or slates, or any thing of the kind; and I move further that a direct ballot be taken at once for every officer in turn."

"You can only make one motion at a time, Mr. Hammersmith," said Albemarle.

"Then I move, sir, to simplify matters, that this meeting proceed at once to ballot for the officers of class day *seriatim*, in the order to be designated by the Chair." And Hammersmith sat down.

Harvard men are not especially inflammable. They are not apt to be carried away by a clever speech or a brilliant sally. They retain enough of the old colonial spirit of controversy and debate never to give their assent to a proposition, unless their judgment shall approve. They are certainly not as fickle as the French, of whom Pierre d'Avity wrote in 1615, "They are easy; and a witty fellow is able to mutine a thousand." But equally certain it is, that almost before the chairman could put the question, and a great answering "Ay" had gone up, the straightforward words of Hammersmith, — sufficient yet not personal, earnest yet not bitter, — and the sight of the young fellow who had served his college so well at Worcester, standing there, and counselling what a vast number felt, but dared not say, had had their effect.

Before he had concluded, there was a buzz among the groups of men. When the "Ays" had been shouted, and a few scattering "Noes" had only served to raise a laugh, a man jumped up, Thorpe, who had been the candidate of the O. K. and others for the office of chief marshal. Cries of "Hammersmith, Hammersmith!" came from several parts of the meeting; and Thorpe, securing

the floor, moved that Hammersmith be declared the choice of the class for chief marshal by acclamation. "No, no!" came feebly from a far corner. Hammersmith rose, and protested that he should not serve, if elected, after what he had said; but the chairman put the motion. Such a tremendous booming chorus of "Ays" was given, that not a single man dared open his mouth to say "No" when the time came. So at last, despite many protestations on Hammersmith's part, — who insisted that he would be subject to gross misconstruction if he allowed himself to accept the office after his speech of the evening, — he at last gave way to the solicitations of the earnest fellows who crowded about him, and accepted the honor with many thanks.

Thorpe had been especially urgent that he should accept, — a manly, studious fellow, on the pattern of Breese, though with much more popular traits. Freemantle, the regular Pudding candidate for the post, seeing how things were going, came and begged Tom to accept; but he had made himself so obnoxious to the majority of the class before this evening by his partisan efforts and personal ambition, that this tardy action did not save him. He not only lost the place of marshal, either first, second, or third, but when, later in the evening, he was put upon the class-day committee, with Pinckney as chairman, he felt the snub so keenly, that he rose, declined the honor positively, and left the meeting in dudgeon, as disappointed a man as ever a confident candidate for a high office could be. Poor Freemantle!

The ice was broken. The good beginning inaugurated by Hammersmith's speech, and his choice by acclamation, was followed up by the meeting; and all the bitterness of spirit that might have run through the whole class was confined to a few unhappy self-seekers, like Freemantle, who perhaps deserved their lot. Breese was elected ora-

tor after a close ballot with Albemarle; Trimble was the only man thought of for poet; Thorpe and Goldie were added to the list of marshals; Albemarle was elected chairman of the class committee; Pinckney, of the class-day committee, as has been said; and a good feeling prevailed at the close of the meeting, and ever afterward during the months that the men were together as a class, which was in striking contrast to the feuds and rankling too commonly engendered by such meetings, — a good feeling, which, I trust, is still the rule, and not the exception, after class elections, and all other meetings of the student body politic and body athletic.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A GALLOP FOR A SEÑORITA.

"A good rider on a good horse is as much above himself and others as the world can make him."—LORD HERBERT of Cherbury.

SEVERAL weeks had passed in the second term of senior year. Hammersmith's cynic spirit had given way almost completely before the pleasant excitement attending the reception of his name at the late class elections. He seemed to be gliding back into his old enthusiastic self. The honor paid him by his classmates, their devoted attachment to their chief marshal, his short but merry Christmas visit at home, on which Goldie accompanied him, — many things conspired to produce this old-time cheerful mood. And not the least factor in this happy result was the following graphic letter from Penhallow the rover, which came to him one day in spring, and produced no little excitement in the quadrangle, when its news was made known: —

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., Feb. 25, 186-.

MY DEAR OLD TOM, — Why am I here? Why have I left the company of the much-bleating and the horny? Why have I eloped from Simmons? Listen, and I will tell you as briefly as possible.

I have told you several times of the Machado girl, *Señorita* Guadalupe Machado, of the ranch over the hills from Simmons's camp, you remember. Well, last Tuesday came a mounted Mexican to us lying in hammocks, and reading of you poo' idiots snowed up in Cambridge and Boston. Would the *Señor* and his friend honor the Don Pedro Machado by attending at a fandango

and general powwow in honor of his beloved daughter's approaching nuptials with the young Don José Maria Lugo de Vallejo, recently from the pure-blooded Castilians of Spain? Of course the *Señor* and his friend were only too happy, and tried to put on as many airs in accepting the polite invitation as the red-sashed centaur had assumed in delivering it. We didn't know at the time what a figure this much-bearded messenger was to cut in the near future, cutting into more biographies than one.

We accepted, we went, bedizened in our most carefully preserved of Van Nason's finery, and hoping to eclipse the local Spanish youth, and fire the too hasty *Señorita* with regretful longing, by reason of the exceeding gorgeousness of our get-up. I need not say that we failed ignominiously in this attempt; for who could shine beside the handsome young Don!—fiery as to his eye, graceful and impetuous as to his manners, liquid as to his beautiful tenor voice, nimble-footed in the dance, light of touch at the seductive guitar, destructive (beyond New-England standards, my boy) with his low voice, his tender glances, and absorbing style of devotion; a magnificent horseman, moreover, as you shall hear.

Nor need I say that the fandango was a success; and that when, far in the night, the large company (made up of representatives from the De la Guerras, Figueroas, Carrillos, Micheltorrenas, Del Valles, and other swell families of this lower country) toddled off to their respective "downies," the ample quarters of Don Pedro were taxed to their utmost, and everybody was full of expectation for the elaborate wedding to come off at noon of the next day. Simmons and I, I know, fell off to sleep while chaffing each other on the subject of matrimony, and speculating if Spanish weddings allowed to invited guests any of those sweet perquisites that plucky ushers and groomsmen are wont to seize in the east. But we did not know what was in store for the next day.

At early dawn a terrific scream wakened the whole household, scattered about in the rambling *adobe* building. People were rushing about in the court-yard; horses were being fetched from the *corrals;* men were saddling and mounting, women screaming. A knock at our door. Will the *Señor* and his friend be pleased to come forth and aid in the search? for the beautiful *Señorita* Guadalupe is gone!—gone *quien sabe*, nobody knows where; and Don José Maria, her lover, is beside himself with grief. Gone in the dead of night, nobody knows when. There are fresh horse-tracks outside the court-yard. The *Señorita's* door is ajar; her Mexican maid, astir early on this festal

morning, had entered, wondering at the open door, and found her gone. Hence the scream, hence the excitement.

No clew, no clew for several hours, during which a hundred (no, I'll say fifty) men, young and old, were scouring the country in every direction, examining trails, ascending hill-peaks, looking for tracks. At last came a man, riding as only a Spaniard can ride, tearing up the valley from the direction of Ventura, — San Buena-Ventura, Ventura for short.

Who? What news? The messenger Juan, returning from a sheep-camp down the valley in the gray of morning; two horses, seen in the dim light, — two horses and three riders, galloping fiercely westward down the valley. Three horsemen? *Si Señor. Españoles? Si Señor*, but one a woman; and he produced a handkerchief picked up on the road. The young Don snatched it from his hand, examined it, touched it quickly to his lips, and, with a "*gracias á Dios*," thrust it into his bosom, and tightened his pistol-belt.

Thus much for a clew, but many precious hours lost. Presently the young Don, a Machado, Juan, and myself, were mounted, and spurring down the valley. Simmons gave way to me, pressing me to mount his horse in place of mine; but my little Diablo had stood me so well, that I would not dishonor him by leaving him behind now, when there was possible glory ahead. Juan had rushed to a *corral*, turned loose his tired beast, caught and mounted another — a vicious-looking gray, blind of one eye — in quicker time than it takes me to tell of it. We four, with pistols at our belts, riding lightly, went careering down the valley.

No word was spoken. The men seemed to know every trail, every ford, every landmark. Their eyes were everywhere: they noted every sign in the road on which we were galloping. But there was no need of especial caution; for here were the plain marks of two galloping horses, one of which had been shod only on the fore-feet, and, having lost one of those shoes, had left a sign, not easily mistaken, wherever he went.

Five miles, and Juan says, "*Aqui, Señor*," pointing to some trees on the right; and explains that from there he saw the flying horsemen early in the morning. Heavens, how much time has been lost!

Trails lead off here and there over the side-hills. They are carefully examined; and once Juan gives a great grunt of satisfaction as he sees the horse-tracks leading into a certain trail. He speaks (the young Don interprets to me) as we take up this trail: "*Muy*

bueno. No chance to escape, if they have taken this trail. Landslide in mountains blocked up trail. Catch them surely, if they've gone this way." But, as he finished talking, Juan sheered suddenly to the left, with another grunt. The villains had turned off here for a mere blind, leaving the new trail on a bit of rocky ground, and returning to the valley-road lower down. Cunning flight this: equally cunning pursuit; Juan, Argus-eyed.

More trails, more blinds, much valuable time lost.

Ten miles. Horses breathing very hard. The Don's glorious black, without a white spot on him, save a star in his forehead, Machado's sorrel, Juan's ugly gray, my little roan, are dropping foam from their mouths as they run. We dismount by a creek, throw our saddles on the ground, give our beasts a mouthful of water, walk them up and down for five minutes, saddle, are up and away. Not much mercy for horseflesh have these Spaniards. Why should they have in a chase like this, with fresh horses at Ventura, twenty miles ahead, and a beautiful girl being whisked away from her lover?

By Jove, how I pitied the young Don, riding with his lips pressed firmly, his eyes strained ahead on the road, spurs now and then plunged strongly into the sides of his horse! It was a glorious sight. He looked as handsome as a picture; but it was a cruel suspense for him.

Santa Paula Cañon. Can they have fled up its steep road, and issued into the Ojai Valley above? Another blind, another quarter of an hour lost. Several roads diverging to the left as the valley comes to an end. Several roads leading out upon the broad Colonia Rancho.

No, they have kept straight on. There are the single-shod horse and his unshod mate, their signatures distinct in the sand and gravel. There is but one road for them now: they are making for Ventura.

But it is cruel riding. The sun is hot; the horses are dripping wet. They look haggard and worn already, with their twenty-mile jump. Can they last till Ventura, ten miles away? A breeze meets us as we mount a little eminence, and sight Ventura, now seven miles off. Our beasts feel it: they are crowded into a sharper pace. We lift our hats, and cool our heads with its breath.

Many tracks as we enter Ventura. No sign of the single-shod horse. Nobody has seen the flying horsemen: where can they have gone? The beach! And Juan and Machado dash towards

the ocean abreast of the little town, and are back in a few mo ments. Yes, tracks on the beach, — the single-shod, the unshod. They have avoided the town, and wisely.

Our horses, ourselves, must have rest. Thirty miles or more from the start, and hardly a drawing of the rein! But not much rest.

We dash up to the Figueroas', cousins of the Machados. We turn loose our horses: they are washed down; buckets of water are thrown over the saddle-marks. We throw ourselves into chairs, all except the young Don, who paces the floor, his eyes flashing with excitement.

A half-hour, three-quarters; we must go. I must have a new horse. A fiery, long-bodied beast, reddish-sorrel, with cream-colored mane and tail, is caught up for me. They call him a *palomino*, from his color; a restless, forever-prancing animal; no easy matter to ride him.

Away, across the Ventura River, around the headland, and a road of thirty miles, — half on the beach, half skirting it — stretches away to Santa Barbara, whose mission we already see against the sky.

We are on the beach, following the tracks. The waves have come up, and washed them away in places. The sun is setting. The Santa Barbara Islands, twenty miles away, though seeming but five, are covered with purple mist. The surf is breaking on our left: our horses start with a snort as the sharp reports come. There has been a storm at sea. The steep mountains on our right, leaving only a narrow ledge for the road and a few scattered farms, are bright with sunset: where *cañons* cut into them, they are purple and sombre in shadow.

We ride still without a word. My fresh horse plunges and caracoles with excitement: he dashes ahead of the rest, he comes down stiff-legged. But I am not the greenhorn that I was six months ago.

Ha! the smoke of a small steamer on the southern horizon, steaming for Santa Barbara! Don José looks anxiously at it. The flight of the villains is well timed. If they can reach the town, and take passage on this steamer, who knows where they may go?

But can they? Shall we allow them? I tell you, Tom, it was worth a whole lifetime to be riding along the beach that day, with those three fellows, never saying a word, but riding as if their lives depended on it; the young Don glancing over his shoulder at the approaching steamer, all three leaning forward lightly in their sad-

dles and riding like centaurs! I never knew any thing like it before: I never expect to know any thing like it again.

Five miles out, and we stop and *cinch* up. Steamer or no steamer, we must not kill our horses, or be left on the sand from a shifting *cinch*. We dismount, and throw off our saddles again. It was a picturesque sight, as the men were walking their animals up and down the beach, — the sea and the streaming sunset behind them, this white floor at their feet, their horses, with drooped heads and heaving sides, walking by them.

Up and away again, riding with fresh energy, your humble servant beginning to feel that he cannot last many hours at this pace, and wishing that his *palomino* would not dance quite so much. But I would have died before I would have given up, Tom, though I began to feel very light about the head, and sore all over. Without the light meal at the Figueroas', I would have been off my horse long ago. It is terribly wearing, this continual gallop!

I felt as you say you did, when you were saving Miss Darby in Fresh Pond, you know, Tom. I was bound to hold on till I dropped off; and, when I thought of you fellows, I tell you I felt freshened up amazingly, and as good as any of them. How I thought of you, my dear Tom! And how you would have enjoyed being with us! The sun is down, and the short California twilight merging into darkness.

We have passed several headlands. Don Vallejo looks inquiringly at me. I suppose I looked pretty well used up, but I answered, as cheerfully as possible, that I was good for fifty miles yet. But, Lord, how I lied! And if I was tired, how much more so must be that delicate *Señorita*, bound to her horse, and being driven roughly all this way to — what? Some such idea seemed to pass through the young Don's head and mine at once, as he looked at me and I answered his look; for he smiled, — oh, such a sad, unhappy smile! — and dug his spurs into his horse: we followed him at a keener jump.

It was quite dark, we could no longer distinguish the horse-tracks, the smoke of the steamer was entirely out of sight, when we dashed up to the little stage-station at a place called Rincon. A man came running towards us as we neared the low house. We pulled our pistols; and Juan was on the point of firing, when the man raised his hand, and we found him to be the stage-man in charge, McCloskey by name.

He spoke hurriedly in Spanish. Juan plunged his spurs into his horse, and was forging ahead, when Don José called him back.

A few words to his men, which I did not catch, and the young Don led the way cautiously around the point on horseback, we following him. Not a hundred paces, and we dash ahead, as fast as our horses will carry us, towards the spot where a light smoke is rising.

They are there, — one man leading a horse to the creek, another binding a woman to her saddle : they are just about to leave.

We almost trample them under foot. Juan's pistol is out, and his bullet doing its work with the man by the *Señorita*, in quicker time than it takes to describe it, while the other rascal falls on his knees, and bellows for mercy.

It was all done so quickly that it seemed like a flash, and I never shall forget, as long as I live, the tableau that the whole scene made, as Machado and I returned to the group, after capturing the bellowing fellow, — Juan, great shaggy Juan, with a red handkerchief binding his forehead, and his big *sombrero* pushed back on his head, standing by his gray horse, and looking down upon the man dead at his feet (he must have died instantly); the young Don and the *Señorita* in each other's arms; the Don's black horse, flecked with foam, standing with drooped head almost over the two; and the mounting fire throwing a glow over the whole, emphasizing bits of color here and there, lighting up as well the crouching prisoner in our hands; with Machado, my handsome young companion, and our own horses following us.

I tell you it was something for a man to remember for a lifetime, Tom; and I had to think very hard to believe myself the same fellow that used to peg about Milton and Cambridge in such a civilized way, never dreaming that a little bit of the fifteenth century was to drop down before me some day.

But if this all seemed wonderful, and seems a little apocryphal to you, (I believe that's the word, eh?) imagine my surprise, my perfect horror-stricken surprise, when I went forward to look at the man dead at the feet of Juan, and found it was — Tufton!

Tom, I felt as weak as a cat when I saw him. I turned pale, I must have turned pale; I know I started back a step; and Juan uttered a grunt of wonder or surprise.

"You know him?" asked the Don.

"No, yes," I answered; and Juan, who knew enough English to understand what was said, uttered another suspicious grunt, and eyed me narrowly; the Don, too, did not appear to appreciate the fact of my being at all acquainted with the villain who had run away with his *fiancée*, and whom we had been chasing all day over the plains and shore.

I didn't like the situation, I assure you. What was I to say? How were they likely to receive what I had said? How were they likely to look upon me, who had confessed that I knew the man lying dead in his own blood?

There was nothing else to be done. I explained to the young Don, in as few words as possible, that I had known Tufton in the east, at college (the Don smiled); that he had cruelly injured a dear friend of mine (that's you, old boy); had fled in very much the same way as this, and that I had quite unexpectedly come across him again in Los Angeles. The Don received it with the politest attention, apologized for seeming to notice the fact of my showing surprise at the sight of the man, and explained my words to the rest; Juan answering with his usual grunt and mutter, the *Señorita* putting out her small hand to me, and saying in the sweetest voice that I ever heard, Tom, "*Mil gracias, Señor,*" and something more that I could not understand.

I stammered and bowed, and thought what a fool I was before young women, and how much better you would have behaved in the emergency (only I'm glad it was not you). And soon the Don lifted the young *Señorita* into his saddle, and we followed with the horses and the prisoner.

Well, to make a long story short, old boy, Tufton was buried not far from the spot where he fell. I spare you details; but it was simply horrible, the manner of his death. I put a simple little board at his grave, with his name on it. Juan was sent back immediately to carry word to the people below of the capture. We spent the night at the stage-station; and the next morning we separated, Machado driving the prisoner before him on his horse, — he was a Mexican of the lowest type, and had had some trouble with old Machado, I believe, — the young Don and the *Señorita* galloping off on fresh horses, and your humble servant coming up to Santa Barbara astride of the noblest animal I ever mounted, my dear boy, — the Don's glorious black, which he pressed upon me, and which I had already coveted. Machado joins me here to-morrow. I came up here in order to present my letter to Judge Hewett, the only Harvard man here, but find him out of town.

. . . . . .

Did you know that many of the high-bred Castilians are purest blondes, Tom? — fair hair, blue eyes, and, oh! such complexions! Fact; and I own I was vastly surprised to find that the *Señorita* was of this type when Simmons and I made our first

call at the Camulos. You can imagine what a striking picture the two must make together, — she, with her fair hair, blue eyes, and cheeks showing just a faint blush continually; the young Don, with hair, eyes, and mustaches black as night, and such a way of flashing upon you in surprise or anger!

I can imagine that this news will create not a little surprise among the fellows in Cambridge, — to whom make my kindest remembrances, — and yet I fear that you will be putting me down as a confirmed romancer, like Ruddiman, our old crony, and your present *bête noire*. It is too true, too true, my dear fellow; and for proof I can show you Tufton's seal-ring (which you of course remember, — the one with the sphinx cut in it), which I thought I might as well take as to leave it for Juan and the rest. I saw that nothing else was removed. Poor fellow! I thank God that it was Juan's bullet, and not mine!

I am stopping with the Micheltorrenas, the swell Spanish family in town; and I shall describe their picturesque though rather slow modes of life next time. Young Machado gave me a line to them when I left him at Rincon; and they are treating me as though I were one of the royal family. My noble steed, Don Sebastian, I can see tethered in a neighboring field; a young Micheltorrena is singing a jolly little Spanish song to her guitar in the corridor by the court-yard; and if I only had some such sympathetic fellow as you, Tom, to talk to, and receive my enthusiasm over the life and the country out here, I should be quite happy. I have not yet delivered my letter to Judge Hewett, as I believe I have said above.

By-by, then, for a while, my dear fellow. Kind regards, as I said before, and for yourself the undying devotion of

Yours, ever,

PENHALLOW.

You might perhaps get this to my family, if you can conveniently: it will save my writing it all out again for them; and writing is such a bore in this country, where every thing draws a fellow out of doors. Don't fail to keep your promise about class day and commencement. Make your account as full as possible, and tell me all the gossip that you can collect. Why, class elections must have come off by this time! I wonder if they were as stormy as usual. You must write me a full account of them. I wonder what mighty honor you have had bestowed on you, my boy. They will have hard work to decide which to give you, I

fear, you devastating fellow! Perhaps three or four offices combined. By-by again,

Yours,

PEN.

. . . . . .

"Talk of there being no romance in the nineteenth century!" exclaimed Ruddiman, in a group of men returning from a society meeting, this letter of Hammersmith's being under discussion. "There's plenty of it, if a man only knows where to find it."

"Certainly," said Freemantle drowsily. "What's her name now, Rud?"

"O gammon!" answered Ruddiman, "I wasn't thinking of myself."

"No: somebody else, of course. It's very necessary, somebody else, if a man would have a romance," put in Albemarle.

"Some men don't appreciate any thing of the kind till it's shoved down their throats," retorted Ruddiman, the quickly appreciating.

"And some men go about with their mouths open perennially, in hopes something of the kind will drop into them," added Pinckney. "But never despair, Rud. Your turn will come some day; and you'll perhaps be able to rescue a *Señorita*, or a 'goody,' or some other fair creature, as well as Penhallow. By Jove, but I should like to have been on that ride of his! Mighty exciting it must have been—eh, fellows?" And the fellows thought it was, and all college thought it was. It was talked about, and gossiped about; and Hammersmith's former history was again brought forward for discussion. Would the Tufton *imbroglio* never be entirely forgotten? Would he never hear the last of it? The tragic end of poor Tufton, too, who had figured so in Cambridge not many years ago, made a profound sensation among the people who had known him in all his splendor, and through the halls where his sleek presence was so well remembered.

How it should make a man pause and deliberate in his voyage through life, — the thought of the resurgent memories and bitter castaway facts that will rise continually from out the wreck of the past, whether he will or not! How they return to strew the fair shore of the present with ocean-spume and mocking faces that make one shudder at their swift re-appearance! Small wonder that Circumspection puts on its glasses more and more, as men advance in years, when every thought, every new relation, every change of residence, every casual acquaintance even, is known to hold the possibility of a life-long experience, a memory that can never quite die out, binding arms that never lose their hold, but, free as you think you are, pull you back remorselessly into the dark caverns of the past, set with waning lights.

Hammersmith could not but be powerfully affected by this descriptive and dramatic letter of Penhallow's, this tragic death of the man who had done so much to imbitter his early college-life, sowing thoughts and suspicions in his mind that could never be quite rooted out. He did not make a display of passing the letter about: it was too unhappy an experience, too sad a death, to dwell upon. He showed it to Goldie, Pinckney, and one or two others: he would have liked to show it to Breese; but he could never speak to him again. That was all that he ever thought nowadays of his relation to Breese: every thing was over; there was an end of it. A Hammersmith does not go about reviving dead friendships, making apologies, retracting words that have been said, whatever their effect. He would never have another word with him, unless, indeed, his official relation to Breese as chief marshal on class day should require. How little any of them knew, even yet, what was in store for them!

Such an adventure, such news, however, could not remain secret, much as Hammersmith might desire

Well as his troubles were known to have resulted from association with this same Tufton, well as his hatred of gossip was understood, poor Tom was subjected to a thousand questions, a thousand light exclamations from fair friends in Boston and Cambridge, and appreciated, as he never had done before, how indissolubly linked all one's acts and experiences are one with the other, alas for unhappy man!

"You are very kind never to have said a word about this Tufton news, Miss Darby," said Hammersmith at a musical party at Mrs. Fayerweather's in early spring. "Have you heard it?"

"Yes, I've heard of it," she answered. "But I thought you were probably bored to death already about it; and I knew it could not be a pleasant memory for you."

"I wish others were as considerate," said Hammersmith. "Penhallow seems to have had a very exciting time of it, — his young Don, and the *Señorita*, and the rest. California must have a very stimulating effect on the imagination, don't you think?"

"Perhaps so. I've been reading a good deal about California lately, — every thing that I can lay hands on; but there's so little written about it! almost nothing. Life must be very delightful out there, especially where Mr. Penhallow is. The climate is perfect, I understand, and every thing must be so fresh and novel! Here, ah, how commonplace every thing is! I had almost said, everybody. You can always tell beforehand what any one is going to say to you. You can always tell what you're going to do from day to day. It must be fascinating to live such a wild life. If I were a man, I would never be content till I could strike out in some new land, with every thing untamed and strange about me. I hate all this tiresome life! I hate people so!"

"Why, Miss Darby!" Hammersmith began; and no

one can tell how the world's history might have been altered, from that evening on, if Mr. Beauclerk, a young English tutor just arrived in Cambridge, had not come up to summon Miss Darby to the piano, where she was needed in a trio, and prevented Hammersmith from finishing his sentence.

He had no opportunity of uninterrupted conversation with her again that evening. Before another occasion offered, while he was still, in moments of reflection, pondering and wondering over that frank speech of hers, and the mood that could have allowed it, events transpired which in a measure explained it, — events which not only explained it, but made Mr. Tom's own course more easy and more difficult at the same time.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WAR—NOTES AND OTHER SURPRISES.

"A blow from the hand of her we love is as sweet as raisins."—ARABIC PROVERB.

"Eo, neque ut noctu iter facientes infestem,
Sed amo; pulcrum autem est amantem in amore adjuvare."—BION.

STUDENTS had been leaving for the seat of war in the South for many months now, bidding good-by to the peaceful scenes where their young lives had been nurtured.

Pinckney, chivalric Pinckney, Trimble, many Southerners from the different schools of the university, had long ago left, to cast their lot with their families and their kindred. Breese, Goldie, Curtis, very many of Hammersmith's class, were going or about to go; and Tom himself, eager, impetuous Tom, would have been among the foremost to set out, months ago, had it not been for the extremely delicate state of his mother's health, of which his sweet young sister Mabel kept him duly informed.

"Do not imagine that she is worse than she is, dear Tom," Miss Mabel had written in one of her letters. "I have no doubt she will be quite strong again by your class-day. She talks of you very, very often, hopes you are going to graduate with high honors in your class; and I beg you, Tom, as you love her, not to think of going off at present. If the war is not over when you graduate, as we confidently hope it may be, perhaps she may feel differently; and I am sure she will be stronger, and better able to bear your going.

"I am coming on to Miss Darby's in the end of May, dear Tom: are you glad? Mother is to stay at auntie's till your class-day week (that is, if she is well enough; of course I shall not leave her if she is not); and uncle Gayton is to come on and get her in time for the great day. Oh, what a nice time we shall have, Tom dear!"

. . . . . .

It was while returning from a large mass-meeting of the citizens of Cambridge, where impassioned speeches had been made, and the war-spirit aroused to an extraordinary degree, that Hammersmith, his mind full of the eloquence that he had just heard, and yet busy with the thought of this anxious news from home, was overtaken and passed by Breese, walking rapidly, as usual.

Breese turned after passing, and waited for Tom to come up. He did not hold out his hand, but said quietly, —

"Hammersmith, perhaps I'm committing an impertinence; but this is not a time for small feelings to separate people. I want to talk to you. May I walk with you? Will you come up to my rooms?"

"As you will," answered Hammersmith; and they walked in silence to Breese's quarters, — Hammersmith much softened in spirit by the news from home, the excitement roused by the evening's speeches, and the feeling, that, anxious as he might be to go to the war, his duty to his mother required that he should abandon the idea, for the present at least, and see his friends depart without him; Breese quiet and subdued from quite a different reason, and from the effect of a sudden resolve that he had made that very evening, at the meeting.

"Hammersmith," said Breese, when they had entered his rooms, — the first time for Tom since their midnight quarrel, — "I'm going to the war on Monday, and I couldn't go without seeing you again."

"By Jove! I wish I might say the same: I wish I were going!" responded Hammersmith energetically; and he explained his situation.

"You are right, entirely right," said Breese. "But I am differently situated: I have nobody depending on me, nobody to care whether I fall or not." And he stopped a moment, while Tom looked up in surprise at his words.

"Hammersmith, if a man loves a woman and can't win her, is it a manly way to go moping about, cursing the world in general, and young women in particular?"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Tom. "I don't know what in thunder you are driving at; but I don't see what my affairs have got to do with your going to the war; and" —

"Pardon me, pardon me!" answered Breese. "I'm talking of myself, I'm talking of myself, Hammersmith. Don't think that I would be guilty of such an impertinence as alluding to affairs of your own in this connection! I mean myself; and that's what I want to tell you about. I am not engaged to Miss Darby, Hammersmith. I never have been, and I now never expect to be."

"Thunder!" was Tom's only answer.

"You may well say so," said Breese. "Probably more people than yourself would say the same, with a different exclamation perhaps. But it is not my fault or hers that reports of our engagement have gotten about.

"Now, Hammersmith, you and I are not the men to whine about our misfortunes. I know that well enough. You know it well enough. So that I've not asked you up here for the purpose of pouring my sorrows into your ear, as I understand Ruddiman is in the habit of doing" —

"Oh, hang Ruddiman!" said Tom.

"Yes, yes, hang him, say I! Nor have I any apology to make for any words that I may have spoken to you in

this room several months ago. I do not ask you for any apology: I do not propose to make any apology myself. But I have been thinking, all these weeks, over that miserable evening's work; and I'm convinced not only that you received a wrong impression from my words at the time, but that I would be a mean coward and a sneak, if I went off to the war, and did not try to undo their ill effect, — to explain to you how I spoke as I did.

"Two evenings before we quarrelled in this room, I had offered myself to Miss Darby, and she had refused me.

"I do not need to go back of that evening, Hammersmith, in talking to you, who know my college-history better than any man in the class. You know that I would never talk to another man in all the world as I am talking to you. I do not need to go back to those earlier times, when we used to discuss every thing under the sun, and beyond the sun, or to say any thing about my strict and settled views about various matters.

"You know how firm I was in my determination never to go into society. You know how our half-playful discussions on the subject ended; how you carried the day; (though I never dreamed how it would all turn out, Heaven knows!) how I went out again and again and again — and how did it all end? My God, how did it all end?" and the strong man arose, and paced the room in agitation; while Hammersmith's mind was filled with strange, confusing thoughts, — wonder, pity, remorse, expectancy, fear.

"Mount Desert came on. You know about that, and how that infernal Ruddiman thought fit to spread a thousand rumors and a thousand exaggerated reports about us, — about Miss Darby and me. I would have throttled him long ago if Miss Darby had allowed me, and if it would not have caused an unpleasant scandal and publicity.

"I do no more than allude to these things, though: you know them; I know them. You know that a young woman never once entered into my scheme of life as we used to talk about it; you know now that my firm-set plans were all upset, — that I loved Miss Darby, struggle against it as I might, and that I have failed to make her love me in return.

"Now, this is all about myself, Hammersmith, about my own personal matters; and I certainly would not have asked to have this talk with you if there were not something else.

"I feel that you will pardon me, I know that you will not fly out at me. Heaven knows how I have struggled with myself to decide what was best to be done in this emergency! If you knew it, and how I hate to meddle with other people's business, you would appreciate my motives; and I feel that you can.

"As I started out with saying, if a man loves a woman truly and deeply, and fails to win her, is he any thing but a weakling to go about abusing her, or himself, or the universe in general? Is he any thing but a coward to go and shoot himself, or butt his brains out against a wall?

"If he does that, does it not show that his was only a selfish, savage love, — the love of a boy, who goes about making faces, and sulking, when a boy-rival cuts him out? If a man really loves a woman, does he not desire her perfect happiness, her absolute satisfaction, as far as earth can give it? I think so. And if he finds at last, strive as he may, that he is not the man to make her happy, that she looks to somebody else, ought he not to step aside, and pray God that she may be happy with that other person? I think so; and I believe you think so too, Hammersmith.

"Miss Darby does not love me: she loves you. No, no: don't tell me any thing about it! I beg, above all

things, that you will not say a word of your own feelings. I would be ashamed of myself, if I brought you up here, and, even by inference, drew your feelings from you. Believe me, Hammersmith, I am doing a thing that cuts me to the quick, — a thing that Miss Darby herself might never forgive me for, but which, as I have asked Heaven's guidance, I cannot refrain from doing.

"Don't ask me how I know it! I know that you will not. Don't ask me why we did not deny the report of our engagement! Both those are things very difficult to answer. But I know that she loves you. I know it from every word and look and action of hers, when your name is mentioned, or when you are near yourself. I knew it at the end of sophomore year, when I went to see her father about your suspension."

"You went to see her father!" said Tom in surprise.

"Yes," answered Breese, and explained his connection with the matter, — how he had met the father and daughter in the professor's library, had an earnest talk with them on the subject, and finally had gone to president Dummer and others to intercede for him.

"Well," said Tom, "I thought I knew all the particulars of that affair by this time; but it seems I was mistaken. And I have to thank you again, Breese, as I do most heartily." And Tom wandered back, in his memory, over the old *imbroglio* and Miss Darby's connection with it, and all the little facts that had come out since.

"And about denying the report of the engagement," continued Breese: "you know, as well as I, why she would not allow it. That's one thing about Miss Darby that I never could quite understand.

"Then she went away to New York for a month, after that night and my rejection; and all this war-fever broke out; and you deserted Cambridge society almost entirely: and so matters have slipped along till now.

"Now do you see a little better how it all is? I loved her; I love her yet, — God knows how much! I desire her perfect happiness above any one thing that I desire on earth, and would do any thing, yes, any thing to-day, to assure it. She does not love me, but somebody else. I call that other person to me, swallow my pride, tell him what I know, leave the rest to him.

"Now you can understand, Hammersmith, somewhat how I felt that evening when you burst in upon me after your great day at cricket. I had just been thrown over by her; my mind was still busy with her, — as it is to-night, and has been for months, — and I could not bear the idea of anybody taking her name for a toast in so light a way."

"Yes," said Hammersmith; "and I had no right to do it. But I had been at a supper at Kent's; I was flushed with my success in cricket: and the fact is, I was desperate (if you must know it) to find out how you stood."

"Well, well, it's all past now," answered Breese, with a wave of his hand.

"Not all," said Hammersmith; "for I have still to offer you my hand, Breese, and ask that you will try to forget all that wretched evening's work." And the two men stood again under the gaslight, grasping hands this time with the hearty grip common to each of them, and looking into each other's eyes with quite a different look from that of the bitter midnight many weeks ago.

Far into the night, with the thought of this woman between them, they sat, not alluding again to the subject, but talking, as they had not talked for months, of their college-life, their future plans now so rudely broken in upon, and the grand call that their country was making upon their manhood. But the thought of this woman, beloved of both, was there between them; and then, as in the few days of Breese's delay in getting away, it bound the two

together in a manner difficult to describe. It came as the crowning consecration to Breese's self-sacrifice, and was regarded by Hammersmith in the light of a precious legacy, very pleasant to contemplate, but much involved, so foolish and arrogant and snobbish had he been for months, and so neglectful of his good Cambridge friends, — of none more so than of Miss Darby.

So, for the three days or more of Breese's stay, the two re-united friends spent as much time as possible together; and all their long walks and talks were eloquent of one young woman, though they said never a word about her.

And when, on Monday, Breese and Farley, Curtis and Wingate and others, went off to the war in the same company, amid the cheers and blessings of their classmates, who had flocked to Boston in crowds to see them start, Breese seemed to all the rest to be about the happiest fellow on the face of the earth, — beloved of a beautiful woman, head scholar of his class, and marching forth to further glory among guns and trumpets and battle-flags. Tom alone knew what heaviness there was at the poor fellow's heart, how grandly he tried to conceal it, and thank God in the very midst of his grief. And Tom went back to Cambridge, strangely strengthened in his mind by the thought that the world contained such a patient, whole-souled, noble fellow as Breese, who could carry himself as he had carried himself in this matter, sinking all thought of himself in his great desire for Miss Darby's happiness, and daring to tell the truth to Hammersmith as fearlessly, with as much tact, as he had done.

. . . . . .

When he was leaving, and his classmates were bidding him hearty good-bys, he had alluded for once only to the old subject, taking Tom aside a bit, and saying, —

"You will write to me now and then, Hammersmith? And — you will tell me how she is? and the college news?"

"That I will, my dear fellow," said Hammersmith. "Depend upon it! And I shall be with you the moment I graduate, if it is a possible thing. Jove, how I wish I were going now!"

"God bless you!" said Breese; and the drums rolled, Breese stepped back into the ranks, and, with a tremendous chorus of cheers from the students at hand, he was off, with his face to duty, his heart and life consecrated to noble daring. And Hammersmith and the others went back to Cambridge, restless, and longing for their day of graduation to come.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MISS DARBY AND MR. TOM ON THEIR HIGH HORSES.

"Quæ secuta sunt defleri magis quam defendi possunt."—TACITUS.

"I find she loves him much because she hides it:
Love teaches cunning, even to Innocence."—DRYDEN.

"Fooles in love's colledge
Have farre more Knowledge
To Reade a woman over
Than a neate prating lover."—JOHN LYLY, *Mother Bombie.*

IF there be any young readers, any very young readers, who have followed the biography of Hammersmith as far as this, they will probably exclaim, at this point in his history, "Now I hope Hammersmith will not be foolish any longer! Breese is out of the way; the coast is clear: if Mr. Tom loves her, why doesn't he go up boldly and tell her so?"

Very natural question, very natural interest in Hammersmith's behalf. As his biographer, permit me to thank you for desiring expedition and success for the young fellow.

But, bless me! do we all march bravely up and declare ourselves to the girls we love? Are we always sure just when we love them? And do you forget, that, for long months now, Hammersmith had been shunning the Cambridge social world with a remarkable fatuity, occasionally descending upon it with a patronizing air that was worse than absence, and imagining, with that adorable perversity of youth before alluded to, that he was utterly *blasé* and misanthropic, no longer fit company for the en-

thusiastic folk of the university town? Would you have a man return to a young woman whom he has treated with distinguished neglect, and say, "I have been trying to amuse myself with the gay world; but I find it's all emptiness and mockery, and I don't seem to care for anybody or any thing! I haven't much spirit or enthusiasm left, but, such as I am, behold me! I haven't treated you very well, to be sure; but you used to be my good friend in our younger days, when we were both very verdant: will you be something nearer to me now?" Bless me! Would you have a young woman subjected to such an insult as this? Would you have her treated as Miss Darby had been treated for months, and expect her to receive the repentant Hammersmith with open arms so soon as he chose to return to her? Heaven forbid! And you are vastly mistaken in Miss Darby, if you imagine that she would have been other than highly incensed at Hammersmith, or Breese, or anybody, who should dare to play fast and loose in such a way with her feelings. You are vastly mistaken in Hammersmith, if you can think him guilty of such an impertinence.

The closing weeks of his college-course, the frequent meetings of his classmates, his relation as chief marshal to the various committees and arrangements incident to graduation, the severe class-work preparatory to the final examinations, and, above all, the kindling war-spirit which drew the young men more and more together as the time for their own participation in the struggle came near, — all these things, as well as the startling revelation of Breese, with, perhaps, a *nuance* of disgust at his own frivolous life of the past winter, conspired to attract Hammersmith to Cambridge the more, and to break up the clouds that had gathered in his sky.

That awful official, the class secretary, was abroad, requesting his classmates' biographies, their plans in life,

their religious faith, and every minutest fact in their history, from the size of their biceps to the names of their maternal grandmothers of the fiftieth remove. The class-song, written by Pinckney — poor Pinckney! — before he went away, was in active rehearsal in upper Harvard Hall, whence its swelling chorus came forth into the night-air twice or thrice a week, adding a pensive refrain to the musings of under-classmen gathered in their rooms about the quadrangle, and drawing the thoughts of the singers more and more to the final day of festivity and college entertainment, when this joyous song was to be given. The various societies, — Hasty Pudding, O. K., Natural History, Glee Club, Pierian Sodality, *Φ. B. K.*, and others, — various club-tables and congenial "entries" of men, the Eleven, the 'Varsity, the college-buildings, the faculty, the doughty "goodies" and skips, all were being photographed by the class photographer. The class-day committee was busily engaged preparing for the abundant good time of that day. Men were already deciding upon the place and style of their "spreads," — some in sets, some few by themselves. Albemarle, who had been chosen orator in Breese's place, was preparing his class-day oration. Oliver, who had succeeded Trimble as poet, was reading extracts of his poem occasionally to Hammersmith and others. Letters were coming from Breese and the rest at the seat of war in Virginia.

How could Mr. Tom, in the midst of all these tender associations pointing to their day of graduation and the time when they were to leave these dear old scenes forever, — how could he do other than forget all that was bitter in the past? above all, forget the silly *rôle* that he had assumed so grandly during the winter, and be himself again? How could he fail to be affected by all the crowding thoughts and hopes which these final preparations aroused, and to be filled with infinite tenderness for all

the old places and haunts of the university, and all the people in any way pleasurably associated with them? That man's spirit must be indeed bitter, or his young life indeed hopeless, who can be otherwise than pleasantly, pensively, and regretfully moved by these closing weeks of his college-life which Hammersmith is now passing through.

We have not the space to describe the various occasions on which Tom and Miss Darby were brought together at this period, before the arrival of Miss Mabel Hammersmith; how they rode together occasionally, with a strange sort of silence between them now and then; how they talked of books and people, the war, the approaching class-day, and the thousand and one things that form the subject of young people's learned discussions; how Tom now and then accompanied Miss Darby to a small children's charity-hospital not far from Harvard Square, which Miss Fayerweather, Miss Summerdale, and she were largely instrumental in supporting; and how pleasant it was to Tom to feel himself slipping back to his former sensible life, and intimacy with his good Cambridge friends.

"Well, I declare, Miss Darby," said he one afternoon, as they came out of the little hospital, where he had been greatly affected by the sight of the patient young sufferers, with Miss Darby moving among them like some divine messenger, followed continually by their loving looks, "I think it's wonderfully sweet in you to give so much time to those little beggars! I'd no idea that you had such an army of worshippers!"

"No?" she said. "It is the greatest comfort in the world! They are *so* sweet, and *so* thankful for every thing that is done for them! It is a perfect rest to go and see them. I sometimes think that I am only intended to take care of such castaways and invalids as those. They seem

to appreciate kindness so much better than well people, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Tom, "they do certainly. I never saw such glorified looks in my life as they gave when you went around among them."

"Poor little innocents! Didn't you enjoy going? I thought you would. I really would find it hard to decide, Mr. Hammersmith, if I had to choose between the world and my hospital: I enjoy them both. But the world is so cold and haughty, and full of misunderstanding! and my small people here are so different! I think I would choose my hospital, if I had to take one or the other only." Hammersmith was switching trees and weeds with his cane as he walked, and did not say much as she talked thus.

The next day they were riding in the direction of Belmont, Hammersmith again very silent. He was thinking what a mockery life is; what fools men make of themselves; how they refuse happiness when it is at their very threshold; how they rush off into extravagance and folly, and try to imagine themselves very grand and indifferent; and how, after all, they come back to the simple faith of their boyhood, and, if they are not wholly hardened and wholly lost, believe that the love of a good woman is of more worth than all the gay pageants and brilliant escapades of Christendom put together. He was thinking of Breese, too, and of the young woman by his side; and — well, he was thinking of a great many things, as you may imagine, this sweet May afternoon.

He was again switching the foliage of the trees they passed, this time with his riding-stick, when he broke out, —

"Miss Darby, I've been an awful fool!"

She turned her face partly towards him, and then looked straight ahead.

"I've been an awful fool all these months, I say. It's a very hard thing to explain. But, if I had not been so much interested in you, I would not have minded every little change so much."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Hammersmith," she said, flashing upon him for an instant, indignant. "What change do you refer to?"

"Oh! nothing in particular. But, you see, I'm very sensitive. I come of a sensitive family; and every little thing affects us, and makes us fly off at a tangent."

"But still I don't understand you," she returned. And she reined her horse in as they came to an entrance to the Waverley Woods. "I don't see what I have done to make you fly off at a tangent, as you say." And she became silent, and looked off into the grove.

"Well, you know a fellow often sees things, or imagines he sees things, that affect him; and yet he cannot explain them," Hammersmith continued blindly.

"I haven't an idea what you are talking about," said Miss Darby.

"I suppose it was very weak in me; but I couldn't help it," urged Tom; and any further blind explanation of his was cut off by Miss Darby's suddenly leaping from her horse, tying the reins quickly to a branch of a tree, and seating herself by a rock in the grove which they had entered.

"For Heaven's sake, what is this for?" asked Hammersmith, dismounting, and leading his horse to where she sat, whipping the grass with her riding-whip.

"I am going to stay here. I wish you would go on," she said; and her eyes were bright with rage, and her cheeks a bit pale, as she spoke.

"But I cannot. What have I done, Miss Darby?"

"Nothing; but I wish you would go." And she whipped the grass again, and her riding-habit, biting her lips the while.

"I cannot leave you here: it would not be proper. Believe me, Miss Darby, I did not mean to hurt your feelings. What have I said?" he pleaded.

"Nothing, I say. But I wish you would go away." And she turned her angry eyes upon him again. But, before he could reply, she exclaimed bitterly, "That I should have come to this!" and presently again, "That I should have come to this!" as her eyes filled with tears.

"I confess I was weak," said Tom again. "I ought" —

"Yes, you *were* weak, weaker than water!" she exclaimed. "Oh that I — Mr. Hammersmith, will you leave me? I cannot bear to have you here."

"Do you mean it?"

"I do."

"How will it look for you to come riding back alone?"

"I don't care how it looks! Why should I? That I should have come to this!"

"Good-by, then;" and Hammersmith lifted his hat, led his horse a space apart, mounted, and rode slowly away, while she kept her eyes fixed on the ground at her feet.

O buds and flowers! O waving grass, and sheltering boughs that looked down upon the scene! what a sad sight you saw! Can this be our brave Hammersmith, mounting his horse, and leaving the woman that he loves alone in the greenwood, alone with her bruised thoughts, and her anger at the half-way Hammersmith? Will he never learn a young woman's ways? Or is this youngster, — who can stand up before the bowling of the "Young Americas," fight his way through a street-mob, and pull his heart out in a boat-race, — after all, merely like many another young fellow, afraid to brave the pleasant dangers of a young woman, afraid to believe what he scarcely dares hope, and, above all, unable to comprehend the

ways of a high-bred, sensitive girl, and her fine rage at having allowed her own feelings to be known, as Miss Darby fears that she has done? Well, well, shut up the page, and call him a very blind or a very cowardly young fellow, but do not blame him for thinking that perhaps he had mortally offended her, that perhaps she had never cared a straw for him, that perhaps she really meant in good faith that he should go away and not offend her further. Overmodesty may be more of a failing than of a virtue; but it is infinitely preferable, I conceive, to an overweening Ruddiman confidence and egotism.

At the brow of a little hill he pulled up, and sat waiting on his horse. Every thing looked wofully dark and chilly to him, though the sun was shining bright along the road, and the birds were singing and fluttering in the trees, as though there were no heavy-hearted Hammersmith in existence, sitting there like a statue, gazing down the road.

Presently Miss Darby appeared on her horse, coming slowly up the country lane, her head dropped forward, apparently unconscious where she went. She started and blushed, and then turned very pale, as Hammersmith said, —

"Miss Darby, you must pardon me; but I could not let you ride back alone. I will promise not to say a word; but you must let me ride back with you. Will you not?"

"I told you to go away. You have not gone," she said, as she turned her eyes towards him a moment: they were dim with tears.

"But it is growing dark. I cannot let you go back alone."

"*You* cannot *let* me!" she said, with a deep emphasis of scorn and rage combined. "Well, just as you will, then;" and, beyond a word or two on indifferent matters,

not a word was spoken on that longest of rides that Hammersmith had ever taken in his life.

They rode slowly; they were seldom out of a walk. They passed several people whom they knew; and Hammersmith summoned courage to appear to be carrying on an animated conversation with Miss Darby, to conceal their awkward, solemn quiet. It seemed a hundred years to Hammersmith, and to Miss Darby as well I imagine, before they reached her home.

What Hammersmith's thoughts were during this blackest of rides, what they were as he watched her averted face through it all, what he imagined and feared and suspected, after he had left her at her gate with a simple, "Good-by, I do not see what I have done, Miss Darby," as well as during the two days before his sister's arrival, it would be difficult to discover.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN WHICH SOME PRETTY BARBARIANS INVADE THE QUADRANGLE.

"Strepit omnis murmure campus."—VIRGIL.

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."—DANTE.

MISS MABEL HAMMERSMITH arrived in Cambridge, radiant as are all the young Hammersmith maidens. What freshness, what cloud-dispelling sunshine, she brought!

As many a young man, in the midst of troubles and boyish mystification, has been cheered by the coming of a loving young sister, bursting in upon him, bright-eyed, from the outer world, unconscious of his troubles, unconscious even of the cheer that she brings, so Mr. Tom was infinitely refreshed, infinitely strengthened, by her sunny presence.

Girls may be the most extraordinary creatures in the world, as the ingenuous boating-man Goldie had said; but they are probably the best of allies and comforters for despondent brothers, when they choose to be; which is a fact that Hammersmith, most affectionate of brothers, has never been known to contradict.

"How glad I am to be here, Tom dear!" Miss Mabel exclaimed as they were riding past the college-grounds. "And how beautiful it all is! Why, you have never given us half of an idea how lovely the quadrangle is;

you naughty fellow! You've been too busy studying, I suppose;" and she gave him a sly look.

"Oh! I hate to write descriptions," said Tom. "They never do justice. And I knew you and mother would be here some day to see it all for yourselves."

"Who was that you just bowed to?" asked Miss Mabel.

"Tutor Beauclerk, a young Englishman who has been here this year." And a mere shadow of a shade passed over Mr. Tom's face as he spoke; for Mr. Beauclerk was a devoted friend of Miss Darby's, and had been honored with a large share of Hammersmith's gloomy thoughts during the last few days, as well as during that dismal return-ride of his and Miss Darby's from the Waverley Woods.

"And the first thing I want to do, Tom, is to see your rooms, and walk all about Cambridge with you, and hear all about every thing," Miss Mabel said, as the coachman was ordered to take a turn about the Delta, and was carrying them, by way of Kirkland Street and the Washington Elm, to Professor Darby's.

"Oh! there's time enough for that," answered her brother. "We don't like to have girls running about our rooms, and rummaging over every thing."

"But you've got to have me," said Miss Mabel, "and to-morrow afternoon too! So you had better put your rooms in order, and hide any thing that you don't want us to see, you wicked boy! for, if the Darbys can come, I shall certainly make them."

And, sure enough, the next afternoon, Mrs. and Miss Darby and Miss Hammersmith, escorted by Goldie and Tom, were sailing through the quadrangle, the young men pointing out the various buildings, the rooms of distinguished graduates and prominent undergraduates, — their own of course among the latter, — the different recitation-

halls, the chapel, the library, and lifting their hats again and again as they passed professors and tutors, and envious students, moving about the grounds. The young ladies — or perhaps I should say Miss Hammersmith — went off into raptures over the peaceful beauty of the quadrangle, surrounded by its sombre, solemn halls, recalling an age of plainer, more solid architecture, and the air of quiet repose and thought which pervaded the whole place; which seemed, indeed, to Miss Hammersmith, to cast a glamour of greatness and scholarship over even the most rakish swell and the most languid dawdler that they met in their ramble.

"O Mr. Goldie, what charming rooms!" said Miss Mabel, as they entered Goldie's Holworthy rooms; and she settled herself into a window-seat at once, making a pretty picture for a knot of juniors in the yard below on their way to afternoon class. She jumped down, and went about examining the countless curiosities and knick-knacks that the great boating-man had collected in his four-years' life in Cambridge.

"What is this? and this? and this? Why doesn't somebody else talk?" she asked eagerly.

"Because we're glad to hear you, and to see your enjoyment, my dear," answered Mrs. Darby. "Tell her about the Prince of Wales' picture, George."

"The Prince of Wales! Oh! what do you mean?" exclaimed Miss Mabel excitedly, after the manner of young girls at the mention of royalty.

"That picture by the door, his photograph, was given by the prince when he was out here last year," said Goldie.

"Given to you! The Prince of Wales gave it to you!"

"Oh, no! McGregor had the rooms then. The prince was out visiting the university, and came up here to see a specimen college-room. He sent this out as a souvenir to Mac the next day. It is a *transmittendum* now."

"A what?" asked Miss Mabel.

"A *transmittendum*," said Goldie. "It goes with the room; sent down from one fellow to the other."

"And you can't take it away?"

"No."

"I should steal it if I were you," said Miss Mabel. "The idea!"

"Here's another *transmittendum*," added Goldie, taking up a blackened pipe from the mantel.

"What a horrid dirty thing!" said Miss Hammersmith. "How *can* you keep it!"

"Custom," answered Goldie.

"They do almost any thing in the name of custom here, my dear," said Mrs. Darby. "You'll see some very odd customs on class-day."

"And what's that little badge?" Miss Mabel asked.

"Pudding badge," answered Goldie.

"What!" exclaimed she, her thoughts flying to kitchens and culinary matters.

"My Hasty Pudding Club badge," said Goldie, and explained the name and the origin of the badge as well as he was allowed to do by the awful authorities of the club.

"Have you one, Tom?" she asked.

"Yes," answered he. "Let's go to my rooms, if you insist on seeing them."

The door had been opened many times during this short visit of the ladies, — sometimes after a preliminary knock and a "Come in" from Goldie; oftener without any announcement except the rapid running up stairs of the men, who came bursting into the room, unconscious of the visitors. The intruders invariably lifted their hats, with a "Beg pardon," or "I'll call again, George," and vanished into the entry; till a certain caller — who announced his approach by a species of musical gymnastics

called by himself singing, though the air was quite undiscovered by his hearers — kicked at the door, by way of accompaniment, for a moment, and came singing into the room, radiant in summer finery.

"I beg pardon. — Why, Miss Mabel, you here! Glad to see you in Cambridge."

"How do you do, Mr. Ruddiman?"

"How d'ye do, ladies, how do? Excuse my yelling in the entry. Practising the class-song, you know," said Ruddiman.

"It's a pretty air," answered Miss Hammersmith. "You've improved a great deal, Mr. Ruddiman."

"Improved! Ah" —

"In singing," added Miss Mabel.

"Yes, just so," said Ruddiman the relieved; and, as Hammersmith suggested going over to his rooms, Ruddiman added, "Looking at rooms? Why shouldn't you come round and look in upon my den? Proud to see you! Say you will? Good: I'll just run round, and see that it's all right. Left a crowd of men there using my ponies."

"Using what?" asked Miss Mabel.

"My ponies, classical books, ahem! No, translations, Miss Mabel, my translations. Have to use 'em now and then. Greek and Latin awfully hard this term! By-by, then, for a while. You'll come? — You will make them come, Tom?" Hammersmith nodded; and the lively young man ran off, and ejected his pony-friends, threw a number of yellow-covered novels into the coal-closet, tossed some Greek books carelessly on the table in their place, took down a picture or two, and shoved them under his bed; and presently the visitors were upon him.

"Excuse disorder! Fellows have been running riot here all day," said Ruddiman.

"No apology is needed, Mr. Ruddiman," answered

Miss Darby: "your rooms are very pretty and cheerful."

"Yes, very cheerful; can't study in a dark, dingy room," added Ruddiman.

"It must be very nice to be able to study and study all the time in such lovely rooms!" said Miss Hammersmith.

"Yes, uncommon," answered Ruddiman, who was accustomed to avail himself of that charming privilege quite sparingly, out of respect to maternal solicitude; and presently Miss Hammersmith was peeping into his pretty bedroom, and saying, —

"Oh, how *very* nice!"

"Don't," said Tom. "Come out of that, Mabel!"

"Please, can't I, Mr. Ruddiman?" she pleaded; and Ruddiman said, —

"Oh, certainly, certainly!" and the ladies went in, and stood quite bewildered, looking about at all the gay young gentleman's costly appointments. They saw many flaming wall-pictures, which alarmed them not a little; and Miss Mabel spied the small velvet shrine, — which Ruddiman had, of course, not removed, — with its still adored Miss Malachite in place; and she exclaimed, —

"Oh, how pretty, how very pretty, she is! Who is it?"

"A — a friend of mine," answered Ruddiman, blushing, and feeling quite proud, and yet leading the way to his parlor.

"I'm afraid you're a very inconstant man, Mr. Ruddiman," said Miss Mabel. And the young fellow was stammering, "No, I'm not! not a bit of it!" when Goldie cried out, —

"I say, Rud, what's this dent in the wall?" looking mischievous.

"Oh! that's where I shied a boot at Waddle, and he ducked too quickly for me;" and Ruddiman was anxious to change the conversation. But Miss Darby said, —

"What in the world does he mean, George?"

"Oh! Rud has an old boy that he calls Waddle, whom he is accustomed to pelt in the morning, when he comes in to light his fires."

"What for? Is he very old?" asked Miss Mabel.

"Oh! just for fun," answered Ruddiman.

"A custom?" asked Miss Darby.

"My custom, yes," said Ruddiman. "It's such jolly good sport to see the old fellow dance about and dodge, grinning like a monkey!"

"How cruel!" said Miss Hammersmith. "What do you throw at him?"

"Oh! any thing that's handy, — books and pillows, and boots and chairs, and such little things."

"Do you ever hit him?"

"Used to at first, but he's getting too spry for me now. I must get a new man, who isn't up to the game."

"Oh! what are all these?" asked Miss Hammersmith, pointing to the piles of opera-checks, and spindles of theatre-bills.

"A few opera-checks, and so on," said Ruddiman.

"Who gave them to you?"

"Gave them to me! Bought 'em, I should say, when I went to the opera!"

Miss Hammersmith was being wonderfully undeceived as to the studious habits of some, at least, of the young men of Cambridge, and called Ruddiman all sorts of funny names as her eyes were opened more and more by the queer things she saw in his rooms. But her brother was hurrying her; and she had barely time to glance at the marvellous array of curious things hung and plastered about the young gentleman's mantel and walls as they moved off to Hammersmith's rooms, where they went through the same performance of inquiring about every thing they saw, to the no small amusement of Mr. Tom and the placid Goldie.

"There's your Pudding badge; and that's your scratch-race cup; and that's your spoon-oar: you see I'm already quite learned in college matters," said Miss Mabel. "But what are all these medals and things?"

"Oh, Glee Club, and Natural History, and Institute, and so on. Here's one that I prize as much as any," said Tom, "the *Φ. B. K.*; just managed to squeak in this term"—

"To do what?" asked Miss Mabel. "Dear Tom, why will you use so much slang?—Mother and I have had the greatest trouble in deciphering his letters, Mrs. Darby: half his words are never in the dictionary, I do assure you!"

"But you'll find them mighty good and expressive, when you know them," said Goldie. "Tom can't hold a candle to some of the fellows!"

"Can't do what?"

"Well, I don't see but we shall have to taboo slang while the ladies are here, Tom," said Goldie.

"Or give them a course of reading in 'College Words and Customs,'" added Hammersmith.

"And what are these? Oh, how sweet!" said his sister, reaching up, and shaking a mass of ribbons and cords and bells, arranged on a pair of horns, a light jangle following the movement.

"German favors; some that I've kept," said Tom.

"Gracious!" was Miss Mabel's only reply as she turned, and gave her brother a merry look; and she was again springing about the room, and examining things.

"What are those?" she asked, pointing to some crossed foils and masks above his mantel-mirror.

"A set of foils for fencing. And those are some boxing-gloves that a man left me who died here last year."

"Mr. Ladbroke?" asked Mrs. Darby.

"Yes, poor fellow! He insisted on my taking them the day before he died. A very warm-hearted fellow; very sad death," said Hammersmith. "There's the bat that I made my great score at East Cambridge with last fall, Miss Darby, in cricket. Did you hear of it?"

"Yes," said she, "I remember. Mr. Beauclerk told me of it." But she did not turn towards him, continuing to examine a number of invitation-cards that lay about on the mantel, glancing furtively, also, at a glorious photograph of the bare-backed 'Varsity crew of last year that hung at one side of the mirror.

And so, after rummaging, as Tom had said they would do, through his various curiosities and souvenirs, trying his easy-chairs, and looking out upon the quadrangle, whose turf was like velvet in these last days of the summer term, the party was moving away, when Miss Hammersmith, sitting cosily in a window-seat, said, —

"I do declare! this is too beautiful to leave, Mrs. Darby. I wish girls had such chances as these unappreciative boys have! They would know how to improve their opportunities if they had."

"Humph!" said her brother. "They'd do nothing but spoon with the professors, and" —

"Do what?" asked Miss Mabel.

"A — what can you say for spoon, George? — You see, slang: there's nothing that will just express it. Flirt, I suppose, is nearest. They'd do nothing but flirt and gossip, and criticise each other's bonnets and toggery," said Mr. Tom.

"For shame, Tom!" said Miss Mabel. "Is that the result of your observation? I'm sorry for you, if it is; for I am sure we would do no such thing, but would show you that we are just as clever as boys, if we only had the chances they have. Think of the way that girls have to go bobbing about from one school to another, instead of staying in one place long enough to learn something!"

"We must go now, Miss Mabel, indeed we must," urged Mrs. Darby.

"Oh, please, Mrs. Darby! I want to lecture Tom. Won't you let me stay a little while? He's my brother, you know; and I see he needs lecturing. He's lived too long alone, — he's lived too long alone here; and he needs a little stirring up."

In spite of a protest of "Oh, nonsense!" from the young man in question, and Mrs. Darby's announcement that they had just time to reach home before dinner, Miss Mabel carried her point. The others went off. She promised to follow almost immediately; and, as soon as they were well out of the entry, she closed the door, turned the key, took it out, and put it in her pocket.

"What's that for? What roguery are you up to now?" asked Tom. "I never saw a girl change so much in a year in all my life. I can hardly believe it's you, after all, Mab." And he sat down on his table, and swung his feet; while Miss Mabel drew an easy-chair towards the door, sat down facing him, and said quietly, —

"No roguery, Tom; but I want to know what it all means. What roguery have *you* been committing, you bad boy?"

"Nonsense! What do you mean?"

"You can call it nonsense; I've no doubt it is: but I shall wait till you explain matters and things entirely to my satisfaction; then I will open the door. I'm very comfortable: I hope you are. I shall stay here till you explain it."

"What do you mean by '*it*'?"

"Now, Tom, don't be silly: it isn't at all becoming. I'm not blind. I've been here a day, and I know that *something* has happened: what is it?"

"Has she been talking to you?" asked Tom.

"Whom do you mean by 'she,' sir?"

"Oh, come now! Has Miss Darby been telling you of our quarrel?"

"Tom, Tom, dear Tom! what an extraordinary question! Do you think a girl like Miss Darby could possibly talk about such a thing? It is precisely because she has not mentioned you in any way whatever since I arrived, and because she has hardly written your name once in all the letters that I've had from her for the last year, and because I happen to know certain things that she said and did at Worcester last year, — well, it's because of a good many things, that I say I *know* something has happened. You know it too, and will not tell me."

"What did she say and do at Worcester last year?" asked Tom. And as each had apparently some news for the other, and as Miss Mabel's only desire was to tell Tom what she knew, provided she could have a fair exchange of commodity, there was no great difficulty in arranging a barter. So while Tom kept insisting that he would never tell her every thing, and men kept knocking at his door, and going away disappointed, Miss Mabel contrived to draw from him a pretty full account of the last year's work, and the Waverley Woods *finale*.

In return, she gave him a minute description of the few days at Worcester last year, — Miss Darby's enthusiasm and interest in a certain boating-man on the day of the race; the pressure of the hand which she had given Miss Mabel so many times during the exciting race (and which signifies so much among young women); the rosebud by the lakeside, in the ball-room, and in the little glass after their crooning talk that night; Miss Darby's very, very slight inadvertence in the speech of hers that evening, about class-day ("he — your brother will be so glad!") — yes, and a hundred other small matters, which the young sister could remember, and which had given her the greatest pleasure in the world.

Tom, for his part, sat listening to all that she said with a pleased wonder and hesitating credulity, hopping down now and then to pace the room excitedly, occasionally breaking out with, "Come, come, Mabel, I tell you we must go! it's getting very late!" and yet being brought back every time to the discussion by his imperturbable young sister sitting quietly in his easy-chair, guarding the door. For this young woman, who had been dreaming such pretty dreams for her beloved brother ever since that festive Worcester day of last year; who had discovered, as only young women can discover, the secret that Hammersmith himself was not courageous enough to capture; and who had gone on building such gorgeous air-castles to be presented to her brother and Miss Darby for occupancy, — this little woman had seen, at her very first arrival in Cambridge, that something was wrong. She had seen that the foundations of all her fine castles were likely to be utterly overthrown; and she had feared that it was through some silly misunderstanding or mistake of somebody, she could not guess who. Never for once doubting the correctness of her own surmises and intuitions, — what woman will? — she set out, with the customary Hammersmith perseverance, to investigate the matter for herself; to see if the headstrong Tom was not, after all, standing at the door of his own castle, and blocking the entrance of his queen, all through some terrible mistake, perhaps through some slander of rival powers.

Whatever may have been her main reason, she was bound not to let Tom out of his room until she heard the truth from him. There she sat, a pretty little jailer, tapping the arm of the chair with her dainty gloved hand, examining and cross-examining the prisoner at the bar, smiling roguishly when he refused to testify, glancing unconcernedly about the room when he was silent, and altogether conducting her investigation in a charming

manner quite irresistible. So, at least, Mr. Tom found it; for the result of a very few minutes' talk was, as has been said, that he disclosed to his sister much of the secret history of the last year, — Breese's reported engagement, his own devotion to Boston society, Breese's final confession to him before leaving, his own endeavor to get back into Miss Darby's good graces, his quarrel in the Waverley Woods. What this quarrel was, however, just what had been said and done, he would not say.

"No, Mabel, confound it! I can't tell you every thing: that's flat. We had a quarrel: that's all there is to it. I don't pretend to know how it came about; I don't pretend to know how I offended her: but I did, and she told me to go away. I went. And I confess I don't know any thing, — whether she's engaged to Breese, after all, or to Mr. Beauclerk, or is meaning to be a sister of charity, or what? I believe young women were sent into the world to torture young men, and were never meant to be consistent. That's my position."

"But what did you say? and what did she do?" asked Miss Mabel. And, after much hesitation, Tom was made to disclose the purport of his words to Miss Darby. Miss Mabel looked serious, but continued, —

"And now what did she do? No matter what she said: what did she do?"

And when Tom had explained what she had done, — how she had dismounted from her horse and thrown herself on the ground, ordering him away; how he had gone, and yet waited to escort her back to Cambridge; and how thoroughly provoked and incensed she had appeared through it all, — Miss Mabel at length laughed, and said, —

"Well, Tom, you are the silliest boy I ever saw in all my life!"

"Why? What on earth could she mean, if she didn't mean that I was to go away, and not bother her?"

"Mean! Why, she meant that you were cowardly and weak in talking to her as you did. She meant that you were manœuvring to get her to disclose her own feelings, (as I believe you were, you naughty boy!) instead of declaring your own first, like a man. She feared her manner had told you that she loved you; and, of course, she was incensed and ashamed, as any girl of spirit would have been. She told you to go away, that you might not see her tears: *that's* the reason she kept saying, 'Oh that I should have come to this!' And you ought to have known it, if you had not been as blind as a bat, as all men are! I don't blame her in the least; and I think you behaved shamefully!"

"Hang it! I only gave her a chance to let me know if I was mistaken."

"O Tom, Tom, how silly! how unutterably weak! *Some* girls might take advantage of such a chance, as you call it! — what a way to put it! *Some* girls might be willing to let a man know that they loved him, and not be ashamed of it; but I'm sure Miss Darby is not one of them. I know you would be as sorry as any one, if you thought she were. A girl should die rather than let a man know that she loves him, unless he tells her his own love first."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Tom.

"Of course you're not, because you are weak, as Miss Darby says, and don't understand girls. Tom, if a man loves a woman, let him tell her so simply, frankly, honestly: if he does not, let him hold his tongue. What I want to impress on you, in this case, is the great mistake you made in talking to her of your feeling for her. You have no right to talk in this half-way style with a girl, and then expect her to make her own feelings known to you. No high-bred girl will stand it; and it is unworthy of you, Tom, — it is unworthy of you. Imagine

your friend Breese doing such a weak thing as you have done! Didn't you tell me that he went bravely up, and told her he loved her, and then bore his fate like a man?"

"Yes; but he was, in a measure, forced to do it by the rumors that were about, and were causing remark."

"And you hadn't the courage to do as he had done, unless you were forced to it by some outside circumstance?" asked Miss Mabel.

"Oh, don't put it in that way!" urged Tom. "I tell you, Mabel, a great many things have happened, that you know nothing about, and that I can't explain, — a great many things in my life here in Cambridge. They made me suspicious of everybody, — suspicious of Breese, of myself, of Miss Darby, everybody. Don't ask me about them."

"I've no idea of asking you about them, Tom! I'm not going to bother you any more. I'm going home. I have told you all that I know and believe and hope, and I'm very much disappointed in you. Yes, Tom, you are the most disappointing man I ever saw!"

"Ho, ho! What do you know about men, Miss Sweet-Sixteen?"

"Well, I don't need to be so very old to understand *men!*" she said, bowing her head several times, and looking peculiarly defiant, with the jaunty red feather in her hat emphasizing her words. "They are the easiest to read and understand of any thing *I* ever saw! And I've read you, you cowardly boy, and I'm fearfully disappointed in you!"

She arose, took the key from her pocket, and was unlocking the door, when Tom rushed up to her, and put his arms around her, saying eagerly, —

"Well, well, my little puss, don't be angry with me! I confess I'm a fool in these matters, but I will not be any longer;" and he kissed her. Then, holding her at

arm's-length, he said, "But you will allow that you are all sphinxes, and very hard to make out?" looking down into her eyes, and putting his head on one side.

"Perhaps we are," she said. "But Heaven made us so; and you would not have us otherwise, would you? Come now! would you, Tom? Would you have us wear our hearts on our sleeves, and run about telling such silly, cowardly boys as you, that we loved them?"

"No, I think not. But don't you pile on the agony sometimes, and mystify a fellow just for the fun of the thing?"

"Sometimes they deserve it," she answered, putting the key in the door.

"I suppose they do," he said ruefully, shaking his head. He kissed her again; and they went out, and walked rapidly to Mrs. Darby's.

Tom felt a bit conscious, as he passed students here and there, returning from supper. But Mabel did not appreciate that the sight of a young woman like herself, issuing from the quadrangle at this time of the evening, was somewhat anomalous. She thought it the most natural thing in the world that she should be seen walking anywhere and everywhere with Tom: wasn't he her brother? and hadn't she a right to take his arm if she chose? Why did those men stare so?

"His sister?" asked one man of another.

"Don't know. I can't pretend to keep track of Hammersmith. May be his sister; may be some other fellow's."

"Come up for class-day, perhaps. A very clean stepper," remarked the first man, young Tilbury, devoted to the turf.

"Won't you come in to dinner, Mr. Hammersmith?" asked Mrs. Darby, as the two appeared walking briskly up the walk.

"No, thanks, Mrs. Darby! I've a committee-meeting to attend at seven. Gracious! I shall have hardly time to reach it. Sorry I kept Mabel after your dinner-hour: we had a little matter to talk over."

"Some other time, then," said Mrs. Darby.

"Thanks!" and he ran back to his club-table, took a hasty meal, and appeared at the committee-meeting in question, which was called to arrange various matters of importance in reference to class-day.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WORLD IS SET HUMMING FOR HAMMERSMITH.

"With time and patience the leaf of the mulberry-tree becomes satin."
FROM THE ARABIC.

"How, Dearest, wilt thou have me for most use?
A hope, to sing by gladly? . . . or a fine
Sad memory, with thy songs to interfuse?
A shade, in which to sing . . . of palm or pine?
A grave, on which to rest from singing? Choose."
MRS. BROWNING.

THIS interview with his persistent little sister was several days old, and Hammersmith had pondered and speculated on it with an effect presently to be described, when he and Miss Darby were again on horseback, riding together for the first time since that luckless evening of two weeks before.

It was a silent ride, as silent almost as that black return-ride on the unhappy evening of which they both scarcely dared to think. They talked somewhat, but of indifferent matters, chopping off the heads of subjects, after the fashion of young people, and avoiding, as if by common consent, all themes that could in any way remind them by remotest implication of the one thing of which they were both thinking.

Hammersmith did not ask Miss Darby which road she would take, but guided the ride himself in the direction of the same fatal Waverley Grove.

"I don't like to go in there, Mr. Hammersmith," said Miss Darby, as Tom was entering the wood by the same

narrow opening in the stone wall; and she shook her head.

"Please, Miss Darby!" He looked infinitely entreating; and she went in.

They dismounted.. Hammersmith tied his own reins to the horn of Miss Darby's saddle, retaining her reins in his hand.

"See!" he said: "they have come up since we were here." And he added to himself, "I hope they are a good omen," as he picked a bunch of violets from under the edge of the rock against which Miss Darby had leaned the last time they were here. "Will you have them?" She put them in the bosom of her riding-habit, and they sat down.

Silence, broken only by the light wind in the tree-tops, the chattering of a couple of squirrels running along the branches, and the pawing of Hammersmith's horse Baldy, restless as his master himself for this suspense to be over.

"Whoa, Baldy! still, sir!" said Hammersmith; and he rose and patted him. He came back and sat down.

"Miss Darby," he said, "do you remember what you said the last day I went to your hospital with you,—about the difficulty you would have in choosing between the world and the little castaways, as you called them, if you had to make the choice?"

"I had forgotten that I said that; but I meant to say that I love them, and am never happier than when taking care of them," she answered.

Silence again, which a careful investigator might have discovered was just perceptibly broken by a quicker breathing from Mr. Tom, caused by a light tattoo under his waistcoat, most unusual in the placid young fellow.

"I know an old fellow that's in a very bad way, and wants to get taken care of," he added.

"But we don't take old men," she answered.

"Couldn't you admit just this one?" he asked. "It would be a mercy," he added.

"I'll submit it to Miss Fayerweather and Miss Summerdale, if you wish," she said.

"But it isn't for them to decide," he said.

"Certainly it is. I never decide such a question alone."

"But this is a question for you to decide alone," he said; and he called to his horse to be quiet.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "An old gentleman to be taken in, and I to decide it alone!"

"Young ladies generally decide such questions alone," he said. But she continued, without apparently hearing him, —

"Who is he? Where is he? Is he very badly off?"

"He's in a terrible way, I assure you. He's in Cambridge. No! — he's in Belmont."

"How old is he?"

"He's about twenty-two. Is that too old?"

She had been shaking her head at the general proposition; and, when he said this, she opened her eyes wide, and drew a quick breath, and presently went on shaking her head again, as Hammersmith continued, —

"It is not too old? You know who he is? He loves you, Miss Darby; and will you take him in?" he asked, with charming ambiguity.

Her head fell forward on her breast. Then she lifted her face full to his; and the next minute his arms were about her, and he was kissing her sweet, warm lips.

Then things were said, and things were done, which I am sure the bending foliage had never heard or seen before. For the little leaves that had so recently burst upon the world shook their sides, and made light merriment or light applause above their heads. The sun came peeping in under the greenwood with an envious glance.

And the horses, standing with drooped heads, loose now, and free to run if they chose, pointed their ears at the pretty scene, adding a picturesqueness of their own.

O buds and flowers! O waving green banners and warm breath of summer breezes, what a different sight is this to-day! Smile, and kiss your benediction upon him; for he has had a hard and troublesome Hammersmith battle to fight, with himself, with circumstances, with other men, before this happy day could come, and he be holding his love within his arms.

And presently they were in the saddle again, walking up the road, which lay flooded with sunshine.

"Isn't it all beautiful!" said Miss Darby, after they had gone a short distance, with loose rein, in silence.

"Isn't it!" answered Hammersmith, and added, after a moment, "If I had only known this all the time!"

"Known what, Mr. Hammersmith?"

"Mr. Hammersmith! Indeed!"

"What! — why! — oh, I can't, all at once! It is so sudden. Mr. — well, Tom, then."

"Good for you!" said Tom. "Didn't hurt you, did it, Ellen? See how easily I do it!"

"No, but it seems so funny! What is it that you wish you had known?"

"Why, that you — that I might have — that for all these months — oh, you know what I mean!" said Tom.

"Don't flatter yourself," answered she. "I never cared a straw for you till five minutes ago, you vain man, when you looked so unutterably miserable, begging for that poor old gentleman. I couldn't resist such a plaintive appeal."

"'Pon honor?"

"*Of course* I never cared any thing for you till five minutes ago. The idea!" she said. "Perhaps it is six minutes now! But do you know what I promised you, what you asked me just now?"

"Why, you promised me that you — you said that you would always — fact is, you didn't say much of any thing," said Hammersmith.

"You asked me if I would 'take you in.' 'Take you in'! I shall be sure to do it; and so you will have no right to complain of any ill treatment I may give you, you hasty man! No, never!"

"I shall never need to, I'm sure," he answered, with mingled gravity and mirth. "But I was using the metaphor of the hospital, and speaking to you as a sister of charity."

"That's very fine. But you cannot help it now: you cannot take back your words! And I have your authority to take you in to my heart's content," she said.

"Certainly, to your heart's content, if you put it in that way," replied Tom gleefully. "Shall we have a spin?"

And with more such happy, sentimental badinage, — which need not be set down in this place, — and many delicious, silent pauses, they rode home; Hammersmith thinking of nothing but this young being by his side, who had promised to give her life into his keeping; Miss Darby in a strange new *rôle* for a sister of charity, riding through country-lanes with a knot of violets on her bosom, and a handsome young student turning beaming eyes upon her. And the young student, indeed, looked different, far different, from the poor old gentleman for whom he had been pleading, who was in a very bad way, forsooth, and likely to die if he were not taken care of.

Heaven send peace and joy to them, and fulfilment of all their happy plans, which sprang up from that day, as the violets had sprung from their shady nook in the woods! Heaven speed all young fellows like Hammersmith in their suits, and guide them to the proper charitable sister, who can set all the world humming with joy for them by a sim-

ple smile!" And Heaven teach them to fall down on their knees, and thank God for the rarest blessing, the sweetest consolation, that He can bestow!

. . . . . .

The final festivities and exercises of the academic year were drawing near.

Parties were being given throughout the length and breadth of the university town, — one of the first at Mrs. Darby's, where a bit of interesting news was announced; and it would be a pathetic chronicle, were I to exhibit in this place a tenth part of the grand vows and impressive sentiment that these occasions evoked from the mighty seniors sitting in *tête-à-tête* with their fair Cambridge friends.

The Glee Club concert came on an evening or two after the arrival of Mrs. Hammersmith; and Hammersmith brought his mother and sister, and his brother Dick (now a fine young stripling of seventeen summers or so), with the entire Darby family, to enjoy the music of this last appearance of his with the dear old club, — the last except the informal singing of class-day evening, and the various occasions when he may return as a graduate, please God, to add his voice to those of cordial undergraduates.

It was a great success, this concert. The dear mother could hardly keep from tears as she saw her handsome boy (who was growing so like his poor father every day) singing his ponderous part up there among the second basses, and smiling down upon the group of his friends. He came down in the intermission and spoke with them; and Miss Mabel exclaimed, —

"O Tom, that was beautiful, that Marschner Serenade! Won't you give the waltz, if we *encore* you?"

"Perhaps so," said Tom, smiling; and he leaned over to Miss Darby, who said, —

"You're in splendid voice to-night, Tom. Do give the waltz! It's pretty old, I know; but it's always good, and your mother and Mabel will like it." And she blushed prettily, conscious, no doubt, that many eyes were turned towards her as she talked with the man to whom she had just become engaged. The second part began, and Hammersmith went back to the stage.

The *encore* was given, the applause being swollen in no small measure by the clamors of the hearty "Duke," who had come in, and was seated in the aisle by the Hammersmiths and Darbys; and Miss Mabel put her hand again into Miss Darby's, as on the day of the Worcester regatta, and said softly, —

"Dear Ellen, I never was so happy in all my life!" How many happiest days had she already had in her brief life, I wonder.

"You will be, some day, Mabel," she answered; and the two contrasted beauties — Miss Darby the fair and the blue-eyed, Miss Hammersmith, with the dark hair and coloring and the brilliant eyes of her race — made a pretty picture to the young fellows of the Glee Club and the Pierian, looking down from the low stage. I doubt not that not a few of them, and not a few young and old boys in the audience, regarded Hammersmith that evening with envious admiration, as they saw him singing there in the prime of his young manhood, honored by his classmates, honored more by the trust and love of the beautiful young creature before whose lovely eyes he was singing his farewell to college-life.

The college societies, too, were giving their last entertainments, holding their last full meetings of the term; and Hammersmith was kept busy, busier than almost any one else, by the many duties that his chief marshalship, and his general supervision of class-day arrangements, brought him.

Hasty Pudding "Strawberry Night" and "Seniors' Benefit" had come off; and all the ties that bound Hammersmith and his friends to the old society were drawn firmer and closer by the warm brotherly feeling which these gatherings of graduate and undergraduate members called forth.

The final examinations are over, and the young men mentioned in this chronicle have all passed, with various degrees of honor; only Ruddiman the bold having any great difficulty, which consisted in his barely "squeaking through" in history, as he expressed it. Provident tradesmen are already presenting their little bills with apologies, and their big bills with eagerness. The turf in the quadrangle has been mowed and rolled in preparation for the class-day dances, till it is as smooth as turf can be; kept unmolested, moreover, by means of numerous prohibitory placards, and the constant call of "Off the grass!" from jealous seniors. Under-classmen returning from the river and cricket are regarded by the great senior, with his eyes already on the larger field to which he is hastening, as belonging to a younger world, a different existence from himself. Parents and friends, graduates and strangers from a distance, are already filling and overflowing the modest Cambridge accommodations. Our young friend Malachite — who has been forever carrying about mighty calf volumes of the law, and devoting to moot courts and law lectures what little time he could spare from the cultivation of a pair of mustaches, just visible to the naked eye after the lapse of a year — now bursts forth resplendent for the gorgeous festivities approaching. Local belles, and those from a distance who propose to outshine them, and dazzle the all-embracing student eye, have collected marvels of adornment and brilliant trapping most wonderful to behold. Prayers are offered plentifully to the gods of the weather for smiling

skies on the day of which all Cambridge is thinking, and to which a hundred men or more have been looking forward for the four years past.

Oration, poem, ode, class-song, every thing, is ready for the crowning festivity of class-day, — beloved of students, a period of unbounded bliss for the youth and maidens of the neighborhood, a day of unbridled riot for local urchins hovering on the outskirts of feast and revelry.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CLASS-DAY AND A TALK OF SPURS.

"Annie of Tharaw, my true love of old,
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold."
LONGFELLOW, *from the German of* SIMON DACH.

"Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake
The old bitterness again, and break
The low beginnings of content!" — TENNYSON.

WHAT meagre description can do justice to the abounding gayety, the full, throbbing life, the buoyant festivities, and the deep undercurrent of earnest thought and feeling, of a class-day, — the last, the only elaborate, social entertainment of the undergraduate before he rushes forth into the thick of the outer world! How the old graduate, unless his life has been sad and gloomy indeed, looks back with kindling pleasure and a certain mournful tenderness at the sufficient happiness of those earlier entertainments, or, rather, that all-important, long-expected entertainment which marked the term of his own academic course!

And the charming Amelias, the lovely Marys, the radiant Octavias, and the thoroughly enslaving Rebeccas, that annually, in ever recurrent waves of sentiment and romance, sail in upon the quiet university town on this festal day, — the pen must be dipped in colors of sunset, that can hope to paint their varied charms!

How they take possession of easy-chairs, henceforth consecrated, and blossom out in window-seats! How they explore and exclaim over the startling wonders, the

unique adornments, of the ancient rooms! How they penetrate, with proper escort, even into the mysterious realms of the Hasty Pudding and other societies, and ask many unanswerable questions about the marvellous things that they see! How becomingly sad and surprised, and entirely charming, they look, as they listen to the apocryphal stories related of college-life by their imaginative gentlemen-in-waiting! What reprehensible glances they throw at many a stalwart young fellow, who has never blushed before in his life! And how!—but, Heavens! I shall never get on, if I linger longer in their detaining company to the neglect of graver personages.

Quieter, graver groups of mothers and fathers, and other relatives, serve as a background to this merry young life. The university town is a familiar spot to many of them; to many it is an Ultima Thule which they have only contrived to reach this once, out of honor to their darling boy's graduation, their homespun boy, who has blossomed so famously since he came to this brilliant hot-house of learning,—a day to be marked with a white stone in the annals of the family.

Graduates on this day, as on the quieter commencement soon to follow, pace the yard, or climb the old familiar stairs, musingly eloquent of the splendid days of their youth, and pointing out to their friends the while the landmarks of those bygone times. "There's my old freshman room, in the corner of Stoughton," says one, indicating it with his cane. Says another, "There's where the Med. Fac. blew up a couple of sophomores in their beds,—there in the top of Massachusetts. Some treachery or malpractice: we never could find out just what." And another, leaning heavily on the arm of a younger graduate, says, looking up at a Holworthy room, "In that room, Hal, on my class-day, your mother—God bless her! she was not your mother then—first let me know

that I had a chance of winning her. Women were women then, my boy; and the army of men that she had at her feet was quite put to rout and demoralized when I carried her off before their very eyes. It seems but yesterday, though Heaven knows it is forty years since!"

And the list of orators and poets of class-day, a copy of which is before me as I write, with a mass of college-papers, college-verses, examination-lists, themes, society-notices, and the like, — with what a pathetic interest you examine the long line reaching back a hundred years now!

How many a name has confirmed its early promise and the correctness of the undergraduate judgment! How many a man that started out brilliant, accomplished, full-freighted, honored by his class with this or the other class-day distinction, has felt the fires of genius gradually dying out, and lived on into a flickering old age, supported by the thought of his youthful fame! This man gave no prophecy in his plain college oration of the world-wide fame that awaited him as a silver-tongued orator, persuader of thousands. That one set all his audience, his classmates above all, ablaze with the fervor of his parting words, and seemed about entering on a career of glory and usefulness unapproachable: a lonely grave in a distant country holds all that was perishable in that commanding presence; and the sweet spring birds sing carols about the spot.

. . . . . .

The gods that preside over the weather, the goddesses that preside over beautiful girls and captivating toilets, had smiled propitious; and Mr. Tom's class-day promised to be as gay and happy as any that the old university town had ever seen.

The exercises in the church, preluded by the old-time "rush" of undergraduates, which alarmed Miss Mabel Hammersmith not a little; the oration by Albemarle,

glowing with patriotism, tender with happy reminiscences, inspiring with lofty exhortation; the poem of Oliver, sparkling with brilliant sallies, chronicling the glorious victories and the famous record of the class; the singing of the class ode; the benediction by the beloved doctor,— all are over, and the crowd is scattering for the merrier festivities of the quadrangle.

"God bless you, dear Tom!" said Mrs. Hammersmith, as her son came up to her in the church. "It was very fine."

"Splendid oration, wasn't it?" asked Tom. "That was to have been delivered by Breese, you know, mother," he added in a low voice, audible only to her. But Miss Darby felt what he was saying, and smiled a sad sort of smile upon him; and Tom gave his arm to his mother, leading the way to the college-buildings.

"Bravo, Tom!" said his uncle Gayton, following, with Mrs. Darby on his arm. "You look quite the field-marshal, with your *bâton*, and all!"

"A field-marshal in evening dress?" asked Tom.

"Well, undress-uniform, let us say," answered his uncle; and the two young ladies, following with Goldie, did not care by what name their beloved Tom was called; for they knew that he was the handsomest, the best, the most satisfactory, of brothers and lovers. They said as much to each other with their eyes, and tripped across the street in their dainty shoes and delicate raiment, a pretty spectacle for the files of undergraduates and townspeople through which they passed.

Caterers and skips, and countless attendants, had been holding high carnival for hours, now, in the old college-halls, opening hampers, setting tables, decorating rooms, and making ready the feasts. Local youngsters, annually scenting the class-day odors from afar, had hovered about the outskirts of preparation, capturing a straggling tidbit,

or receiving damaged luxuries with a thankful grin. The plain college-rooms were transformed quite beyond recognition by gay festoons and bouquets, and the showy, amply-stocked tables. So that our young people were entirely surprised when they entered the rooms of Hammersmith's and Goldie's and others' "spreads" in middle Holworthy; and Miss Mabel again made herself the mouthpiece of the wonder that they all felt.

"Mr. Goldie, I believe you have witches, or fairies, or something of the sort, in the university!" she said. "I am meeting surprises and funny things on every hand, wherever I go. I believe it is all magic! I believe your old halls are enchanted!"

"They are to-day, Miss Mabel," the wicked old boating man answered. But Miss Hammersmith said, "Why, Mr. Goldie! This from you! Well, you *are* improving in compliments! No wonder you blush!"

But Goldie said, "'Blush,' not a bit of it! Red curtain, don't you see? — Won't you have some salad?"

"Thanks, I'm almost famished," she answered. Goldie and Hammersmith, Oliver and Fayerweather, who were associated in this "spread," continued to receive their throngs of guests, and forage for them, settling the old ladies in comfortable seats, exchanging light badinage with the young ones, and putting everybody at ease by their cheerful manner and ready tact.

The same scene was enacting throughout the entire quadrangle and at many a boarding-house hard by. The entries were packed with blooming girls, moving from one "spread" to another. Younger brothers, like our young Dick Hammersmith, were gorging themselves on the unusual delicacies ready at their hands. Servants were making their difficult way through the crush, poising dangerous dishes unsteadily aloft. The windows overflowed with muslin and tarlatan and tulle, and a thousand bright bits

of color; and I do not wonder that the elms outside rose and fell in gentle whispers of pleasure, looking on at all this radiance and freshness and beauty. How many such battalions of happy youth and maidens have they looked down upon before, and, please God, shall continue to protect with their sheltering shade, on those too brief days of college festivity! Who can tell how soon they may look down upon battalions of "sweet girl graduates" of Harvard pacing along their leafy avenues?

Ruddiman, Freemantle, Albemarle, and many others, had arranged their entertainments outside the quadrangle. Ruddiman's, in especial, was sumptuous to an alarming degree, the forerunner of the lavish extravagance with which Harvard men of to-day are familiar.

Crowds of common friends had passed from these "spreads" to Hammersmith's and others' within the quadrangle. Crowds from the quadrangle had gone to those outside, Miss Darby and Miss Hammersmith, with the uncle and Tom, among the latter. When the feasting had been carried on for an hour or two, and the young ladies had returned to Goldie's rooms, Miss Mabel broke out, —

"Now, Tom, what comes next? I'm insatiable, you see. I mean to see every thing and do every thing that I possibly can!"

"Why, Mabel!" said her mother.

"Well, I do," she answered. "It is my first class-day, and it may be my last, — unless Dick improves more in his studies than he has improved the last year."

"Humph!" exclaimed Dick the indignant, from behind a dish of strawberries.

"Oh, the Hasty Pudding!" said Miss Mabel, going up to Tom.

"What is it you want, Mabel? Haven't you eaten enough? Hasty Pudding!" said her mother, in some alarm at the hidden possibilities of the banquet.

"I don't want any thing, mother dear;" and she went over, and kissed the pale widow in her chair by the window. "But Tom promised to show us the Hasty Pudding Club rooms, and I want *so* much to see them! they are so awfully mysterious about the club, Tom and Geor— Mr. Goldie. And you *must* take us up, Tom!"

"But you'll have to climb three flights of stairs, and be blindfolded, and have your hands tied behind your back, and recite three verses from the Koran, and promise never to eat chocolate-creams, and" —

"Oh, nonsense, Tom! — Must we do all that, Mr. Goldie?" asked Miss Hammersmith.

"Not allowed to say," answered the mysterious fellow. "Will take you up, if you'll run the risk. Girls have been known to live through it — sometimes!"

"Come, Ellen; come, Tom," said Miss Mabel. "Can't uncle go?"

"Bless you, yes!" answered the "Duke." "I'm an *honorarius, ex post facto tempus fugit concordia discors seges votis respondet crocodilicos*, at your service, my lady!"

"You're all making fun of me, I do believe!" said she. "It isn't fair; is it, mother?" And she appealed to her mother in mock gravity of despair.

Presently the four young people were mounting the Stoughton stairway, up which legions of trembling neophytes have climbed before and since; while the older people remained in Goldie's rooms, looking out upon the swarming yard, and chatting pleasantly.

The young ladies did not find any thing terrific, or fearfully mysterious, in the famous Pudding rooms; and though Tom made a great show of secrecy at the door, insisting on blindfolding his sister, and bringing out an old volume that he declared was the Koran, Miss Darby put a stop to his brotherly pranks and, laughing heartily at Miss Mabel's perplexity, said, —

"Come, Tom dear. We shall be losing the dancing!" And Goldie added,—

"Well, Miss Mabel, we are allowed by the sphinx to forego these ceremonies on some occasions,—when a person has conscientious scruples about repeating from the Koran, for instance. You have scruples of that sort, haven't you?"

"Yes, yes—I suppose so," answered the mystified young woman.

"I thought so. And we can permit you to go in, if you'll promise solemnly never to divulge what you may see, or hear, or feel"—

"Oh, gracious!" said Miss Mabel.

"Under penalty of losing the devotion of yours truly, George Goldie," he added *sotto voce* to her, as Tom and Miss Darby were passing in ahead. She said "Oh, gracious!" again, and continued to make use of that and many other exclamations, as they examined the mysteries and wonders of that elaborate old society, whose name they had heard so often, and with such awful forebodings.

Other couples were before them, sitting in the cosey window-seats, turning over the famous painted programmes of the society, scrutinizing the anomalous toilets of the male-women actors whose photographs hung about on the walls, taking down a musty volume here and there from the ample library ranged about the rooms, and dipping into some few secret mysteries that cannot bear transcript to these pages.

"What funny, funny, looking actresses you men make!" exclaimed Miss Mabel.

"Some of them are mighty good, I think," said Goldie.

"You should have seen Ruddiman, the other evening, as Juliet!" added Tom; and, as they were leaving, that effulgent young gentleman, to-day as sombre and severe as all his class, to be sure, in evening-dress of faultless

cut, entered with Miss Malachite, the proudest man in all Cambridge.

"How d'ye do?"

"How do you do?"

"Miss Malachite, Miss Hammersmith; Miss Hammersmith, Miss Malachite," said the elaborate Ruddiman; and Miss Mabel bowed with the rest, and presently said, —

"Mr. Ruddiman, we were just talking of your acting."

"Great thing!" said the young man. "Immense success, no end of applause! Seen my photo? Permit me — I was just bringing a couple to hang up in the rooms." And the jocund fellow pulled out a pencil, wrote "Compliments of Robt. Ruddiman" on the back of a cabinet photograph that he took from his pocket, and handed it to Miss Hammersmith.

"Is that you? Really! I never should have known it!" she said. "How handsome!"

"Well, I like that!" said Ruddiman, firing up.

"What! Oh, you know what I mean! I didn't suppose you could make up so well. — And that is my poor old gown, Tom, that you borrowed! — And who did up your hair — I mean, where did you get your wig? It is a wig, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Ruddiman; and the mysteries of the club hair-dressing and other adornment were explained, while the photograph was passed around, and criticised.

"I wish I were a young man!" exclaimed Miss Mabel, as they were making their way to the green for a dance, in that pretty bygone fashion of the day, destructive though it may have been to delicate slippers and skirts. "We girls have no chance at all compared to you men. Look at our wishy-washy schools! And what a lovely time you have here!"

"You can't judge from to-day, Mabel," said Tom. "We have to work like Trojans in term-time; haven't we, George?"

"Yes," said Miss Darby slily, answering for Goldie. "But I'll tell you to-night, when we are at home, what it is at which they work like Trojans. I wouldn't advise your believing all these silly young men tell you to-day, Mabel."

"And I wouldn't advise your believing all that a certain young woman may tell you about midnight, Miss Mabel," said Goldie. "The imagination is very lively at that time of night, particularly in young women."

"For shame, George!" said his cousin; and they sauntered off, the two couples, to the dances on the green, and the "fascinating" and "delightful" and "lovely" and "sweet dances" in Harvard Hall, as various exuberant young women might have been heard to declare them during the course of the afternoon.

This dancing experience was so novel and alluring to Miss Hammersmith, she had so recently obtained her mother's sanction for her indulging in the round dances, and the merry scene before her was all so dazzling and distracting, that I do not wonder the young girl was quite beside herself with pleasant intoxication of delight.

"Dear Mabel, you must not, you really must not, dance so much," her mother would say, as she returned now and then to the rooms of the "spread," her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

"I'm not dancing too much, mother dear," she would say; "but the music is *so* lovely that I can't keep still." And she would go off on the arm of Goldie, Freemantle, Fayerweather, or some other young student, for more dances and more delicious intoxication.

Miss Darby, graver than her wont under the sense of Tom's approaching departure for the war, danced but little, took a turn of the green, visited Harvard Hall and several "spreads" with Hammersmith, and sat quietly a large part of the time with Mrs. Hammersmith and the rest.

"Happy fellow, Hammersmith!" men would say to each other, as Tom and his beautiful young love sailed about the yard and the old buildings.

"How proud they look!" would be the exclamation of envious beauties, or plebeian strangers, who looked on at the handsome, happy couple moving about, really too happy to speak, and so wearing an air of silent haughtiness not unlikely to provoke comment.

"My dear Emily, you ought to be the happiest woman in the quadrangle to-day," Mr. Gayton said to Mrs. Hammersmith during the afternoon, "with such a beautiful girl, — two such beautiful girls, I may say, — and such a fellow as Tom before your eyes. What a swell the young fellow is!"

"Please, not that name, Gayton," the quiet mother answered. "He is only Tom to me; and I could be very, very happy, if the thought of his going away to the war were not in my mind continually. It will break my heart!"

"Pooh, pooh! Excuse me, dear Emily; but I remember you used that very expression when Tom was about to be sent away to college. Was it a hundred years ago? No, pardon me, four," bowing elaborately as he said this; "and here is the young fellow alive and well, and a great man in his class, as you must allow."

"Yes; but this is a very different matter," the mother answered; and all the "Duke's" skill as a diplomatist was called into play to cheer her, and to make her son's departure seem the most natural, the most honorable, course in the world, — the very one that all able-bodied young Hammersmiths were fond of following, from the earliest history of the family.

The dances were over; the crowds in the quadrangle were immensely increased as evening came on; and the day was going out like a gorgeous sunset, rich with color, flashing with many-hued radiance.

It was while stopping, almost breathless, from the last dance in Harvard Hall, that Miss Hammersmith was aware of a pensive figure leaning against a column, and watching the whirling couples in the centre of the floor.

She was on the arm of Goldie; and, as she passed the figure in question, she said with a light air, —

"Why so pensive, Mr. Ruddiman?"

"Oh! — I — was thinking — I was thinking of graduating, of leaving all these endearing young charms and the old university," answered the mournful youth, with a sudden accession of regretful tenderness.

"Ah, I'm sorry for you, Mr. Ruddiman! It must be *so* hard!" the young woman said quietly. She looked so mischievous, however, and she glanced so involuntarily to a certain couple gliding gracefully about in the crush of dancers, — a couple on which Ruddiman's eyes were also fastened, — that Ruddiman felt uncomfortable. He never could quite make Miss Hammersmith out. She had so casual a way of saying things, making such accidental *double entendres*, that he could never tell just how much was badinage, just how much was serious. She was very happy, certainly, and very merry, this afternoon. Goldie had been her devoted squire from noon till now; and we cannot blame the cheerful girl if she dropped a little chaff with the doleful Ruddiman, and if such things as trials and tribulations seemed quite out of the pale of possible things in the fulness of her sunny joy.

So Ruddiman was left consuming himself with jealousy as Freemantle and Miss Malachite danced and talked in low tones before his very eyes, and wishing quite a catalogue of unkind wishes for his free and easy classmate in return for his cutting in, and stealing Miss Malachite away from his table, and monopolizing her ever since, — monopolizing her as well in the pensive evening, when the crowds and the lights, the music and the thought of part-

ing, filled the tender student with sentiment, and surrounded every casual maiden with a halo of romance.

It was not a cheerful spectacle, — the noble Ruddiman looking at life through the smoked glasses of despair. But there were scores of youth in the quadrangle, dying just such pleasant half-deaths that afternoon and evening; and we know enough of the resuscitating habit of the Ruddiman stock not to be fearful of his entire extinction. Other men have seen their *innamoratas* sailing away in the arms of successful rivals, and have yet survived: why should not he?

The same Darby group was gathered, just before sunset, in a spacious window of Harvard Hall, waiting for the unique closing exercises of the day, — the songs and rings, and grotesque farewell performances of the seniors about Liberty Tree.

The windows of Harvard, Hollis, Stoughton, Holden, were alive with eager faces from ground-floor to eaves. Crowds filled all the available space between those halls and the street. Fences, trees, carriage-tops, were surmounted by youthful acrobats bent on seeing the sport. A large concourse of sight-seers — in carriages, on horseback, on foot — blocked up the street adjacent, and drove the local policeman frantic.

The under-classmen are grouped in the centre of a huge ring. A wreath of small bouquets circles the Liberty Tree at a height to which you and I might have leaped or scrambled when we were lads, my dear Philippus, but which we would not venture to reach nowadays, for all the roses and posies of Christendom, and all the happy laughter and light applause that might reward us from the surrounding halls. We might be ever so anxious and willing; but gravity is against us.

The music of a band again, in the distance, followed at intervals by cheers; cheers such as Miss Mabel had

not heard since Worcester of last year; cheers such as set many a heart in the crowd beating, and recalled to many a graduate present the vigorous, joyous days of his prime.

"What are they doing, Ellen?" asked Miss Hammersmith.

"They are cheering the buildings, for farewell," said Miss Darby.

"How lovely, how hearty, how splendid, it all is, Ellen! Why don't you say something?"

"Oh! I've seen two class-days before,—Harry Goldie's four years ago (just after I was home from Europe), my friend Miss Fayerweather's brother's last year, you know."

"Is it always as sweet as this?"

"Not always such pleasant weather. It is often fearfully hot; sometimes it rains, I believe. But there is usually an immense crowd, and just such excitement and gayety as you've seen to-day."

"But were you ever so happy? Were you ever so happy as to-day, Ellen?"

"Were you, Mabel?" asked the other. And the two young girls, each as happy as girls could be, looked into each other's eyes for just a brief moment, and smiled. I am not sure which blushed the more of the two; I fear it was Miss Hammersmith: and I do not in the least blame a knot of juniors, sitting on the grass within the ring, for looking many times up at the two girls in the Harvard Hall window, smiling and blushing there in their beauty.

"Two to one on the girl with the red feather!" said one.

"Mine's the girl in blue and white," said another.

"A basket of champagne that Goldie is engaged to her!" added a third.

"Nonsense! He's not such a quick bird as that. Give him a little time!"

"She smiled at me, by Jove! Five to one she'll smile again, Phil!"

"Everybody knows a smile will upset you, old fellow: One smile's all you can stand."

"Here they come, fellows! Here are the seniors!" shouted a junior, as the seniors appeared.

"What frights! what perfect horrors! Why, Ellen, why do they dress like that?"

"A custom, my dear Mabel, — a custom of class-day. You'll see why in a few moments."

"There's Tom, and — Mr. Goldie and Mr. Albemarle and Mr. Ruddiman. What *fearful* old clothes! What disgraceful hats! Why, Tom has a new hat!"

"Yes, a custom," chimed in Mr. Gayton. "A mighty expensive little item for a young senior, you'll see in a few moments, Mabel."

And while the Darby group, and a hundred others equally interested, looked on, and commented on the droll figures and eccentric dressing of the seniors, and a low murmur ran about through the crowds at hand, the seniors marched into the centre of the ring, and halted.

"Oh! what do they do now? Do tell me, Ellen! I'm afraid I shall lose something," said Miss Hammersmith.

"Have you lost any thing to-day, Mabel?" asked her uncle, looking mischievous a moment, then glancing quickly out at the window, and lengthening his face.

"No," said she, "nothing, I think." And then, noticing her uncle's look, she blushed prettily, as she said in a low voice, "Uncle, you're *very* unkind! I've not lost what you mean, and I don't intend to *ever!*" And the old gentleman of course felt very uncomfortable, and of course believed her, and of course concluded that he must have been mistaken in thinking Mr. George Goldie most remarkably devoted to his sweet young niece during the entire day.

The great ringing chorus of the class song; the hearty cheers for the president, the professors, the tutors, everybody and every thing, from the old university itself to the ancient handmaidens and the various sports of the time; the excited singing of Auld Lang Syne, with its accelerated movement and gradual *crescendo* of impetuosity; the whirling rush about the garlanded tree, with the concentric rings colliding in their course, the sophomores and freshmen ending, as usual, in a fierce scrimmage, and an attempt to break each other's lines; the wild scramble for the flowers encircling the tree-trunk; the victorious shouts; the applause from the surrounding halls, and the long-continued and quite unprecedented hugging and farewells of the graduating class,—ah, how the vigorous scene comes back to me these thousands of miles away! And what a thrill the memory of that festal afternoon, those brave young seniors, that rose-garden of youth and beauty blooming in the ancient hall-windows, gives an old graduate after the lapse of a few decades!

The new hat of Hammersmith's, which excited his sister's comment, had been many times lifted and waved in air, as his old ancestor Rupert might have waved his *chapeau* at the Buena Vista charge. Mr. Tom had called for cheers for everybody and every thing, as has been said,—faculty, old university, boating, cricket, the classes (saving the freshmen, who set up a partisan howl on their own account), the ladies, the societies, even the factotum "Glue," and the body of skips and forgiven "old pocos;" and the surrounding halls had given back mighty echoes of "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah!" And when at last, standing bareheaded, handsome, among all those manly young students already immensely excited, he lifted his voice and said, "Now, fellows, I propose three times three cheers for our dear old country and the men that have gone forth from this place to defend her," there was a sudden crash of

applause and of cheers from the immense crowd in attendance.

As he lifted his hat, and swung it in air, such cheers were given, by students and spectators alike, as I imagine the old Liberty Tree had rarely listened to before; cheers which would have fired the hearts of Breese and Curtis and Farley and the rest, could they have heard their echo in the Virginia camp where they lay; cheers which did infinite honor to the happy young gentlemen who gave them, and which proved, that, beneath an exterior of seeming carelessness and assumed ease, there was a warm and abiding love of country, and a devotion to ideas worthy of the noble old university that had cherished them and trained them all these years, and other patriots before them.

Hammersmith has finally hurled his hat at the tree as a signal for the scramble to begin, Miss Hammersmith exclaiming, "Good gracious! So that's the expensive custom, uncle Gayton!" as she saw it trodden under foot by the rushing seniors, making for the tree. The wreath of flowers has at length been entirely torn from its place by the young men, who jumped and clambered, and made Trojan charges, combination-attacks, for it. All these brisk young fellows, who have been so fine in evening-dress and faultless linen all day, now, in the oldest and oddest of clothes, are covered with dust, and breathing like war-horses. Youthful spectators have shouted "Ki-yi! Look at the little one!" as Ruddiman distinguished himself by climbing over the heads and shoulders of his classmates, and carrying off a small arc of the flower-circle. Young ladies have felt their hearts beating a trifle quicker as they looked down and saw the ecstatic embraces of their young friends, hitherto so severely decorous, so carefully restrained in their devotions. The last tired classmate has fallen into the arms of his friends, of his *quondam*

enemies, of men with whom he has hardly had a word during his whole college-course. The seniors have left, soon to re-appear, gorgeous for the evening's festivities. The crowd melts away. Village urchins, bent on antiquarian research, traverse and prod the field for trophies of the peaceful fight. The sun has long since gone down, with a last lingering smile on all this happy throng, this merry flower-scene, bright after its own sunny heart. The lights are lit in the quadrangle; the cosey teas of the seniors are in progress; and a few short hours of music, of song, of revery, of sentiment, and the glad-sorrowful day is over.

The band is playing in the middle of the quadrangle. Lights are hung far and near under the arching elms. Happy couples, bathed in a delicious sea of romance, wander here and there through the crowds. Flood-gates of sentiment are opened that were never dreamed of before by the startled gate-keepers. Young men are talking proudly, hopefully, of their vast plans, their lofty aims; and bright eyes flash with admiration, or melt in tender sympathy, as the manly youth pour forth their vows, their hopes, their doughty resolves.

"Well, my little mother," says Hammersmith, approaching his mother in the beginning of the evening, just as the Glee Club is mounting the stand for a song, "how are you getting along? Will you go to the president's reception with us?"

"No, Tom dear: I'm too tired. I have had a very happy day; but I must go now. Gayton will take care of me; do you stay and enjoy yourself. Mrs. Darby will look after the girls — will you not, Mrs. Darby? Thanks!" And with tears in her eyes, and a pressure of Tom's hand, that meant volumes of pleasure and grief, and forecasting fear, to Hammersmith, the good mother left the room with Mr. Gayton, and returned to the Darbys'.

"Why are you so quiet, Ellen?" asked Hammersmith, bending over Miss Darby, who sat in a window-seat, looking out. "Why have you been so quiet all day?"

"O Tom!" she answered, turning her face up to his, and taking one of his hands in both of hers, "can't you imagine? How can I help feeling sad, and being quiet, if you persist in going to the war, dear Tom?"

"Come, come," said Tom, "don't let us think of that this evening! The war may be ended before commencement; and I've promised you not to go till then."

"But I can think of nothing else, Tom. I've tried to forget it all day. I've danced, and watched every thing and everybody about me, and tried to imagine that it was all a dream, and that you were not really going, after all. But it is no use. I can think of absolutely nothing else. I have thought of nothing else for weeks;" and she released his hand, and leaned her head on her own hand.

"But see how well and happy I am! And what a merry scene this is!" said Hammersmith. "Don't let us prophesy evil on a night like this, Ellen dear!"

"But I cannot help it, Tom. I cannot help dreading your going. You are always rushing into danger so!" And Tom was leaning over to speak words of comfort to her, when "One, two, three, Hammersmith!" came in a great chorus from the Glee Club; and he drew back, saying, —

"Pshaw, I forgot those fellows were looking up here! Shall I go down? I'll do any thing that you say to-night, Ellen, except" —

"Yes, except," she said mournfully.

"Except promising you not to go to the war."

"One, two, three, Hammersmith!" came up again from the quadrangle. Miss Darby said, "Go, Tom, they want you; but don't stay long." And Mr. Tom went down, and was soon singing away with the club. But his thoughts

were far away from the music in hand; away with Breese and the rest at the post of danger; away on the wild journey which his hopes and fears led him, when he thought of the dear girl in the window-seat yonder, whom he loved only less dearly than his country and his honor.

"Come, Ellen, let us go to the reception," he said, returning after a while to Miss Darby. "You have been sitting here too long, thinking of the war and all that."

"I'd rather not go to the reception, Tom," she said; "but I'll take a little walk, if you wish." And they went out, and made a tour of the quadrangle; strangely and yet not strangely silent, under the influence of their common thought; silent too, as their memories went back over the short years of Hammersmith's Cambridge life, packed full of events that had been drawing them gradually but surely together.

Then they passed out of the yard, and traversed many of the familiar promenades in the neighborhood of the college. All Cambridge was floating in a golden atmosphere of pensive revery, and tender, melancholy sentiment; and these two young hearts were touched as they had never been before with the sweet sadness of parting and the new thought of their terrible dependence on each other.

What they said on that peaceful, starlit night, as they paced the leafy avenues of the town, within sound of the music from the quadrangle; how Mr. Tom pointed out many a spot here and there, made interesting to him (and now to her) by boyish adventures of his; how he tried to draw her mind from the sad thought of separation and of battle-fields,—it does not concern us to inquire.

It was a difficult task to free her from this bitter, blinding fear; a difficult task to make her believe, that, in a few short weeks, he would be returning to lay his spurs at her feet. For not only to Miss Darby, but to scores of others

in the merry quadrangle that day, had come the thought of the nameless dangers to which many of these young men, their brothers, their sons, their lovers, were so soon to expose themselves.

A deep, solemn undertone of sadness, a bitter refrain, from out the hearts of mothers and sisters and sweethearts, had been singing itself all day under the light music, the gay, festive songs of revelry. And the hearts of the young men, which beat so proudly that day, were themselves smitten with a sense of the noble rage, the high responsibility, of the conflict that called them.

It was as if a jolly woodland party were feasting and making merry under sun-flecked foliage, all unconscious, or but dimly conscious, of the muttering thunder and the leaping lightning of a fierce summer storm approaching apace. The light footing of the dance was soon to give place to the hurried tramp of horses and men; the festive music, to the clang of summoning trumpets; and all the light laughter and sentiment and merrymaking, to be drowned in the hoarse roar of conflict.

"Dear Ellen, you would not have me turn my back on my duty!" Tom said, as they were returning across the Delta to the quadrangle, Miss Darby leaning heavily on his arm.

"No, of course not, Tom," she answered. "But one man more or less,—what can it matter?"

"One man may save a whole country!" exclaimed Hammersmith; "a whole cause, a whole side, a whole army! Look!" said he, "here is the very place where Breese saved our freshman game four years ago! You saw it. You know how it was done? It was done by one man's being plucky, and mad with fine anger, and careless of himself, so that only he could serve his fellows, and win the victory."

"Yes, I know," said Miss Darby.

"And what would Breese say, do you think, if he knew that I was hesitating about joining him! I am not hesitating; I have never hesitated — except, dear Ellen, when I have thought of you and mother and Mabel;" and he leaned towards her, and spoke in a low voice, to which Miss Darby inclined her ear.

"Yes," she said, "war is always the hardest on the women, Tom."

"But you would not have the men cowards and shirks!" he exclaimed. "You would not have them stand wringing their hands, and let their country be torn to pieces! No, death, grief, any thing, is better than that! I would rather fall in my first fight, with my face to the enemy, than to live, and feel that I had shirked my duty. You would prefer it so, too, dear Ellen; yes, I know you would." But she only clung the closer to his arm, and made no answer.

"As you say, what is one man more or less!" he went on. "But I mean it in a different sense. And what great matter, if I do fall?"

"O Tom, Tom!" she said.

"If I fell, it would be with your love in my heart, dear Ellen, and your name on my lips; and I would have them for eternity! And you would be proud that I had died in such a cause" —

"Please don't, Tom!" she interposed.

"But if I staid at home, and saw others plunge in and do the fighting for me — Heavens, how I should feel! I should be ashamed of my name, ashamed to look a brave man in the face; and you would be ashamed of me yourself, Ellen dear."

"Never, Tom, never; for I should know that you only staid at home for your mother's sake and mine."

"Ellen, ask me any thing, make me promise you any thing; but I beg you, as you love me, as you know that

I love you more dearly than all the world besides, not to hold me back from what I think my duty in this case. You don't distrust me? You believe what I say? Yes, I thought so. God bless you for it! Believe me, then, when I say again, what I have said so many times before, that I love you dearly, deeply, hopefully; that it is only the thought of you and my mother that causes me a moment's pang, a moment's hesitation; but that, before God and you, I swear that my honor, my manhood, the name I bear, every thing, calls me to this war in defence of my country, and that every thing must give way before this duty."

They walked a moment in silence, the low night-wind coming with a delicious coolness to their excitement, and the distant music of the Glee Club detaining their thoughts for a brief space from the sad journey on which they were bound.

"Have I been studying the lives of the great and the patriotic all these years," Hammersmith went on; "have I been taught to admire courage and honor, and noble daring, in all ages, from the beginning of time; and do I now find myself wavering? No, no, Ellen! God knows how bitterly I hate to leave you. God knows how eagerly I shall look forward to the time when I can come back to you, never to be away from you. But now my mind is made up — I must go!"

The low sobbing which he felt at his side, and which went to his heart as he spoke, broke into a single cry of grief; and, as he bent over the fair form on his arm, she lifted her face, which he and the stars looked down upon, and saw was bright with tears. Then she said, —

"You are right, dear Tom: you must go. I was very weak to think of keeping you. But I never loved anybody in my life before: it makes it all the harder to bear the thought of being separated from you now. But, when

you talk as you did just now, Tom, I feel how weak I have been; I feel how much stronger and nobler you are than I, — yes, yes, please let me say so, Tom! it is sweet to me to say it, — and I love you for it, and am thankful to God for sending you to me."

And presently she added, "You will promise to take good care of yourself, Tom? You will promise not to expose yourself more than is necessary?"

He saw how her mind was torn and agitated with anxiety; and so he answered lightly, —

"Bless your little heart, Ellen, of course I will! I've no great desire to be mowed down by a cannon-ball. I've no intention of swallowing hot shot by way of matutinal amusement. I shall dodge every ball I can see, of course; and climb trees, when the engagement is too hot; and bury myself in baggage-wagons at every opportunity" —

"Oh, I know you will never do that, Tom!" she interposed more cheerfully. As they were entering the quadrangle, on their return, they fell again into a more serious mood; and Hammersmith said, —

"How can I help taking care of myself, my dear Ellen, when I have you to look forward to, and your love to cheer me at every turn of fortune! Remember what I have said to you to-night; remember that I have never told the least fraction of an untruth to you in my life, and that I mean all that the words imply, when I say that the world would be very dark indeed, and life not worth the living, if I did not know that I had your love and trust and confidence. You know that you have mine, dear Ellen; and God surely does not mean that we shall be separated, or that I shall fall, as you fear, in my first campaign."

"I shall pray that you may not, Tom; but I wish I could be sure of it. I wish I could free myself from the terrible dread that chokes me!"

When they went back to the quadrangle and Hammersmith's rooms, they were very quiet and subdued; and Mr. Tom felt himself as much consecrated, ennobled, and uplifted by this young woman's love, as ever a young knight that buckled on his armor, and went forth to win his spurs, with the noble words of knighthood in his ears, and his fair love's favor on his lance.

. . . . . .

Class-day, with its tender sentiment and lingering farewells, is over.

The baccalaureate sermon, preached two days later, in the chapel, by the beloved Dr. Brimblecom, is past. It was deep and earnest, tender and thoughtful, filled with all manner of cheerful augury and manly exhortation for the young men just leaving these scenes of their tutelage, and entering the warfare of life. Taken in connection with all the sweetly-sad influences of class-day,—the final farewells, the preparations for departure, the swearing of eternal friendships,—it made a profound impression on the young students, who had so often clambered into these same chapel-seats in headlong haste, somewhat regardless of the sanctity of the service; the young students, who were now opening their eyes for almost the first time on the real problem of life, and the man's part that they were to play in the world.

Commencement and Phi Beta Kappa days are past, when graver masculine throngs again filled the old building, and enjoyed more strictly literary entertainments, relieved by the great collegiate dinners in Harvard Hall, to be sure, and the numberless *symposia* of the classes of graduates, which met for class business throughout the different halls.

The last college-exercise is over. The last college and tradesman's bill is paid (let us fondly hope). The young graduates have each packed away carefully among their university belongings the little sheepskins which pro-

claim in elaborate Latin that they are bachelors of arts, with *omnia insignia et jura ad hunc honorem spectantia.* Such men as are so minded have called to bid good-by to their professors, their tutors, their Cambridge friends; and the last tie that binds the class of Hammersmith to the old university as undergraduates is severed. Heaven ordain that deeper, closer, more affectionate relations may draw them, as graduates, back to the kind mother that has borne with their youthful follies, and cherished their youthful lives so fondly; and that an interest born of experience may attach them more and more, as the years go by, to the problem of the college government and the college *curriculum*, under which their sons and grandsons shall be placed!

Hammersmith's college-life, then, was over. His four years were past; and whatever of good or evil influence they had brought him, whatever of earnestness and wisdom they had ingrafted on his native sturdiness and impulsiveness of temperament, whatever they had given him in the way of friends and counsellors and loving life-companions, — all was behind him now; all but the sweet memory and kindling enthusiasm born of this hearty *quadriennium* of his life; all but the living faith in himself, his own powers, the nobility of correct living and high endeavor; all but the few strong friends among his classmates who were bound to him, he felt convinced, as by bands of iron, and hooks of steel; all but a professor or a tutor here and there who had been drawn to him, and was likely to remain his friend; all but this fair being at his side, cheering him, strengthening him, more than all these, by her love and her trust.

And when, with numbers of his classmates, he left, soon after commencement, for the seat of war, it was with many backward glances, you may be sure, at the happy spot where so many splendid days of his youth had

been passed. It was a heart as heavy as poor Breese's that he carried away with him that day; but, ah, so differently freighted from that of Breese! For it was filled heavy with love and anxiety, and infinite tenderness for the dear girl left weeping under her Cambridge elms, — the fair Oriana, who had shown herself at her lattice, and smiled upon him, when he was fighting his bitter fight with himself and the world.

Into that sterner fight, those redder battle-fields, where he found himself so soon, he carried the memory of that sweet, courageous face, as many a man who marched shoulder to shoulder with him was carrying some other dear features continually before him. Heaven only knows what strength and courage it gave him, as such a memory and such a hope give any man who believes that a pure, sincere, and loving woman is the brightest blessing that the sun in all his wandering shines upon.

CHAPTER XXXII.

EXEUNT OMNES.

"What is the fate of a brave man, but to fall amid the foremost? He who is never wounded has a weary lot."—DEATH-SONG OF REGNAR LODBROG.

"Their good swords rust,
And their steeds are dust;
But their souls are with the saints, we trust."

NEWS of a bloody struggle on a Southern battle-field had sent a thrill, and a wail of consternation, throughout the entire North. Bulletins from the seat of war were being scanned with an anxiety which was almost blinding to those who had friends and relatives in that unhappy army, (as who had not?) when the following letter came to Miss Darby in her Cambridge home, bringing a sad relief to her fearful suspense:—

HOSPITAL, WASHINGTON, 19 July, 186-.

MY DEAR MISS DARBY,—I promised you, that, if Tom ever joined us down here, I would look after him, and keep you informed of his welfare: so I send you this line of news.

He is all right. Do not be alarmed. He has been wounded, not very severely, in the sword-arm, and sits propped up in the next bed to mine, smoking a placid pipe, taking his *otium cum dig.*, as he just tells me to say to you. He cannot write, of course, and so commissions me to send you this word for him. He will scrawl a left-handed postcript, he says, to show you that he is not entirely used up, and that I am not deceiving you with pleasant hopes.

I will not tell you how it all happened, but leave that to Tom, who will see you in a few days. But, as the brave fellow will not tell you more than half the truth about his own exploits and behavior on that terrible day, I will say just a few words as to how it came about.

You see we were on the extreme left of our division. The papers and despatches will have told you how tremendously outnumbered we were by the "rebs," and how division after division was ambushed and almost decimated. The memory of it all is so sickening and horrible to me, that I cannot dwell on it. It was such a carnage and slaughter as I pray Heaven I may never see again. I do not wonder now at peace societies and philosophers, who cry out against the insane demonism of war.

Well, we were marching ahead in the gray of the morning, hearing firing and heavy cannonading on our right, rather in advance of our line; and just as we were crossing a narrow clearing, which seemed to have been recently made, we were met by the most terrific fire, apparently from all sides at once, — left, right, and front. We stood our ground for a few moments and exchanged several rounds with the enemy; but it was no use. They outnumbered us three to one; and we almost immediately heard a terrible shouting and screaming and stampede on our right, which we thought at first meant re-enforcements for the "rebs," but found afterwards to be our own army in retreat on the road that we had just left.

The "rebs" came pouring out of the woods, yelling like savages; men were falling about me on every side; and just as our column wavered, and turned to run, the color-sergeant was killed. The colors lay for a moment neglected on the ground; and the next instant a man seized them, lifted them with a shout which could be heard above the roar of the conflict, and faced the enemy. I shall remember that shout as long as I live, Miss Darby, and longer. It was Tom; and he shouted and shouted again, as he stood with his hat off, his hair floating in the breeze, "My God, men, but what is this? Stand, men, stand!" And for a brief moment there was a halt and a rally by those within sound of his voice. I could have cried to see the brave fellow standing there, holding the colors, and shouting to the men. I need not say that I thought of you, my dear Miss Darby, and prayed that the dear fellow might come out safe and sound for your sake, if for no other reason.

The captain of our company rushed past, going to the rear. Hammersmith shouted at him. The captain returned, "It is no use, sir: you had better look out for yourself." And, if you could have seen the look of scorn that came into Tom's eyes, I know you would have been prouder of him than ever (if that were possible), and would have rushed to him as Goldie and Thorpe,

Curtis and I, did, the moment we saw who it was that was holding the colors, and shouting.

It seemed for a moment as if the rout had really been stayed. Our men had turned, and commenced firing, when a ball struck Tom in the arm. The colors went down again for just an instant, and though Thorpe and I seized them, and shook them aloft in a trice, it was no use. One of those panics which take hold of the best of troops seized our men. We were left almost alone with the colors in the centre of the clearing; and we turned reluctantly to flee.

Tom had fallen on being wounded; I had been struck with a fragment of a spent shell, which took away my breath, and staggered me; and it seemed impossible for us to succeed in getting Tom from out the clutches of the "rebs," when a company of California cavalry, riding as I never saw men ride before in all my life, came swinging up through the woods on our right, and dashed in between us and the "rebs." They slashed and fired away at the "rebs," shouting like wild Indians, and leaning from their saddles to the right and the left as they galloped; and the "rebs" were checked in their advance, retreating to their cover. The slashing and firing were still going on, and I began to feel faint, and forget where I was, when a horseman came dashing up to where we fellows were holding Tom and the colors. "Good heavens!" he shouted. "Is this you, Breese? And Goldie! And Thorpe! Who is that in the middle? Wounded? What, Tom! Tom, my dear old Tom!" And he was off his horse like a shot, and hugging the old fellow till I thought he would squeeze all the breath out of his body. Tom smiled feebly, and we all felt a little tearful (if I may judge from my own state of mind); for we recognized in this slashing rider, bearded like a pard, and tough as a bison, Penhallow, our old classmate, and Tom's old chum.

It was no time for reminiscences, however. We exchanged greetings rapidly, scarcely believing our senses, and thinking at the rate of a hundred ideas to the second. Then Pen said, "Come, Tom, up in my saddle, old boy! Yes, yes, I'll go with you;" and we helped Tom to mount. He was scarcely mounted when Penhallow gave a spring, with one hand on the rear of the saddle; was seated on the horse's back, behind Tom, before we knew how he was going to manage it; and putting his arms round Tom, and digging his spurs into his horse's flanks, he went tearing away with him at a rapid jump. We gave a feeble cheer, which sounds dismal enough to me as I recall it, and then turned to save our-

selves; for the cavalry had only temporarily delayed the "rebs," and that miserable rout of which you have heard so much was already in full progress.

I need not tell you how we all reached Washington. I have written too much already. I feel very tired, and have occasionally to catch my breath. They cannot make out just what is the matter with me. Goldie is all right, came out without a scratch. Curtis is missing. Thorpe is badly wounded in the leg.

Tom goes home day after to-morrow. Goldie will accompany him. Tom can be of no service for some weeks, and has a furlough of a month. I have written his uncle Gayton by this mail to meet him in New York: he will, of course, be delighted beyond measure if you can make it convenient to meet him there or at home.

I must take this place, my dear Miss Darby, to offer my congratulations on your engagement. You have gained the love of one of the best fellows that the sun ever shone upon, and I thank Heaven that you are happy. God bless you! God bless you!

Always devotedly yours,

JOHN BREESE.

Following this letter, which moved Miss Darby not a little, and left her bathed in tears, came a few scrawled lines of Tom's. She pressed them to her lips, and petted them fondly, and cried over them, as she had cried over nothing since that sad, sad day when he had waved a good-by from the ranks as he marched away with his heart in his mouth. They ran as follows: —

MY DEAR LITTLE WOOD-NYMPH, — Don't worry. I'm all right. Right arm a bit useless; that's all. Not good for much fighting or boxing for some time. Leave for home day after to-morrow. Uncle Gayton will call on you. Come if you can. I have something important to say to you.

My love to your mother and the professor. I thought it was all up with me for a while; never expected to see you again. Came near having my wish, of falling in my first fight. Are you glad that I did not? Goldie and Breese and Penhallow — well, I'll tell you all about them; stunning fellows. No Penhallow, no Hammersmith; great thing! Brass monument to Penhallow; mighty horseman!

Poor Breese is miserable. I do not let him see it; but I'm very much worried about him: so are doctors. I can get him furlough; but he will not leave.

Au revoir. How is this for a left-handed *opus?* I feel like an old veteran; perhaps you will not know me. Think you will? Hope so.

Lovingly thine,

TOM.

. . . . . .

Two weeks later the village bells were ringing merrily, the village heart was dancing gayly, at the little hamlet on the banks of the Hudson where Hammersmith's early days had been passed.

Milliners, jewellers, tailors, and haberdashers had been put hastily to work to do their very neatest handiwork in preparation for a certain occasion very interesting to young people generally, and to Mr. Tom Hammersmith and Miss Darby in particular.

Mr. Gayton Hammersmith, in faultless blue frock-coat, immaculate linen, the shiniest of boots, the rosiest and happiest of moods, sat reading the early morning New-York papers in the darkened library of "Ivy Hill." The feminine portion of the household was pleasantly engaged in those delightful preliminaries which go before such interesting occasions, — all of them except Miss Mabel, who was wandering in the shrubbery with Mr. Goldie, regardless of her delicate finery; and Miss Fayerweather, who stood near the "Duke" in the library, pulling on a pair of gloves of fabulous length and number of buttons.

There is a rustle on the stairway; and a beautiful young creature glides into the room, smiling and blushing as she surveys herself in the pier-glass.

Mr. Gayton drops his paper, advances as he might advance to the Queen of Sheba, or any other dazzling potentate that could be mentioned, and performs a salute on her fair brow that causes her to blush still more, and

still more prettily; that causes Mr. Tom, coming in behind her, to shake his fist menacingly at the rapacious "Duke," and Mr. Gayton himself to turn, and grasp Tom's honest left hand, saying, —

"Couldn't help it, Tom! Couldn't help it! I knew you were *hors de combat*, too, as to your dexter hand; and so I didn't fear you."

"The left is my favorite, sir," Mr. Tom answered. And his uncle added, —

"God bless you, my boy! God bless you! It is worth going to the war for, eh?"

And when Mr. Tom marched down the aisle of the church a half-hour later, after the brief ceremony was over, with his bride on his arm, and the sweet village choir made music above them as they went, more than one pair of eyes in that cosey little church was dim with tears, more than one heart beat quickly to see that handsome young couple advancing so proudly, so confidently, so trustingly, — the great broad-shouldered soldier, with his arm in a sling, and a firm, determined look about the mouth; the sweet young bride, with downcast eyes, and head bent slightly forward, leaning heavily on his arm.

It is an interesting occasion indeed, on which, with its attendant festivities, I might like to linger with Mr. Tom and the rest, were it only to gratify the curiosity of my young feminine readers (if, haply, I am so fortunate as to have such at this stage of the chronicle). But the pen of the biographer is weary with a history already protracted far beyond its original limits; and a single act yet remains, before the curtain shall go down on the characters, young and old, with whom Mr. Tom's college-life was intimately associated.

The flying trip which the young couple made to Albany and Lake Champlain, a favorite haunt of Hammersmith's younger years, was over, and the time for Tom's

return to his regiment had nearly come, when one of those fatal yellow envelopes which strike terror into so many hearts was handed to Mr. Tom. He opened it hastily, and read, —

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15, 186–.

THOS. HAMMERSMITH, The Landing, Hudson River, N.Y.

Breese failing rapidly. You had better come on at once.

G. GOLDIE.

He passed it without a word to his wife.

"When can we go?" she asked.

"Good! I'm glad you'll go, Ellen," he said.

"Of course I shall go. When is the first train?"

"In an hour and a half, if we can flag the express."

The next morning the young soldier and his beautiful bride were in Washington, making their way to the hospital which Hammersmith had so recently left, Goldie meeting them with a carriage at the station.

It was by no means the first time that Mrs. Tom Hammersmith had entered the wards of a hospital, and yet it was; for, often as Miss Darby had gone on her delicate errands of mercy to the little Cambridge hospital, this was the first time that she had crossed the threshold of one of those sad, solemn houses as Mrs. Tom.

It was with a strange mingling of courage and timidity that she advanced after her cousin Goldie, through the long line of white beds, whose occupants stared not a little, and opened pleased eyes of admiration at the beautiful apparition and her manly escort; some of them nodding familiarly to Mr. Tom.

She was courageous, because she was walking proudly, in the consciousness of youth and health and happiness, on the arm of Mr. Tom, a hero, who had been one in her eyes, long before the episode of the colors had come to stamp him with its *imprimatur*. She was timid, for she was going to meet the man who had placed all his life,

his genius, his nobility of character, at her feet, and who had gone off, like the brave-hearted gentleman that he was, to meet the enemy, perhaps his death, at the call of his country.

More than once, too, he had come to the rescue of her beloved Tom, as on this final battle-field; and now he was lying at the portal of death, perhaps even now beyond the power of recognizing his old friends, his old classmates.

It was as Goldie had feared. Breese did not recognize them. He was in one of his wandering moods again. He only opened his eyes in wonder, as Tom advanced and put his arm about his neck, and smiled sadly, when Ellen, her eyes filled with tears, stooped and kissed his broad forehead, white as a girl's now, after his month's confinement in the hospital.

The next day, and the next, it was the same.

But, on the evening of the third day, he smiled more cheerfully as the friends came forward, and, reaching out his hand, said naturally enough, —

"Ah, Miss Darby, I am so glad to see you!" And then he relapsed quiet, closing his eyes as if from excess of happiness.

"Yes, I'm here," returned Mrs. Tom, taking one of his great hands in hers, "and you are looking better; and I'm glad you know us," she added. But he kept his eyes closed for a long, long while, and at length opened them quickly, saying in an excited voice, —

"It's getting dark, Miss Darby. Hadn't I better shout for your father? The woods are very lonesome at night." And presently again, as the friends bowed their heads, —

"It's getting dark, Miss Darby. I don't see but I shall have to carry you." He leaned forward quickly, and put out his arms, as if he would take her up, as on

that dark night of the Mount Desert accident, so many months ago. Tom would have caught him, if his disabled arm had allowed; but, before he could put his left arm about him, Ellen had thrown her arms about the sick man's shoulders, and supported him.

Presently he said with a glow of satisfaction, —

"Ah, they're coming! I see the lights! I'm very sorry you are in pain, Miss Darby."

Then his mind seemed to take a long jump from Mount Desert, as Tom caught hold of one of his hands; and he exclaimed eagerly, —

"My God, what is this, men! Where are the colors? Ah, Tom!" And with this last word on his lips, and the arms of the only woman that he had loved in all the world about him, — the woman whom he would have died to serve, whom he had served with a patient, pure, and noble life, — he dropped his head on her shoulder. He had found peace and rest at last.

. . . . . .

The soft summer wind was stirring in the tree-tops below the opened windows. Across the Potomac, Tom, looking mournfully out, saw the fair wooded slopes of Arlington Heights, surmounted by the colors that had been the last thought in Breese's mind. An evening gun came dreamily, in softened echo, across the intervening water. The muffled beat of a passing regimental band was faintly heard. Far down the winding reaches of the river, dotted with sails and flags, and over the city quivering with the very life-heart of the nation, the setting sun was throwing a golden light, which transfigured every commonest object, and told of places where war and conflict and carnage are things unknown. All the world seemed at peace for that brief moment, and all sweet influences to unite in proclaiming quiet and calm and infinite rest, when the great soul of Breese, which had been

filled with such noble planning, and had so vexed itself in the pursuit of the purest ideals here below, was flooded with the light which searches every ideal, and glorifies every patient, struggling spirit.

God keep him! And God grant that the memory of him, and such as he, — their steadfast lives, their noble deaths, — may blossom in heroic example, and days wisely spent; that, above all, the youth who succeed him and his fellows in the old university halls may not quite forget the bright lesson that they set, — a lesson easy to all who have the courage to dare, and the stout heart to follow great plans.

. . . . . .

And now, when these annals are compiled, the long agony of the war is many years past, and the fickle Fates have ordered many a varying fortune to the young men associated in these pages. When they gather at commencements and rare class-days, it is with wofully thinned ranks, to be sure; for the implacable Shearer has been as busy with the threads of their lives as has old Time with the hairs of their heads and the crow's-feet about their young eyes. But their talk is of those old days, the hotter days of their college-life. All the enmity and bickerings of those punctilious times are quite forgot; and the mellowing years only bring a greater ripeness and sweetness to the young friendships which showed their first blossoms so long ago in the old university town.

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Another cottage has sprung up at Ivy Hill, which the stout-hearted proprietor has dubbed "The Ledge." It stands on the pinnacle of the point, whence a dozen long strides will take the mighty boating-man Goldie from his door to the boat-house and his favorite wherry. If you were very inquisitive, and were to watch him some fair afternoon, when he comes up early from New York

bursting into the house with all his old-time enthusiasm, as he used to burst into Hammersmith's room in the Cambridge days, you would see him greet a sweet young matron whom we have seen before, (who was very fearful, on a certain class-day, that she was going to have nobody to take care of her, and would have "*such* a stupid time!") and you might hear him say, —

"Come, Mabel, get ready for a little pull. Tom and Ellen are going; and there are some college-men staying at Ruddiman's, who will join us, I think." And presently you might see the pretty river-party floating out upon the broad bosom of the Hudson, Hammersmith and Goldie by no means forgetting the cunning which their early training had taught them at the oar, but not quite appearing to relish a "spurt," or a three-mile stretch, as in their slimmer years; very willing to let the festive and ambitious undergraduates of the party attempt all that.

Hammersmith and his wife are with his mother in the old home. Mr. Gayton has been weaned from his club ways sufficiently to spend a half-year annually with the happy young people in the two cottages (Goldie keeping a sunny room always at his command). And there is a merry, full-hearted life lived among the people on that breezy little point, which may well detain the aging "Duke," as well as you and me, and any one who loves cheerfulness and happy content, wherever he sees them.

The old "Duke" is never happier, indeed, than when listening to the young people's plans, and joining, in his own merry way, in all their routs and festivities, yes, and sharing the griefs and trials that fall to their lot. He is a great ally of Mrs. Hammersmith *mère*, in her devotion to the interests of the church of which her sainted husband had had charge; and he plays the part of great-uncle with the successful dignity and Oriental magnificence without which he would not be Mr. Gayton Hammersmith, the "Duke."

Goldie and Hammersmith are associated, I will not say if in business or professional life, lest some one say, "Oh, Hammersmith was never cut out for a doctor!" or another interpose, "I hate to think of Hammersmith and Goldie as mewed up in a law-office!" or a third exclaim, "Hammersmith a merchant! Isn't it too bad? He's so honest and impulsive, that I know he'll be cheated and never get on," — for everybody must have his say and his little wish in disposing of the characters in a chronicle that interests him, as, of course, this chronicle interests any one who has followed patiently to this far-off page.

So I will let every one imagine the two in whatsoever occupation he pleases, although I myself know very well what it is. I know, too, that they do "get on," and very famously, thanks to their sturdy qualities and their acuteness; and that, when I assume the distant relative's privilege, and sit at their well-laid tables for a brief season, I cannot sufficiently admire and envy them their happy households and well-earned fortunes.

Now and then, when a *fracas* occurs in the nursery overhead, where young John Breese Hammersmith is perhaps trying his small fists on his nurse, I have heard Hammersmith exclaim, —

"Confound the little beggar! Is he going to yell all the evening, my dear?"

And his wife will say, —

"Don't call him by that name, Tom dear! I'm sure he's not a little beggar! That's what you used to call my little orphans in the Cambridge hospital."

"And that's why I like the name," Mr. Tom has been heard to say, laying down his paper.

"You don't think you've been 'taken in,' then?" she has been known to ask, by way of reply. Then she would come over to Mr. Tom, — the lucky fellow! — and stroke his hair, or lay her hand in his, and — But, bless me! the

very memory of the young fellow's good-fortune causes a mist to gather over this page as I write; and I lay down the pen, thanking God that I have been permitted to see such perfect happiness and perfect trust. For they minded me no more than they minded the great Newfoundland dog that lay on the rug, — the successor of "Trim," — or the neat-handed Phillis that came in to remove the tea-things; Mr. Tom occasionally exclaiming, "Oh, never mind! cousin Harry doesn't care; do you, Harry?" while his wife would blush as becomingly as ever, and say, "You wretched man! How *can* you act so!" and cousin Harry, the present biographer, would feel very uncomfortable and very envious, and very like breaking the commandments. Such consideration have young married people, as the great Lamb has suggested, for the feelings of less fortunate humanity!

Ruddiman the bold, from being quite a pronounced "muff" and do-nothing in his college-days, has developed, through the agency of the war (which did so much for men of his stamp), into a brisk junior partner in the house of Ruddiman and Son, where he is laying up treasures for himself against the day of matrimony. For he still ranges the world untrammelled by domestic ties, ever blithe and resplendent as in those golden days of his youth, devoted as ever to the softer sex, but, for some reason unknown to the present writer, never succeeding in securing himself a mate from out the gay throngs of young women to which his ardent society-life introduces him. The festive gorgeousness of apparel which marked his youth has been toned down into a more business-like sobriety; but his rooms in the city and in the country retain all and more than all of the splendor of his college-quarters. He lives in the midst of plunder gathered from every quarter of the habitable globe, around which he has made two complete voyages since we last saw him. The array of Indian leg-

gings and war-clubs, Persian cimeters, Oriental pipes and screens and squat idols, Esquimau snow-shoes, German smoking-caps of elaborate pattern, and a thousand other gimcracks, is something quite overpowering to one unacquainted with the acquisitive Ruddiman habit. His house is full of roistering young college-men in vacation-time. He is devoted to his horses and other rapid friends as of yore. Any fine afternoon, indeed, in spring and autumn, you may see him prancing through Central Park, after office-hours, on the sleekest of horses, sporting the brightest of spurs and bits, and altogether wearing a look of the most consummate satisfaction with himself and the rest of mankind. He is still a picturesque addition to the landscape, as Miss Darby so long ago called him in the glen at Mount Desert. He is a very cheerful sight.

Freemantle has stumbled upon a career which quite accommodates his languid temperament, in the management of extensive tobacco interests in Cuba, where he makes flying visits twice a year or more, returning to Boston with marvellous brands of cigars and tobacco, undreamed of by plebeian counter-customers, and regaling his friends with the same; where, too, his wife, *née* Malachite, in the casual trips that she makes with him, has added a more captivating radiance to her already Spanish style of beauty; and returning whence, the two are apt to stop for a time in New York, and run up to make a brief visit at the little colony of Harvard men on the banks of the Hudson.

You may be sure that the old days and the old friends are talked over, wept over, and laughed over on such occasions, and that Ruddiman is in his element. He has been known, indeed, at various festive moments, to attempt a species of badinage with the dangerous Mrs. Freemantle, *apropos* of the devotion of his youth; declaring, on one occasion, that nobody knew how near he came once to

making a fool of himself (this with a knowing look at Mrs. Freemantle, and a glance at the rest); and, of course, nobody felt like gainsaying him when he put it in that light, least of all, Mrs. Freemantle! But they all kept up a tremendous amount of thinking, I doubt not, and probably said to themselves, as his college-friends had been used to say aloud, on similar embarrassing occasions, "Oh, Ruddiman! Never mind, it's only Ruddiman!"

Penhallow has not received the monument of brass for saving Hammersmith's life, which Mr. Tom prophesied in his hospital note, to be sure; but a sturdy friendship, worthy of such commemoration, still exists between the old college chums.

Hammersmith has invested quite extensively in California sheep and cattle, under Pen's advice, and made quite recently a flying trip to the land of which he had heard so much extravagant praise, finding it more than justified by the glorious reality. He dismounted from his horse in the little *cañon* by the Santa Barbara beach, while making a horseback trip with Penhallow through the country, and felt all his past life surging up before him as he looked down at the small slab with "G. Tufton" rudely carved upon it. He felt again how small the world is, how one's past life pursues him like a relentless Fury; and after a few words from Pen, descriptive of the memorable ride and the scene in the little *cañon* that dark night, they mounted their horses, and turned sorrowfully away.

Young Dick Hammersmith, who has long since gone through the old university with considerable credit and the usual Hammersmith experience, has joined Penhallow and Simmons, assuming the care of his brother's sheep and cattle. The Spanish *major-domo* who was left in charge of the stock of Simmons and Penhallow when they went to the war served them the trick that *major-domos* are apt to serve their principals; and the young men, returning,

found a sad diminution in the amount of their four-footed property. Care and thrift have long since made good the loss, however; and, for Simmons's part, what would he care for the loss of ten thousand sheep, or his entire patrimony, in view of the new wealth that has recently flowed in upon him! For what is this? and this? and this? A side-saddle! A riding-whip! Miss Fayerweather swinging in a hammock under the live-oaks! Yes, Miss Fayerweather the obdurate, the spurner of Simmons when he was a plodding law-student of civilization, now the wife of as sterling a fellow as ever put foot in stirrup, or won golden spurs in the great war which called him away to fight, and to win his love.

There are more Boston books, more seductive hammocks, more rooms, added to the old *'dobe* on the Simi; and young Dick, who has so recently left his books and the close halls of civilization, writes home the most glowing accounts of the wild joys of Western life and the perfect little household of which he forms an exuberant member. He has a favorite phrase, that "the great problem of modern life is how not to be bored to death by the flummeries of civilization;" and if one may judge from his ecstatic sentences, and the bulletins of the young fellow's height and weight, appetite and perfect happiness, one would say that he has found the life which suits his Hammersmith temperament at any rate, and might question if he were not about right, after all. At least you and I, my dear Philippus, knowing whereof he writes, and all the enchantment of the country that he praises, might say as much, and settle in our minds that he is right, entirely right, and no mistake. But then young Dick will be set down as an enthusiast, and you and I as designing people with Western lands to sell; so that we can hardly hope to be believed.

And the little Boggle, who came so near causing a sud-

den *finale* to this biography, by reason of the remorse and despair of poor Hammersmith over his entanglement, — nobody ever learned to what new *rôle*, to what fresh fields, she descended. Penhallow and Tom included Los Angeles in the little trip above mentioned, and spent a few days among its marvellous vineyards and orange-groves, inquiring casually the while for news of her whereabouts. They learned nothing, except that she had left the untheatrical city, when, with whom, for what place, nobody knew; and may God have mercy on her in her wanderings!

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Of all the souvenirs of the happy college-days, — the badges, cups, oars, medals, cricket-bats, prizes, with which Hammersmith's library is decorated, — there are two in especial that interest him above the rest, — a pair of boxing-gloves, hanging in an honored post above the mantel; a set of books, — an Emerson, a Thoreau, a Marcus Aurelius, an Epictetus, a Carlyle, — with the strong name "John Breese," in a bold hand, on the fly-leaf of each volume.

Every August, on the nineteenth day of the month, — and often at other times during the year, when he is at home quietly with his wife, — Mr. Tom takes down the well-thumbed volumes, scored with many a mark by the pencil of the dead Breese, and reads his favorite passages. As the two sit there reading and talking of their lost friend, their minds go back to the brave, fresh days of their youth, and they recall many things to make them sad, but more to make them glad. And, if their cousin Harry is present, he sits quietly in his corner, in the *chaise-longue*, pretending to be asleep; for he knows that the couple there, with the books of their dear friend and their happy-sad thoughts between them, are busy with memories and reveries too sacred for his intrusion.

Happy, happy, college-days! When are friendships so

ardent, so unquestioning! When does the wine of life sparkle so brightly, so enticingly! When are the skies so full of rainbows! When do we so expect to live always in unfailing youth! Ah! when, and when, and when!

"They *were* happy, gloriously happy days, weren't they, Nell?" Hammersmith would say as they read and mused by the lamplight.

"Yes, dear Tom, but not the happiest."

"No, no! But you know I've been 'taken in' since then; and now I'm a miserable old fellow indeed!" he would say, putting on a mock-lugubrious expression. And one of those demonstrative scenes to which I have alluded was very likely to ensue. At last Hammersmith would turn, and shout, —

"Halloo, Harry, wake up! 'Little birds will begin to sing soon.'" And the figure in the long-chair would stir itself, and relate, yawning, what pleasant dreams it had had, — a hypocrite is cousin Harry!

But, for all Mr. Tom's banter, I can see that a great tenderness takes possession of him after one of these readings. I know that on the following day he is very apt to return from town laden with marvellous toys for the young John Breese, and extravagant presents for his wife, which cause her to lift her hands in thankful surprise. For the heart of Hammersmith is still as tender and impressionable as a child's (as the hearts of strong, impulsive men are apt to be); and I do not wonder that he is thankful for the happiness that has come to him. I do not wonder that he feels infinitely softened at thought of the broad-brained Breese, who was so near winning the love that is now his, and who died so nobly, fronting his duty.

And Thorpe and Albemarle and Curtis, and the rest? Ah, it is a sad, sad page to write; and Ball's Bluff, Chancellorsville, Bull Run, and a score of battlefields, must be set down, if you would know the way that they quitted

themselves. Some have survived,—some that went down into that terrible war; some bear still the marks of the conflict; some feel still the effects of the foul imprisonment, the low Virginia swamps, the nameless horrors of war. Some are already conspicuous at the bar, in the pulpit, with the pen, in all the varied peaceful arts.

Yonder Memorial Hall, that lifts its calm front where the youth of Hammersmith's day had their first fierce struggle with the truculent sophomores, has written the names of some on its immortal tablets, where the thronging youth of to-day, who come up annually to the old university, may read the bright record and the brightening names. The lives of these will not have been in vain, if they shall teach their successors in the happy college walks and ways, consecrated by their heroic feet, that courage, high daring, devoted sacrifice of self, are not alone to be admired among the ancient Greeks and Romans, with whose histories the youth are busy, but that the more prosy present is packed full of equal possibilities, and that simple, steadfast lives alone are glorious.

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